



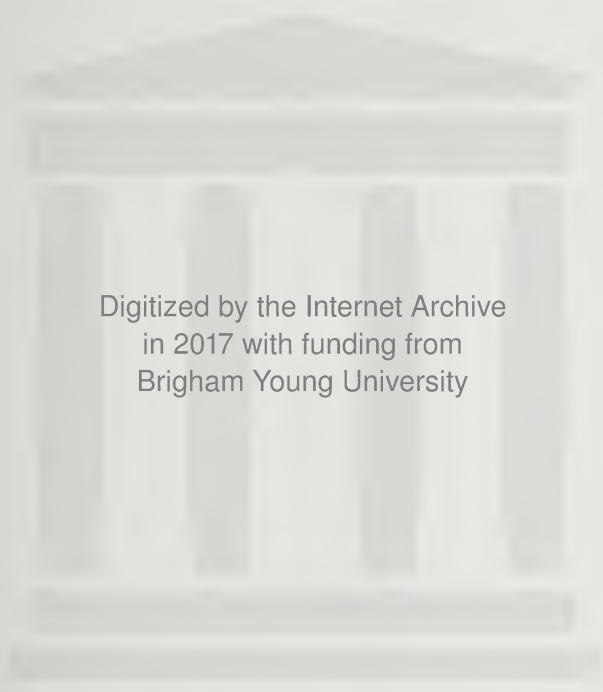
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"Here white  
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companion  
with such  
peaks as know  
the Alps."

Joaquin Miller

G. R. Baumgardt  
& Co.'s



# Tourists' GUIDE BOOK

— TO —

## South California



By G. Wharton James, J. R. G. S.



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231 West First Street, Los Angeles, California, 1895.

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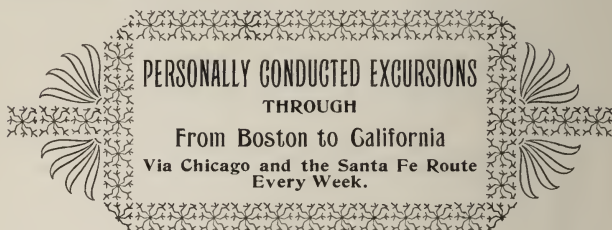


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TOURISTS'

GUIDE BOOK

—TO—

SOUTH

CALIFORNIA

For the Traveler, Invalid, Pleasurist and Home Seeker

—BY—

G. WHARTON JAMES, F. R. A. S.

AUTHOR OF

The Lick Observatory;  
The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona;  
From Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea, Etc.

—

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# THE RAYMOND



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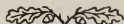
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## Introduction.



IT IS NATURAL that one should love the land of his birth, and reasons could be found which would satisfactorily account for the wild Arab's love of the trackless desert, or the Laplander's affection for the land of eternal snow. But it is not "vain boasting" that leads the South Californian to express in glowing terms his love for his chosen home. Elsewhere it might be the "exaggeration of vanity." Here it is the most truthful statement of existent facts. Take all the charming features enlarged upon by the most enthusiastic lover of his own land and see how few of them are lacking in this land of "happy conglomeration in harmonious combination." Do you sing Italy's cloudless and turquoise sky? Have you luxuriated in the orange and lemon groves of Sicily? Does the charm of the ineffable climate of the Riviera lure you to exquisite languor and dreamy indifference to all the outside world? Do you, like Byron, tune your lyre to the zephyrs that caress the "Isles of Greece"? Or is your note vocal with melodies of "Sweet Erin's Isle"? Is your longing for lakes like those of Windermere, Geneva or Lucerne? Or, adventurous like, do you desire a more exciting

water voyage as down the Rhine or through the Iron Gates of the Danube? Love you gentle hills and valleys as of Wales or France? Or thrill your veins in remembrance of climbing over the rugged hills of Scotland or the foothills of the Appenines? Perhaps your joy has been in scaling mountain heights as the Alps or the Himalayas? Or in descending the deep clefts of the earth in canyons and gorges? Love your children the sandy beaches of the English Channel or the Mediterranean, where they may build mimic forts and then watch the oncoming sea demolish them? Would you have your sons live, where, in perfect security, they may dash through the surf-combed breakers into the salt waves beyond and come forth refreshed and strengthened?

It is not necessary to ramble over the whole world to enjoy these delights. South California possesses them all, and not in miniature or imitative representation, but in proud equality and often surpassing power.

Here we have sapphire skies over-arching orange and lemon groves, with a climate all-the-year-round not dreamed of elsewhere,—equable, winter and summer, where July is as agreeable as December, March as September. Twenty miles and more off-shore are isles verdant, rich, beautiful and historic, and in scores of valleys and on hundreds of hill slopes are emerald green fields, where, occasionally, nestle lakes, pure, clear, quiet, in marked contrast to the hurling, whirling, dashing cataracts and torrents of the Colorado River, which marks our Eastern boundary. Thousands of rocky recesses in gigantic mountains, overlooked by towering peaks, invite the stalwart wanderer, and, in solitary sublimity and awe-inspiring majesty, a score of snow-clad peaks thrills the heart of the adventurous climber.

Hence we love our "Land of the Sun-Down Sea" with a passionate devotion few other countries call forth

from their children. She appeals to our affection on all sides, and touches our lives at every possible angle. Like an accomplished mother, who satisfies all the needs and requirements, and meets the pride of her grown and growing sons and daughters of all tastes, so does our sweet South California please, gratify and satisfy us, not only in our own needs, but also in the



AMONG THE ORANGE GROVES ON THE KITE SHAPED TRACK.

exact, jealous demands of others who gaze upon her with other than our loving and reverent eyes.

In the preparation of this Tourist's Guide I have been materially aided by Miss Louise A. Off, formerly editor of the *New Californian*. Indeed, had it not been for her timely help, when my own hours were largely occupied, it is doubtful whether the book would so soon have seen the light. To her, therefore, I am under obligation, and hereby express my keen appreciation of her conscientious labors.



To those who have written special chapters in the book, as well as to many others, I am also deeply indebted, and, in the list of the authorities quoted in the last chapter of the book, I have endeavored to give full credit to the many kind helpers and contributors whose aid has made the existence of the book, in its present complete form, possible.

To the enjoyment of a visit to this highly favored region, the 'Tourists' Guide Book is indispensable. Thousands of visitors regret, when it is too late, that they had not known of the existence of this, that and the other place, for they would assuredly have visited them. With this book in hand the intelligent tourist will never be at a loss to choose his objective point, and the information therein given will make all the difference between a meaningless visit to a meaningless place, and an intelligent survey of a place full of historic and interesting memories.

That this book will fully meet the promise set forth in the preliminary prospectus announcing its preparation, is the sincere desire of its author. The promise was that:

"The tourist, driven for time, will here gather in graphic, compact and accurate form, glimpses of what he might have seen, while the careful and leisurely traveler will possess in this work a vivid memorandum of the scenic impressions he has enjoyed. Many hitherto obscure nooks will be brought to light; fact will be disentangled from fiction, and the virtues of the country set forth without exaggeration.

"To achieve this comprehensive work with fidelity, accuracy and due proportion, the author has spent several years in a careful study of the land and its peculiar charms. Most of the descriptions have been written on the spot, and are records of actual impressions received at the time. He has earnestly and sincerely sought to make his small and unpretentious

volume an encyclopedia of information on the beautiful, the productive, the South half of the State of California which, awakened from its century of primitive and poetic developement, has entered into new life and broader activities than the founders ever saw, even in their dreams. Whether, and how far, he has succeeded his critics will best determine."

It will be observed that I have invariably given the old Spanish names to the mountains, valleys, etc., to the exclusion of the latter, and, often, ugly and hideous names. I trust all those who enjoy the suggestions of romance these poetic and rich old Spanish names afford, will aid in the effort to banish forever such names as "Baldy," "Grayback," "Smith's Mountain," and the like. I have also anglicized the spelling of the word "canon" and made it "canyon." There are many well educated people who come to our "Land of the Sun Down Sea" unaware of the meaning of the Spanish accent, and as the word is pronounced "canyon," I have deemed it desirable to spell it that way.

*G. Wharton James.*

Echo Mountain, California,  
September, 1894.

# Visitors to Los Angeles, Cal.\_\_\_\_\_



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# CHAPTER I.

---

## SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

If it were possible for an adventurous and curious traveler to anchor a balloon at such a height and in such a position as to afford him a complete view of that section of California comprised between latitudes  $36^{\circ}$  and  $32^{\circ}$ , and extending, somewhat irregularly, from longitudes  $122^{\circ}$  W. to  $114^{\circ}$  W., he would therein find what not inappropriately has been termed "the Switzerland-Italy of America." It is the region that is generally known as South California. It embraces the nine counties of San Luis Obispo, Kern, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino and San Diego.

From our elevated point of vantage let us together take a cursory survey of this wonderful land. Its boundaries first arrest our attention. On the land side there is an immense desert region, including almost the entirety of the Colorado and Mojave deserts, lined on the east by the Colorado River, and on the other side is the pearly faced, peaceful Pacific Ocean, dotted with several beautiful islands. North of this section are the counties of Monterey, Tulare and Inyo, and below, Baja California, a territory of the Republic of Mexico. The shore line of the Pacific Ocean trends from the northwest to the southeast, and on the desert side the

boundary line between South California and Nevada follows somewhat the same direction, and then joins the Colorado River, which becomes the line between South California and Arizona in a deflected direction of southwest.

This irregular region, so singularly bounded, has within its confines lofty snow-capped mountains, beautiful, verdant valleys, placid, silvery lakes, interesting, curious rivers, and all the other necessary topographical features to stamp at once, upon our minds, the thought that it is a land of perpetual charm and irresistible attraction.

While San Luis Obispo and Kern Counties are generally excluded from the region of South California, and the boundaries defined by nature only partially include them, the political divisions of California are such as to make a direct line across the State at the counties named, and as both counties are partially included in the favored region and in some particulars similar in climate, soil and productions, I have ventured in this Guide Book, to make both San Luis Obispo and Kern a part of the South California which it is worth while for all tourists to see.

The area covered by these nine counties is 60,886 square miles. Many important Eastern States are much smaller than this territory, and England and Wales combined or Ireland and Scotland could be comfortably housed within its borders with considerable room to spare.

## CALIFORNIA AND SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

Natural frontiers do not always exist between different counties, but South California and California proper are distinctiy, clearly, and unmistakably defined by such a natural frontier. Topographically,

geographically and climatically they are different. Even an indifferent survey of both sections, with this thought in view, reveals many points of variance. In South California, ocean, mountain and desert exist in peculiar juxtaposition. And it is largely to these peculiar conditions of environment that the peculiarities of the climate and the country are due.

### THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The Pacific Ocean forms its western and southwestern boundary.

Beginning at the extreme north, the coast line trends almost due south until it reaches the boundary line of South California at Point Conception, which is also its western limit. Here it makes a sudden and deep curve eastward and southward for 214 miles, to the Mexican boundary on the seashore below San Diego. This eastern indentation leaves a favored region, with a southern exposure to the sunny Pacific and frees it from the fierce northern winds. All along this southern coast line the waters of the Pacific are warmer both winter and summer, by nearly ten degrees than those which touch the coast further north. This is owing to the deflection off Point Conception by a submarine mountain chain of which the Channel Islands are the crest of the Kuro Siwo, the Japan Current, which, bringing its warm waters into the Northern Pacific, is cooled by contact with the great circular drift-current of that portion of the ocean. Flowing then southward on its return to the Japanese Coast, it is deflected at the point named, and thus causes a suction. This draws the warm waters of the South Pacific Ocean up the shores of South California and within the channel formed by the belt of islands beginning with Los Coronados off the coast of

Mexico on the south, terminating in the Santa Barbara group on the north. Thus thrust out, by the submarine hills, the cold California current flows one hundred miles westward from the mainland of South California;—too far away to materially affect, in winter, the warmth of the near shore current; and yet near enough in summer to temper the hot air, which, rising from the deserts forming the eastern boundary, float over to this cold current, fall, and again return in a cool breeze to the land.

## MOUNTAINS.

The ranges of mountains which extend from Point Conception eastward to the Colorado Desert, form the northern boundary. These mountains belong to the Coast and the Sierra Nevada groups, which here seem to curve, unite and break away again in small detached ranges. The Spaniards gave them separate names; near Santa Barbara is the Sierra Santa Ynez; at Santa Monica the Sierra Santa Monica; over the San Fernando Valley the Sierra San Fernando and the Verdugo; above Pasadena, the Sierra Madre and the San Gabriel; to the southeast of San Bernardino, the Sierra San Bernardino. On the maps they are marked together as the San Bernardino Range, dominated by the highest and noblest summit this side of Shasta.

The other mountain ranges in South California are the Sierra Santa Ana, the chief peak of which is Santiago, to the east of Los Angeles and overlooking the Santa Ana Valley, which, by many is regarded as an offshoot of the San Gabriel Valley; further to the south and north, running down into San Diego County, the Sierra San Jacinto range, whilst overlooking San Diego are the mountains of Santa Ysabel.

These encircling mountains shelter the land from the cold breezes, which, at times, come sweeping down from the North. On the North and East they also act as a shield from the heated air which arises from the Mojave and Colorado deserts. These are in reality one desert, naturally cut in two, near the center by a "long low range of wavy hills, bare, dry and inexpressibly barren." The northern portion—larger than Massachusetts—is the Mojave Desert; the southern portion, nearly as large, is the Colorado Desert. Nowhere else in the United States can one so well understand to the full the meaning of the word "desert," as when he gazes upon these vast stretches of bare, barren, fiery sand.

Now, strange though it may seem to the uninitiated, it is to these diverse, and apparently adverse, features in our environment that our delightful summer and winter climate are due, as I shall show more fully in the chapter on climate.

---

## THE NEW PROMISED LAND.

Within these boundaries, as has been well stated by Mr. Harry Ellington Brook, in his "Land of Sunshine":—"Variety is one of the noteworthy features. Outside of the Colorado and Mojave deserts there is not one dull, monotonous plain. It is a succession of mesas and valleys, each possessing distinctive features of soil and climate, shut off from each other by rolling hills, dotted with oak and walnut, and backed by the majestic Sierra, pine-clad toward the summits, and occasionally snow-capped in winter, when the oranges are ripening and the heliotrope is blossoming in the valleys below, while from the foot of the snow-clad mountains to the sea-shore is but a couple of hours' journey.

“Thus is South California distinguished as a land peculiarly favored by nature, a fitting counterpart of the Promised Land as it was ere the deserts were allowed to encroach upon its fertile plains. In fact, South California is very like Palestine in natural features, resembling that country far more than it does Italy, to which it is so often compared. Like Palestine, it is a comparatively narrow strip of land facing a western sea ; it is shut off from interior deserts by high mountains, snow-capped in winter ; it has its dry and wet seasons ; it is a land “flowing with milk and honey,” and in both countries flourish the olive, the fig, and the vine, the grapes of Eschcol, which excited the wonder of the Israelites, finding their counterpart at any of our horticultural shows.

“Along the coast from Point Sal to the Mexican line, and extending on an average about forty miles from the ocean, lie some 10,000 square miles of land which, on the unbiased testimony of a multitude of experienced travelers, is superior in climate, soil, and attractiveness of surroundings to any other section of similar expanse on the face of the globe.”



## CHAPTER II.

---

### General History of South California.

The history of South California can be divided, properly, into four periods, as follows :—

- I. Aboriginal life.
- II. Discovery by the Spaniards.
- III. Occupation by the Spaniards and Mexicans.
- IV. Occupation by the United States.

Four words, alone, suggest its history,—Indian, Spaniard, Franciscan, American.

A brief survey of each of these periods will, necessarily, be of interest to the intelligent tourist.

---

### ABORIGINAL PERIOD.

Of the Aboriginal history but little is known. There are many conflicting reports about the primitive people. The subject is exhaustively discussed by Hubert Howe Bancroft in his "Native Races of the Pacific Coast."

Vizcaino says he found the land "thickly settled with people who were of gentle disposition, peaceable and docile, and who can be brought readily within the fold of the holy gospel and into subjection to the Crown of Your Majesty. Their food consists of seeds which

they have in abundance and variety, and of the flesh of game, such as deer which are larger than cows, and bear, and of neat cattle and bisons and many other animals. The Indians are of good stature and fair complexion, the women being somewhat less in size than the men and of pleasing countenance. The clothing of the people of the coast-lands consists of the skins of the sea-wolves abounding there, which they tan and dress better than is done in Castile. \* \* \* \* They have vessels of pine-wood very well made, in which they go to sea with fourteen paddlemen on a side, with great dexterity—even in very



NATIVE INDIAN VILLAGE.

stormy weather. I was informed by them, and by many others I met with in great numbers along more than eight hundred leagues of a thickly settled coast, that inland there are great communities, which they invited me to visit with them. They manifested great friendship for us and a desire for intercourse; were well affected toward the image of Our Lady which I showed to them, and very attentive to the sacrifice of the mass. They worship different idols, and they are well acquainted with silver and gold, and said that these were found in the interior."

But George Butler Griffin, the translator of this and other letters of Vizcaino, says in a foot-note that "Vizcaino's letters, generally, are full of exaggerated statements and falsehoods, and in this letter he gives



his fancy a slack rein. \* \* \* \* At the time of his visit many of the beasts and plants he mentions did not exist, nor had they ever existed, in California; nor did he meet with any natives such as he describes."

I think it may be relied upon that the native Indians of South California varied in habits, character and war-likeness, as the Indians of Arizona vary to-day. There are the Pueblo Indians—a commercial, home-loving, industrious, peaceable race; the Hualpais, a degraded and sensual people; the warlike, blood-thirsty and cruel Apaches, who have been the terror of settlers for many years, until the final capture and deportation of the leaders; the silver working Navajoes, and several others.

The Indians who roamed in the mountains to the East of San Diego were a more adventurous, daring and warlike people than the pastoral Indians found in the valleys and pasture lands nearer Los Angeles. There were the degraded "Diggers" and the intelligent Temecula tribes. A mixed lot, some good, some fair, and some, as the good Indians themselves would designate them, "no good."

## DISCOVERY BY THE SPANIARDS.

The period of discovery is interesting to the student, but can be presented only briefly here. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, whose services had been secured by the Spaniards, brave and skilful, yet of whom little but his California expedition is known, came exploring the Pacific Coast northward, with two vessels, in 1542-3, and, entering "a land-locked and very good harbor," named it San Miguel. There is no doubt whatever, from his descriptions, that this was the bay now known as San

Diego, and that the date of his entry was in September, 1542. Here he remained six days.

"The natives were timid in their intercourse with the strangers whom they called Guaccunal, but they wounded with their arrows those of a party that landed at night to fish. Interviews, voluntary and enforced, were held with a few individuals both on shore and on the ships; and the Spaniards understood by their signs that the natives had seen or heard of men like themselves, bearded, mounted and armed, somewhere in the interior. It is not impossible, though not improbable, that the natives had heard of Diaz, Alarcon, and Ulloa at the head of the gulf. The Indians of San Diego are described 'as well formed, of large size and clothed in skins.' "

On October 3, Cabrillo sailed out of San Diego Bay and continued his voyage north, but, being badly equipped against the storms he doubtless met there, and too anxious about the welfare of his expedition, he sickened, died and was buried on one of the Santa Barbara group of islands. The discussion as to whether San Miguel or Santa Catalina Island is honored as the resting place of the intrepid explorer has been recently renewed by the discovery on the latter island of a body of some distinguished personage, manifested by the evidences of elaborate burial and the implements found in his tomb

South California was next visited by Sir Francis Drake, the brave and bold British explorer, buccaneer or pirate (whichever the reader may like, according to whether he is English, Spanish or American), whose chief glory seemed to be in harassing the commerce of Spain and capturing her heavily laden galleons whenever possible. He named the country New Albion.

In 1595 Sebastian Rodriguez de Cermenon visited the Coast.

## VIZCAINO'S EXPEDITIONS.

Soon afterwards Phillip III. of Spain, angered at the report of Drake's naming of the country after his hated foe, England, and having reports from his Mexican officials of the land passed by his fleets on their way from Mexico to the Phillipine Islands, gave



CANYON NEAR THE RIO COLORADO.

orders to Don Luis de Velasco, the viceroy of Mexico, then under Spanish dominion, to have the Coast line thoroughly explored—"that a survey and demarcation of the harbors to be found on the voyage to and from these islands be made, with a view to the safety of the ships which come and go."

After a good deal of quibbling and tedious waiting, a Portuguese named Vizcaino, with whom Velasco had long been negotiating, was allowed to sail. His first trip was up the Gulf of California, and was not regarded as successful. His second expedition left Acapulco on Sunday, the 5th of May, 1602, at 5 o'clock. He had four vessels, two ships; also a *lancha* and a *barcoluengo*. On the 10th of November he entered San Diego Bay. It is undoubtedly to Vizcaino we owe so many of the beautiful and euphonious Spanish names that designate various places along the coast in South California. Anyone familiar with the church calender can follow his journey and the dates at which he arrived at certain places, for the names given were those of the saints who were honored on those days.

The third period in South Californian history is most fascinating of all.

## THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES.

For 166 years after Vizcaino a gap occurs, the Spanish being kept busy with their troubles at home; until about 1767, King Charles III. of Spain ordered an expedition to sail, to take possession of the Californias, convert the Indians found there, and protect the country from the encroachments of Russians from the north, which the latter then owned. Jose de Galvez, the visitador general of New Spain,—a man of great foresight and ability,—to whom the Americans of the South California of to-day owe much,—was the man to whom this important undertaking was intrusted. The only knowledge of where he was to go was obtained from the very indefinite "survey" of Vizcaino, "yet so closely was this first definite scheme of colonization and conversion planned that there

were orders to plant a mission and garrison first at San Diego, then at Monterey, and then one, half way between, to be called Buena Ventura."

Shortly before this expedition was organized the Jesuits, who had founded a number of missions in Baja California, were expelled from Mexico, and their work was placed under the control of the Franciscans, with headquarters at the College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico. The College, with a perspicacity highly commendable, chose Padre Junipero Serra as the President of these missions, and when Galvez required of them missionaries to accompany him on his expedition north, Serra's jurisdiction was extended, and he was appointed president of all the California missions, those already in existence in Lower California and those to be founded in Upper California. The following chapter deals entirely with the work of Serra and his religious coadjutors. But the work of Galvez was so important and far-reaching in its results as to demand a little enlarging upon. He was the practical head of the expedition, ordering the taking with it of 200 head of cattle from the northernmost mission of Lower California, and also of a full supply of all kinds of seeds of vegetables, grains and flowers; everything, in fact, that grew in Old Spain he wished transplanted to New Spain. "It was he, also, as full of interest for chapel as for farm, who selected and packed with his own hands sacred ornaments and vessels for church ceremonies. A curious letter of his to Father Palou is extant in which he says, laughingly, that he is a better sacristan than Father Junipero, having packed the holy vessels and ornaments quicker and better than he."

This expedition, from a political standpoint, definitely placed California under the rule of Spain, under which it remained until Mexico declared her independence, in 1822, and made California a portion of her territory. During this period of the Franciscans, San



Diego: Los Angeles, San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, San Buenaventura, San Luis Obispo, San Fernando, San Pedro and Santa Barbara pueblos or towns, were all founded, as will be seen from reference to their own individual histories.

To the practical mind the chief significance, possibly, of the founding of the missions is that the padres first began the colonization of California. The way they gathered the Indians about them and promoted various industries is duly related in the chapter on the Missions.

## FOUNDING OF LOS ANGELES.

In 1781, August 26, Philippe de Neve, Governor of California, authorized the founding of the second pueblo, or town, in California,—that of Los Angeles, the first having been founded in 1777 at San Jose. On the 4th of September twelve adult males, all of them heads of families, met together and formally founded the town. These twelve men were named Lara, Nevarro, Rosas, Mesa, Moreno, Rosas, Villavicencia, Banegas, Rodriguez, Camero, Quintero and Rodriguez. Two were natives of Spain, one a native of China, and the other nine of some one of the following places: Sinaloa, Sonora and Lower California. They had all been Spanish soldiers, and, though now relieved from active service, were still in the pay of the Spanish government. The town comprised forty-six inhabitants in all, twenty of them being children under ten years of age.

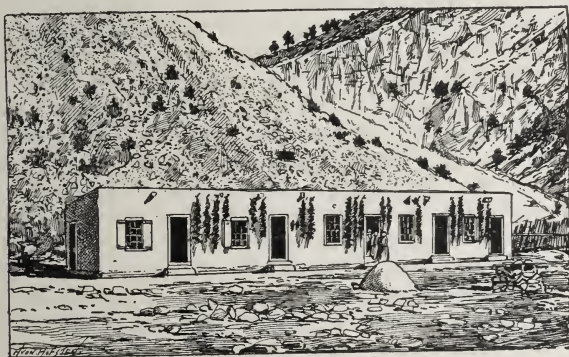
The government of those days was exceedingly primitive, as must also have been the life of the early Angelenos.

As the other pueblos grew around the missions, and settlers slowly began to come in, the country slightly changed its aspect. The cattle and horses

brought by the padres increased rapidly. It was made an offense to be severely punished to destroy any female of the domestic or pastoral animals, and the result was the rapid stocking of the whole country.

## THE CONVERTED INDIANS.

In 1780, the sixteen padres of California had 3,000 converts under their control. In 1800, this number had increased to 13,500, with eighteen missions and forty padres. And when it is remembered that of this



AN EARLY CALIFORNIA ADOBE.

rude, ignorant, useless, savage population the padres made "silleros (saddlers), herreros (blacksmiths), sastres (tailors), molineros (millers), panaderos (bakers), plateros (silversmiths), toneleros (coopers), cargadores (freighters), valeros (candle makers), vendemiadores (vintagers), caldereros (coppersmiths), zapateros (shoemakers), sombrereros (hatters), comfeleros de panocha (makers of panocha), guitarreros (guitar-makers), arrieros (muleteers), alcaldes, mayordomos, rancheros (ranchmen), medicos (doctors), pastores (shepherds), cordileros (ropemakers), leñadores (wood-

cutters), *pentores* (paintors), *escultores* (sculptors), *albaniles* (masons), *toreadores* (toreadors), *acolitos* (acolytes), *canteros* (stonecutters), *sacristanes* (sacristans), *campaneros* (bellringers), *cocineros* (cooks), *cantores* (singers), *musicos* (musicians), *cazadores* (hunters), *jaboneros* (soapmakers), *curtidores* (tanners), *tegidores* (weavers), *tigeros* (tilemakers), *bordadores* (embroiderers), *pescadores* (fishermen), *marineros* (sailors), *vineteros* (winemakers), *caporales* (corporals), *habradores* (farmers), *vaqueros* (herders), *llaveros* (turnkeys), *domadores* (horse-tamers), *barberos* (barbers), *cesteros* (basket-makers), and *carpenteros* (carpenters), with European models, standards and methods, the wonder at the marvellous power of the the *padres* grows into a reverence.

Wood and stone carving, engraving of horn, inlaying of wood and of iron with silver, leather work, the embossing of shields and saddles, silver work, basket making, lace and drawn work, hair work, frescoing, rude painting, embroidering in gold and silver thread, and the making of musical instruments—all these arts were gradually practiced under favorable conditions for developing individual capacity. Indians made in mortar, vats for the wine, fountains for the water, *zanjas* for irrigation, the covering of walls for defence. In wood they carved statues, stirrups, fonts, pulpits, chairs, benches, doorways and altar-rails. They made sun-dials and the stocks; the *varas de justicia*, or sticks of justice, carried by the *mayordomos*; the *esposas* or manacles for refractory neophytes; brands for the tithed mission herds; book-covers and sandals for the *padres*; tuna and pomegranate wine; *panocha* for the children; mail for the soldiers; *biers* for the dead."

I say, when it is remembered that such a host of skilled workers and producers were developed by the sagacious training of the savages by the *padres*, California owes much, in the way of its advancement, to



these missionary laborers. Spread the glory of these achievements! Never was there in any land such a record of accomplishment in so brief a period.

Crops of from 30,000 to 75,000 bushels of grain, per year, were exacted from the soil. Early in the century a conservative estimate states there were 70,000 horses and cattle, rapidly increasing.

## INDEPENDENCE OF MEXICO.

Under Spanish rule foreigners were forbidden the land, but one by one, outsiders began to filter in, to become assimilated, and prepare the way for more.

In 1822, when the independence of Mexico was proclaimed, a Mexican governor displaced the Spanish governor, Sola, and the first provincial legislature or disputation was organized. The padres regarded this change with foreboding; and by their refusal to take the required oath of allegiance to the new government, laid the foundation for the secularization and thus the utter overthrow of the missions.

In 1826 Governor Echeandia issued a decree for the partial emancipation of the neophytes of San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, but it was scarcely felt by any except the padres, who saw in it the first stroke of their doom.

In 1829 a revolt of some unpaid soldiers at Monterey, assisted by some native Californians led to a conflict at Santa Barbara, but this trouble was easily and quickly quelled.

## SECULARIZATION.

In 1830 Echeandia, still pushing his secularization ideas, succeeded in getting the California legislature to pass an act, providing for the gradual transforma-

tion of the missions into pueblos, and for making each Indian a shareholder in the lands and cattle. But before this plan could be put in operation it was necessary that it be confirmed by the home government in Mexico, and before this could be done Echeandia was succeeded in the Gubernatorial office by Manuel Victoria, who had for some time been governor of Lower California.

The padres welcomed Victoria as an opponent of Secularization, but his rule was unpopular, and, in 1831, the arbitrary action of a Los Angeles alcalde, who had imprisoned some of the influential citizens of that city, was made the cause for a popular uprising. The claim was made that Victoria was the inspiration of the illegal acts of his alcalde. In the latter part of November, the Governor, with but a small escort, left Monterey for the South. "On the 5th of December, 1831, the people of Los Angeles, having liberated those who had been imprisoned by the alcalde, and made a prisoner of the latter, armed themselves and sallied forth to meet and oppose General Victoria. He was met a few miles from Los Angeles, when a conflict ensued, in which one of his officers, Captain R. Pacheco—the father of Ex-Governor Pacheco—and one of the attacking party, Don Jose Maria Abila, of Los Angeles, were killed. The General, leaving Los Angeles to his right, repaired to the San Gabriel Mission, where on the following day he surrendered up his authority to the insurgents, who sent him to San Diego, from which place he shortly after embarked for the coast of Mexico.

"For some time after the expulsion of General Victoria, Los Angeles was the seat of government of those who expelled him. The head of the government was General Jose Maria Echandia, who had been the predecessor of Victoria. His jurisdiction, however, only extended over the southern part of the territory. The people of the northern portion adhered

to the government of General Victoria, and sustained, as the rightful head of the civil and military government of California, Captain Agustin V. Zamorano, the military officer next in rank to the General. This division was not healed until General Jose Figueroa reached California in 1833."

### GOVERNOR FIGUEROA.

Figueroa was an able man and a good governor, and Los Angeles has honored him and itself also, by naming one of its most beautiful streets after him.

Though himself a conservative man, and opposed to anything more than the gradual emancipation of the neophytes of the missions, the dread order of secularization, so long feared by the padres, was passed by the Mexican Congress August 17, 1833.

A brief statement here of the material condition of the missions will not be out of place, together with vivid pictures by eye witnessess of methods of conducting business at the missions, both before and after the secularization. I quote now from James Steele's "Old California Days." "Seven hundred thousand cattle grazed on the mission pastures, with sixty thousand horses and an immense number of other domestic animals.

"A hundred and twenty thousand bushels of wheat were raised annually, besides other crops.

"The usual products came under the following heads: wheat, wine, brandy, soap, leather, hides, wool, oil, cotton, hemp, linen, tobacco, salt, soda.

"Two hundred thousand head of cattle were slaughtered annually, at a net profit of ten dollars each.

"Gardens, vineyards and orchards surrounded or were contiguous to all the missions except the two most northern ones.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

"The total average annual gains of the missions from sales and trade generally were more than two million dollars. This, on an uninhabited and distant coast where commerce, in our sense, was unknown.

"The value of the live stock alone, was, in 1834, two millions of dollars."

William Heath Davis says: "The missions exacted from the cattle owners as contribution, known as *dieznio*, for the support and benefit of the clergy, and for the expense of the missions, one-tenth of the increase of the cattle. The tax was not imposed by the general government, but was solely an ecclesiastical matter, diligently collected by the clergy of the different missions, and religiously contributed by the *rancheros*."

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### DANA'S PICTURES OF THE LAND.

Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," draws a number of fascinating pictures of the state of the country in the years 1835-6. Of Santa Barbara he says:

"The town lies a little nearer to the beach, about half a mile from it, and is composed of one-story houses, built of sun-dried clay, or *adobe*, some of them whitewashed, with red tiles on the roofs. I should judge that there were about a hundred of them; and in the midst of them stands the Presidio, or fort, built of the same materials, and apparently but little stronger. The town is finely situated, with a bay in front and an amphitheater of hills behind. The only thing which diminishes its beauty is that the hills have no large trees upon them, they having been all burnt by a great fire which swept them off about a dozen years ago, and they had not yet grown again. The fire was described to me by an inhabitant, as having been a very terrible and magnificent sight.

The air of the whole valley was so heated that the people were obliged to leave the town and take up their quarters for several days upon the beach."

In his chapter on San Diego he thus describes a portion of one of his Sundays :

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### INDIAN GAMES.

"The Indians, who always have a holiday on Sunday, were engaged at playing a kind of running game of ball, on a level piece of ground, near the houses. The old ones sat down in a ring, looking on, while the young ones—men, boys and girls—were chasing the ball, and throwing it with all their might. Some of the girls ran like greyhounds. At every accident, or remarkable feat, the old people set up a deafening screaming and clapping of hands. Several bluejackets were reeling about among the houses, which showed that the pulperias had been well patronized. One or two of the sailors had got on horseback, but being rather indifferent horsemen, and the Mexicans having given them vicious beasts, they were soon thrown, much to the amusement of the people. A half-dozen Sandwich Islanders, from the hide-houses and the two brigs, bold riders, were dashing about on a full gallop, hallooing and laughing like so many wild men."

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### LOADING HIDES.

As an offset to the foregoing picture, read what he says of the difficult task at San Pedro, loading hides in exchange for the goods his vessel had brought for trading purpose : "We loaded our longboat with goods of all kinds, light and heavy, and pulled ashore. After landing and rolling them over the stones upon the beach, we stopped, waiting for carts to come



down the hill and take them; but the captain soon settled the matter by ordering us to carry them all up to the top, saying that that was California fashion. So, what the oxen would not do, we were obliged to do. The hill was low, but steep, and the earth, being clayey and wet with the recent rains, was but bad holding ground for our feet. The heavy barrels and casks we rolled up with some difficulty, getting behind and putting our shoulders to them; now and then, our feet slipping, added to the danger of the casks rolling back upon us. But the greatest trouble was with the large boxes of sugar. These we had to place upon oars, and lifting them up, rest the oars upon our shoulders, and creep slowly up the hill with the gait of a funeral procession. After an hour or two of hard work, we got them all up, and found the carts standing full of hides, which we had to unload and to load the carts again with our own goods; the lazy Indians, who came down with them, squatting on their hams, looking on, doing nothing, and when we asked them to help us, only shaking their heads and drawling out '*no quiero.*'

"Having loaded the carts, we started up the Indians, who went off, one on each side of the oxen, with long sticks, sharpened at the end, to punch them with. This is one of the means of saving labor in California—two Indians to two oxen. Now, the hides were to be got down; and for this purpose we brought the boat round to a place where the hill was steeper, and threw them off, letting them slide over the slope. Many of them lodged, and we had to let ourselves down and set them going again, and in this way became covered with dust, and our clothes torn. After we had the hides all down, we were obliged to take them on our heads, and walk over the stones, and through the water, to the boat. The water and the stones together would wear out a pair of shoes a day, and as shoes were very scarce and very dear, we



were obliged to go barefooted. At night we went on board, having had the hardest and most disagreeable day's work that we had yet experienced. For several days we were employed in this manner, until we had handled forty or fifty tons of goods, and brought on board about two thousand hides."

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### NATIVE CARTS.

The carts used are well described as follows :

"At this time there was not in California any vehicle except a rude California cart; the wheels were without tires, and were made by felling an oak tree and hewing it down until it made a solid wheel nearly a foot thick on the rim and a little thicker where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would be eight or nine inches in diameter, but a few years' use would increase it to a foot. To make the hole, an auger, gouge or chisel was sometimes used, but the principal tool was an ax. A small tree required but little hewing or shaping to answer for an axle. These carts were always drawn by oxen, the yokes being lashed with rawhide to the horns. To lubricate the axles they used soap (that is one thing the Mexicans could make), carrying along for the purpose a big pail of thick soapsoads which was constantly put in the box or hole, but you could generally tell when a California cart was coming a half mile away by the squeaking. I have seen the families of the wealthiest people go long distances at the rate of thirty miles or more a day, visiting, in one of these clumsy two-wheeled vehicles. They had a little framework around it made of round sticks, and a bullock hide was put in for a floor or bottom. Sometimes the better class would have a little calico for curtains or cover."

## HARVESTING.

John Bidwell, the veteran prohibitionist of California, and a pioneer of 1841, in the *Century Magazine* of December, 1890, from which I have already quoted, gives an interesting account of the way harvesting was carried on in early days: "Harvesting, with the rude implements, was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field, armed, some with sickles, some with butcher knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry brittle grain, and as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharper edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a mound in the middle of a high, strong round corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster. Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly threshed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month. It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of the grain, straw and chaff, the lighter materials being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast."

## HOSPITALITY OF EARLY CALIFORNIANS.

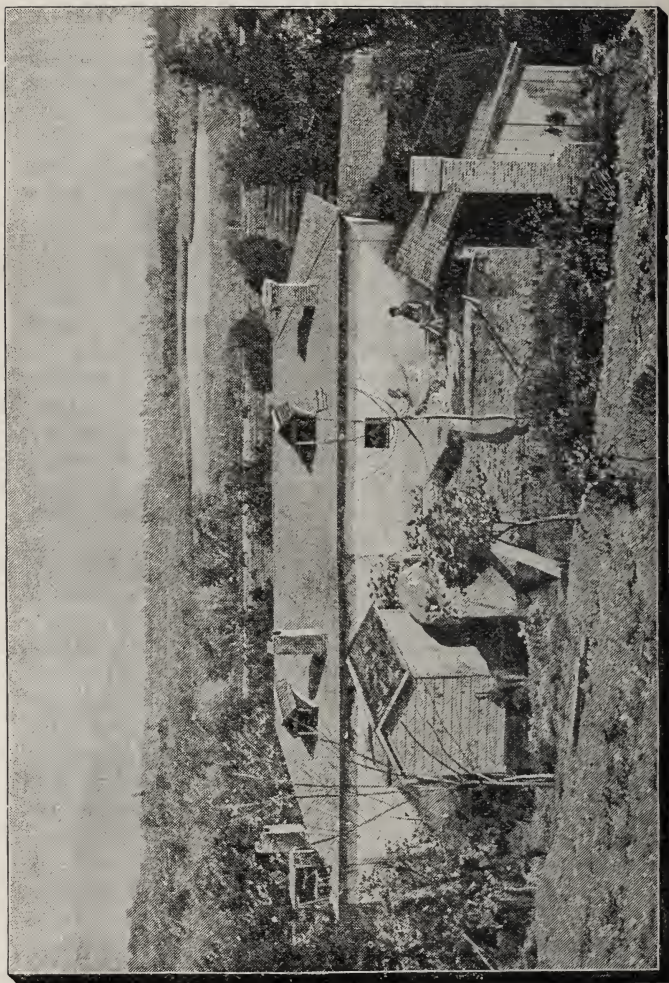
Mr. Bidwell also speaks of the hospitality of the native Californians of this period in the following eulogistic, but undoubtedly true, terms:

"The kindness and hospitality of the native Californians have not been over-stated. Up to the time the Mexican regime ceased in California they had a custom of never charging for anything; that is to say, for entertainment—food, use of horses, etc. You were supposed, even if invited to visit a friend, to bring your blankets with you, and one would be very thoughtless if he traveled and did not take a knife with him to cut his meat. When you had eaten, the invariable custom was to rise, deliver to the woman or hostess the plate on which you had eaten the meat and beans—for that was about all they had—and say, '*Muchas gracias, Senora,*' (Many thanks, Madam); and the hostess as invariably replied, '*Buen provecho*' (May it do you much good). The missions in California invariably had gardens with grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, pears and apples, but the ranches scarcely ever had any fruit. With the exception of the tuna or prickly pear, these were the only cultivated fruits I can recall to mind in California, except oranges, lemons and limes in a few places. When you wanted a horse to ride, you would take it to the next ranch—it might be twenty, thirty, or fifty miles—and turn it out there, and sometime or other, in reclaiming his stock, the owner would get it back. In this way you might travel from one end of California to the other."

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SECULARIZATION.

When the padres saw that the political tornado of spoliation was coming upon the missions, they began, at once, to convert all their cattle and stock, as far as





possible, into money. General M. G. Vallejo is authority for the statement that "in the missions of San Gabriel, San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey, they killed by contract with private individuals, during the years 1830, 1831 and 1832, more than sixty thousand head of cattle, from which they only saved the hides. The pecuniary wealth of the missions in their primitive days, which were more productive, was sent out of the country to Spain, Mexico or Italy. This I know; and presume, and even believe, that all of it arrived safely at its place of destination."

Thus the mission property wasted away. Many of the padres returned to Mexico, and the neophytes, for whose good they had labored with so much care, were scattered in the towns and villages of the gentiles, to whom the mission lands were granted by the authorities.

For a long time the country suffered by the absence of the guiding hands of the padres, but by and bye, the recuperative energy of the region manifested itself. The new comers were incited to labor intelligently by the stories of the successes of the priests, and it is asserted, upon good authority, that even after the secularization of the missions and consequent dispersion of their property, that California "in proportion to the population, was the richest of any country under Spanish dominion and inhabited by citizens of Castilian extraction."

From this period dates the want of care of the mission buildings. They were unsalable, the padres had no one to care for them; some of them were deserted, and so they began to crumble, until to-day so many of them are found in a state of utter dilapidation and ruin.

## VARIOUS MEXICAN GOVERNORS.

I have rapidly sketched the effect of the Secularization of the Missions, and given several quotations to show, somewhat, the state of the country at that period ; but, in the meantime other political events had been transpiring.

Figueroa died at Monterey in 1835, leaving the governorship to Jose Castro, and the military command to the ranking officer of the territory, Guteirrez. In January, 1836, Castro retired from the governorship in favor of Guteirrez, and the latter ruled for four quiet months, until Mariano Chico, who had been appointed by the Mexican Government to succeed Figueroa, arrived. Chico fell upon evil times. Royce says "Chico was the best hated, and, as to personal reputation, the most unfortunate of all the Mexican Governors in California, although his rule was very brief. He had to encounter the growing jealousy between the northern and southern parts of California, and his personal bearing was such as to inflame rather than to conciliate it, insomuch that the Californians joined thenceforth in circulating exaggerated stories against him, denouncing him as a 'tyrant, rascal, and fool !' Furious personal quarrels, threatened rebellion, and lack of support from the central government forced him to retire in July of the same year ; and Gutierrez was once more left at the head of affairs. But the jealousy of everything Mexican was still growing. The mass of the Californians, although of the republican party, had found that Mexican republicanism brought no good to the land ; while the *padres*, looking back regretfully to the old Spanish days, used their influence also to bring Mexican authority into discredit. The better Californian families felt themselves superior in blood to most of the Mexicans ; and the foreigners present in the land, numerous enough at this time to be influential, were



equally opposed to Mexico. The result of all this was the Alvarado revolution, in November, 1836. With a force that included American hunters and some foreign sailors, the revolutionists got possession of Monterey, and sent Gutierrez to Mexico; all of which was accomplished, after the Californian fashion of civil warfare, without the shedding of blood, and by the mere show of force. The country was declared a sovereign State, which was thenceforth to have, if possible, only a federal union with Mexico; the legislature elected Alvarado governor *ad interim*, and the new administration began with seemingly good prospects. But the South, the Los Angeles and San Diego country, was still to be conciliated, before California could be united in the new movement. Though the Mexican flag still waved at Monterey, the reports carried to the South attributed to the revolutionists extravagant designs, such as the defiance of Mexico, the delivery of the province into American hands, and the subversion of the Catholic faith. A patriotic reaction was therefore threatened from Los Angeles, and Alvarado had to go South with a force, to meet in person the influences arrayed against him. He was successful in winning general support at Santa Barbara, and he entered Los Angeles itself, without serious resistance, in January, 1837. Further complications ensued; but in May the political success of Alvarado's cause in the South seemed already complete, and, in a proclamation, the new governor declared the country free and united, although he never gave up the union with Mexico. But such complete practical freedom as he had thus far planned was indeed to be given up; for in June, 1837, Andres Castillero arrived as Mexican Commissioner to California. He at first joined the opponents of Alvarado, at San Diego, and, with an armed force of Southerners, under the leadership of partisan opponents of Alvarado, once more threatened to restore

Mexican supremacy, and to overthrow the Northern leader. Castillero had been commissioned in Mexico to bring to California the constitutional laws of December, 1836, which represented the new order of Mexico, and to receive the oaths of allegiance to this new order from Californian officials. Alvarado, before any collision of forces could take place, now resolved to dispose of the Southern opposition by removing its chief ostensible cause; that is, by coming to terms with Castillero, by giving up his idea of mere federation, and by thus consenting to submit himself to constitutional Mexican authority. He hoped, not wrongly as the sequel proved, that he could in this way get confirmation of himself as Mexican governor, and at the same time, so to speak, 'dish' his Southern enemies. This 'triumph in defeat' Alvarado gained by coming into friendly relations with Castillero, and by persuading him to go back to Mexico in Alvarado's own interest, so as to get what Castillero had not yet, authority to receive Alvarado's submission, and further authority to make the latter, who still stood in the position of rebel, the constitutional governor of California. The Southern opposition was thus for the time overcome.

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### ALVARADO REVOLUTION.

"In October, 1837, the news of the appointment of a new governor, Carlos Carrillo, reached the land. The appointment had been made before Alvarado's submission was heard of. The opponents of Alvarado were now once more delighted; Carrillo was himself a well-known Californian, and commanded sympathy in the South. But, as turned out, he was politically incapable, and Alvarado forthwith determined to resist him, and did so successfully."

A battle took place between the warring factions

at San Buenaventura, which resulted in the death of one man and the flight of Carrillo's forces.

"In April, 1838, Carrillo himself capitulated at Las Flores, some fifty or sixty miles north of San Diego; and Alvarado was again left, after this once more nearly bloodless conflict, in actual command of the country."

"In this month, however, a small body of men, under the command of Clemente Espinosa, an ensign, was sent from Santa Barbara by Colonel Jose Maria Villa, a partizan of Governor Alvarado and General Castro, to capture certain persons in Los Angeles suspected of being engaged in a plan to overthrow the Government of Alvarado, and replace Governor Carrillo in authority. The party of Espinosa entered Los Angeles in the night, and camped on the open space in front of the old Catholic church. The inhabitants discovered, on opening the doors of their dwellings on the following morning that the town had been captured, or rather that it was held by armed men from abroad, who soon commenced a general search in the houses of the citizens for the suspected persons. Quite a number were arrested, among whom were Jose Antonio Carrillo, a brother of the deposed Governor, Pio Pico, Andres Pico, and Gil Ybarra, the then Alcade of Los Angeles, together with about half a dozen more of the prominent native citizens of the place. They were all taken north as prisoners of war," eventually to be released by Alvarado.

Governor Alvarado was, from the first, able to see the tendency of the new comers into the State to work towards annexing California to the United States, but he made the grave political error of furthering the plan by an effort to suppress it. In 1840 he issued orders for the arrest of all Americans in the country, and about seventy persons, nearly all Americans, were imprisoned, forty of whom were expelled to Mexico.

**GOVERNOR MICHELTORENA.**

The American and English governments made considerable stir over the affair, and there is little doubt but that this event was the prime cause in the substituting of Micheltorena for Alvarado in the Governorship in the year 1842.

During Micheltorena's term of office on the 20th of October, 1842, the premature capture of Monterey by Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones took place. He believed war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, and desirous of forestalling England, or any other country, he had borne down upon Monterey, called upon the officers of the town to surrender and had raised the American flag. Twenty-four hours afterward he lowered it, discovering he had made a mistake, and the following month, with his suite of officers, in full uniform, he called upon Micheltorena in Los Angeles, to apologise for his action. The conference lasted several days, terminated pleasantly, and a grand banquet and ball were tendered the Commodore by Governor Micheltorena. It was a most gorgeous affair, the wealth and beauty of the whole country being present.

Micheltorena unfortunately brought some disreputable characters with him from Mexico and they soon succeeded in getting his rule generally disliked, and in the end of 1844 Alvarado and Castro had accomplished their purpose in raising a popular movement against him. Hostilities began in the North, but in January, 1845, Alvarado and Castro moved southward, persuading the rancheros to join them, taking some of the younger men as recruits against their will, cajoling or pressing horses, etc., until they reached Los Angeles, which they found loyal to the Governor. They entered the city quietly before daylight and surprised the soldiers in their quarters. Some resistance was made, and two of the defenders were killed. The officers who resisted were made prisoners.

## BATTLE OF SAN FERNANDO.

Alvarado then used every inducement to prevail upon the leading citizens and officials to join him, and having gained the goodwill and assistance of Pio Pico and his brother Andres, he soon had a well mounted but poorly armed force of between seven and eight hundred men.

In January, 1845, Alvarado rode forth with his army to meet Micheltorena, who had followed him south. They met in the San Fernando Valley. Here a three days' battle took place. The Americans on both sides met before the battle and decided to remain neutral. The conflict was "bloodless" except for the slaying of a few mules and horses. An eye witness to the following scene in Los Angeles thus describes the effect of the conflict there: "About nine o'clock one clear morning, a day or two after the departure of the troops, the first cannonading was heard in Los Angeles, and we knew that the battle had commenced. Directly to the north was a high hill. As soon as the firing was heard, all the people remaining in the town—men, women, and children—ran to the top of the hill. As the wind was blowing from the north, the firing was distinctly heard, five leagues away on the battlefield, throughout the day. All the business places in town were closed.

"The scene upon the hill was a remarkable one. Women and children with crosses in their hands, kneeling and praying to the saints for the safety of their fathers, brothers, sons, husbands, lovers, cousins,—that they might not be killed in the battle; indifferent to their personal appearance, tears streaming from their eyes, and their hair blown about by the wind, which had increased to quite a breeze. Don Abel Stearn, myself and others, tried to calm and pacify them, assuring them that there was probably no danger; somewhat against our own convictions, it



is true, judging from what we heard of the firing and from our knowledge of Micheltorena's disciplined force, his battery, and the riflemen he had with him. During the day the scene on the hill continued. The night that followed was a gloomy one, caused by the lamentations of the women and children.

"It afterward proved that our assurances to the women were correct, for not a single person was killed in this remarkable battle, only a few horses being shot. The next day the strife ended; Micheltorena capitulated, and agreed to leave with his troops, arms and followers."

It is affirmed that the capitulation of Micheltorena was not compulsory, for his soldiers, arms and equipments were superior to those of Alvarado, but it was dictated by a broad and comprehensive humanity, which forebore to injure the many for the sake of gaining mere political power. Captain Sutter also bears testimony to the deposed governor's forbearance and generosity.

A few days after the battle, Micheltorena moved to Palos Verde, about four miles from San Pedro, from which port he eventually sailed to Monterey and thence back to Mexico.

Don Pio Pico now became provisional governor of the department, and remained in office until the political conquest of California by the United States.

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## AMERICAN CONQUEST.

The last period is the one of American conquest and occupation, and, could it be enlarged upon, its first days would be found to be as romantic as any of the others, affording as much and as rich material for such writers as Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller as they have ever yet manipulated.

On the 7th of July, 1846, John D. Sloat, com-



mander-in-chief of the U. S. naval forces, raised the U. S. flag at Monterey, and formal possession of the country for the United States was duly taken.

### LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FREMONT.

Pio Pico, who recently died (September, 1894) in Los Angeles, was then governor of California, with governmental headquarters at Los Angeles, and the military forces were under the direction of General Jose Castro, "an officer of high pretensions, but utterly deficient in strength and steadiness of purpose, and that capacity which can work out important results with slender and inapposite means." For some time Castro had been stirring up strife against the "foreigners," as the Americans and other colonists were regarded, and when Lieutenant John C. Fremont came on his second expedition to California, Castro insolently bade him retreat, and threatened to drive him out unless he did so. This threat aroused Fremont to open hostilities, and, when Commodore Sloat raised the flag at Monterey, Fremont was already engaged in harrassing Castro's forces, seizing his horses, capturing of prisoners, etc. Fremont acknowledges that he was acting upon his own responsibility. He says: "Having carefully examined my position, and foreseeing, I think, clearly, ALL the consequences which may eventuate to me from such a step, I determined to take such active and anticipatory measures as should seem to me most expedient to protect my party and justify my own character. I was well aware of the grave responsibility which I assumed, but I also determined that, having once decided to do so, I would assume it and its consequences fully and entirely and go through with the business completely to the end."

That he did so effectively is evidenced by two important facts. One is that California now belongs

to the United States, taken possession of by Commodore Sloat as the result of Fremont's "action in the north," and the other is the following proclamation issued by Pio Pico from Los Angeles, on the news reaching him of the capture of the town of Sonoma.

### FLIGHT OF GOVERNOR PICO.

"The Constitutional Governor of the Department of California addresses to its inhabitants the following proclamation:

The national honor being gravely wounded and compromised in the highest degree at the present time, I have the glory of raising my voice to you in the firm persuasion that you are Mexicans; that there burns in your veins the blood of those venerable martyrs of the country, and that you will not fail to shed it in defense of her liberty and independence. At this moment your Department Governor has received the unfortunate news, officially communicated by the political authorities of Monterey, and dated four days ago, that a gang of North American adventurers, with the blackest treason that the spirit of evil could invent, have invaded the town of Sonoma, raising their flag and carrying off as prisoners four Mexican citizens.

Yes, fellow citizens; and who of you on hearing of such fatal perfidy will not quit the domestic hearth and fly, gun in hand, to the field of honor to avenge the country's honor. Will you be insensible to the oppression in which masters so vile wish to put us? Will the grievous groans of the country not move you? Will you, with serene brow, see destroyed the fundamental part of our sacred and our dear institutions?

No! No! Far from you be every such suspicion! It is not believed, from your patriotism, your blind love of country, that you will permit the beneficent and fruitful tree of sacred liberty to be profaned. The North American nation can never be our friend. She has laws, religion, language and custom totally opposed to ours. False to the most loyal friendship which Mexico has lavished upon her, to international law and to the soundest policy, putting in execution her piratic schemes, she has stolen the department of Texas and wishes to do the same with that of California, thus iniquitously to dismember the Mexican territory, to tarnish the flag of the true republic, and raise her own, increasing the number of its false stars.

Fly, Mexicans, in all haste in pursuit of the treacherous foe! Follow him to the farthest wilderness! Punish his audacity! And in case we fail let us form a cemetery where posterity may remember to the glory of Mexican history the heroism of her sons, as is remembered the glory won by the death of the little band of citizens posted at the pass of Thermopylæ under General Leonidas. Hear their motto: "Stranger, say to Lacedæmonia that we have died here obeying her laws."

Shall we not imitate this noble example? Shall we consent that the northern republic bring to our soil of liberty the horrible slavery permitted in its states? Shall we suffer human blood sold at a price for vile gain? And, finally, must we see profaned the august image of the Crucified and the dogmas of our sacred religion?

Foreign citizens who tread this soil, the department governor considers you under the protection of the laws and treaties. Your property will be respected. Nobody will molest you, and as you also are interested in preserving peace and security, the government invites you to the punishment of the bandits who have invaded the north of this department.

Compatriots, run swiftly with me to crown your brows with the fresh laurels of unfading glory. In the fields of the north they are scattered ready to spring to your noble foreheads. Respond gladly, Mexicans, to the desire of your fellow-citizen and friend.

PRO PICO.

A few days after the raising of the flag Commodore Sloat gave way to his successor Commodore Stockton, and returned to Washington. Stockton and Fremont now industriously set to work to arrest further hostilities by Castro, who had marched south with several hundred horsemen to reinforce Governor Pico at Los Angeles.

On the 25th of July, the *Cyane*—Captain Mervine—sailed from Monterey, with Lieutenant Colonel Fremont and a small volunteer force on board, for San Diego, to intercept Castro. A few days later, Commodore Stockton sailed in the *Congress*, frigate, for San Pedro, and, with a detachment from his squadron of three hundred and sixty men, and some artillery, marched to the enemy's camp, which he found deserted. Pico and Castro had also retreated from Los Angeles, and Fremont, who was marching up from San Diego was disappointed in his expectations of meeting them.

Pico made his way, without discovery by the American forces, through San Diego into Lower California, and thence crossed the Gulf and landed in Sonora. General Castro, after disbanding the force under his command, took the road, with a small number of adherents, for Sonora, over the Colorado River route. Some little effort was made to capture both him and Governor Pico, but they made good their escape.

On the 13th of July Fremont and Stockton met, and together marched to Los Angeles, and on the 15th entered the city. On the 22nd of August, so says the Secretary of the Navy, "the flag of the United States was flying at every commanding position, and California was the undisputed military possession of the United States."

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### REVOLT IN LOS ANGELES.

On the 5th of September Stockton left for San Francisco, calling on his way at Santa Barbara for the soldiers he had left as a garrison, with the purpose of soon sailing south on an expedition to Mazatlan or Acapulco, "where, if possible, he intended to land and fight his way as far on to the City of Mexico as he could." Fremont was to be left as Military Governor of California in his absence, and he was also to go north and see how many men he could induce to join Stockton in his endeavor. A few days after Stockton sailed, Fremont started for the Sacramento River region, leaving Lieutenant of Marines A. H. Gillespie in command at Los Angeles. On the 23rd of September, Cervol Varelas, a native of Los Angeles, attacked the Americans—only seventeen men—who were soon in a state of siege on Fort Hill. There they remained until the 30th, when, seeing no way of raising the siege, and expecting no relief, Gillespie signed articles of capitulation, and retreated with his men to San Pedro, where they were taken on board the American

merchant ship *Vandalia*. The Mexican flag was once more raised in Los Angeles.

News of this revolt reached Stockton, and Captain Mervine, commanding the U. S. frigate *Savannah*, was ordered to proceed at once to San Pedro to protect American interests at Los Angeles. On the 6th of October he reached San Pedro, and on the 7th he and Gillespie landed, with a force of about five hundred men. They were met at the rancho of Manuel Dominguez, about midway between San Pedro and Los Angeles, by the insurgents under the command of Jose Antonio Carrillo and Jose Maria Flores, who attacked with so much spirit and energy, that, after a battle of several hours' duration, in which the Americans lost four of their men and several wounded, Mervine retreated to his vessel at San Pedro.

### EFFECT OF AMERICAN DEFEAT.

The news of this defeat of the Americans; caused many of the Californians throughout the whole of the State to revolt; break their parole, and join with the refractory spirits who refused to acknowledge American supremacy. At San Diego, Santa Barbara and elsewhere the U. S. flag was pulled down. These proceedings aroused Stockton to the importance of devoting his attention to the Mexicans in California, rather than organizing an expedition to harrass them in Mexico, so he vigorously forwarded matters for securing absolute domination. As an interesting account of the difficulty he had to procure arms, the following from Davis' "Sixty Years in California" is worthy a place: "Small arms of all kinds were very scarce in the country, and Stockton was desirous of collecting all he could for his proposed expedition. One morning a mid-shipman from the "Congress" presented



the commodore's compliments, and said the commodore desired me to purchase for him a quantity of small arms, pistols, rifles, etc. I sent out several of my clerks to the little shops, bar-rooms, and all the places in Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) where it seemed probable any arms could be found, and collected a considerable number, many of which were obtained from the Mormons, who had recently arrived. The arms were turned over to Commodore Stockton, who paid for them, and also thanked me for the service."

General Edward Beale, then a mid-shipman, was sent up the Sacramento River, with a fleet of boats, to bring back Fremont, who reported "one hundred and seventy good men, well armed, and with their horse equipments ready for service when horses could be found to mount them."

Stockton sailed in the Congress, intending to go direct to San Pedro. Fremont, in the Sterling, was to land at Santa Barbara and suppress the uprising there. On his way South, Stockton fell in with the merchant ship Barnstable, which had dispatches for him informing him that Monterey was in danger, and asking his immediate aid. He, therefore, landed fifty men, two officers, and some artillery as a reinforcement, and then continued to Santa Barbara, where, not finding Fremont, he went on to San Pedro. At this place the successful Californians "collected in large bodies on all the adjacent hills, and would not permit a hoof except their own horses to be within fifty miles of San Pedro." Stockton, however, landed, took possession of San Pedro, and once more hoisted the U.S. flag. For several days he waited here for the arrival of Fremont, but the same difficulty of procuring horses having arrested that official's progress southward, he had gone back to Monterey, sent for horses and soon started on a mounted march through the interior. Stockton, knowing nothing of this



delay, which, however, he might easily have anticipated from his own difficulties, re-embarked his men and sailed for San Diego. Here again he was hampered by the same obstacles in the way of procuring horses. The Californians drove away all except their own, and with their skilled horsemanship, kept up a guerilla warfare upon the forces of Stockton that was galling in the extreme. Accordingly he sent a vessel down the coast of Lower California to procure horses and mules, which service was accomplished by the good offices of Senor Bandini, one of the native Californians of San Diego, who, however, had shown himself friendly to the Americans.

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### ARRIVAL OF GENERAL KEARNY.

About this time it was reported to the Commodore that the enemy was encamped a few miles away from San Diego, and consisted of only fifty men. Gillespie was ordered to "surprise" them. During his preparations, an English resident of California, a Mr. Stokes, brought a letter to Stockton from Brigadier-General S. W. Kearny, who had just reached by overland journey, the frontier of inhabited California, asking for "a party to open a communication" with him as speedily as possible.

Gillespie was accordingly sent to Kearny and "on the day but one following his departure from San Diego, he met General Kearny about one o'clock in the afternoon, in the mountains between Santa Maria and Santa Ysabel, and put himself at his orders." Kearny learning from Gillespie of the near proximity of the Californians decided to attack, and, if possible, surprise them.

## BATTLE OF SAN PASCUAL.

The attack was made Dec. 6, 1846, and seriously repulsed, Captain Turner reporting General Kearny wounded, Captains Monroe and Johnson killed, Lieut. Hammond dangerously wounded, in all "about eighteen killed and fourteen or fifteen wounded." This was not all of the disheartening report. It was afterwards found that "General Kearny and his whole force were besieged on a small hill of rocks, and so surrounded by the enemy that it was impossible for them to escape unless immediate assistance was sent to them; that all their cattle had been taken away from them and that they were obliged to eat their mules." Don Andres Pico, brother of Governor Pio Pico, was in command of the Californians.

Relief was sent to the besieged party, and on the 12th of December General Kearny arrived at San Diego.

## DR. GRIFFIN'S DIARY.

Dr. John S. Griffin, Assistant Surgeon, U.S.A., attached to the command of General Kearny, kept a diary of the march into California, the battle with Pico's forces and subsequent events, and from published extracts of this record we reprint the following :

"1846—November 22.—We discovered the trail of a large body of horse. Kit Carson saw the tracks of women on the sand. Lieutenant Emory went out with a party of twenty men, and about 12½ P.M., brought in three or four Mexicans, from whom we learned that they were a party of traders, or rather refugees from California to Sonora. They had five hundred horses and mules. They told us of Flores; that Roubidoux was a prisoner; advised us not to lose time, as our presence would be of great benefit to our countrymen. (I think, not many minutes will be lost.) \* \* \* Our men are nearly naked and barefooted, their feet sore, and leg-weary. Only the sick have been allowed to ride lately. We are a mile and a half above the mouth of the Gila.

"23d.—A child born to-night, in the Mexican camp. We all contributed tea, sugar, and coffee to the mother.

"24th.—Lieutenants Emory and Warner (Topographical Engineers), while out making observations, came across a Mexican in the bottom; searched him, and found several letters addressed to Castro. Crossed the Colorado River, so as to take the desert to-morrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

"December 2d.—About 4 P.M. arrived at Warner's—the extreme frontier settlement of California. He is living very comfortably; seems to have plenty of cattle, horses and sheep, and certainly has a fine range for them. An Irishman there informed us \* \* \* that there were detached parties of the enemy between us and San Diego, and that a Mexican force, escorting prisoners out of the country to Mexico, would probably arrive in our neighborhood to-night.

"3d.—This is called Agua Caliente—a boiling spring—a vineyard. We obtained some of the grapes dried; they were nearly as sweet as raisins, and of fine flavor; also, watermelons from the Indians. Last night had a visit from an Englishman, by name Stokes; he has remained neutral during the difficulties. He consented to carry a letter to Commodore Stockton, at San Diego. About one P.M., Lieutenant Davidson returned with some hundred young mules and horses, the major portion utterly worthless to us. \* \* \* Rain all day. Camped at Stokes' Ranch in the evening—Santa Ysabel.

"4th.—This was a Mission; the buildings much better than at Warner's; everything of neater appearance. An Indian village was near the house. The Chief made a speech to the General last evening, in which he declared his wish not to engage in the war in any manner, but that he was perfectly willing to go to work. The General advised him to keep at peace and work hard, and he would be well treated. Stokes seems to have a large stock. His Major-domo gave the officers a supper. He gave the General information of a party of Mexicans at some mission on our road, with 500 animals.

"5th.—Marched from Stokes' Ranch with Senor Bill—William Williams—the Major-domo, for guide. He drank pretty freely the night before; chasing wild horses, presently he was thrown, and said he would go no further. The General had him mounted on a mule, with two of the guard by his side. Bill took us once on the wrong road, but soon corrected the mistake. After a few miles we met Captain Gillespie's party, from San Diego—35 men and one four-pounder. They soon encamped. We marched about 10 miles, to a grove of live oak, with no water, except that which was falling from the heavens. It rained heavily. A party of the enemy being reported in our

vicinity, it was first determined that Captain Moore should take sixty men and make a night attack. For some reason the General altered his mind, and sent Lieutenant Hammond, with three men, to reconnoitre. Hammond found the enemy at some ten miles distant, but was discovered. As he galloped off with his party, the Mexicans gave three cheers.

"December 6th.—At two P.M. we were all afoot, and expected to surprise the Mexicans. Although we had rain all night our arms were not reloaded; but 'boots and saddles' was the word, and off we went—in search of adventure. Two miles from camp we overtook Gillespie's company, which fell in in the rear. Major Swords was left back with the baggage and thirty men. Another party remained behind with Gillespie's four-pounder. This reduced our fighting men to eighty-five, all told. With these and two howitzers we marched forward. The morning was excessively cold. We felt it the more, as most of us were wet to the skin. Passing over a mountain, and traveling as near as I can judge ten or eleven miles, we came in sight of the enemy's fires.

"We marched down the mountain. So soon as we arrived on the flat below, the shout and charge commenced from the advance. After running our jaded and broken-down mules and horses about three-fourths of a mile the enemy opened fire on us. The balls whistled by awhile, but the light was not sufficient for me to distinguish anything like a line of the enemy; on my left, however, there was a considerable flashing of guns. In a few minutes the enemy broke, and we found that they had made a stand in front of an Indian Rancheria, called San Pascual. Day was just breaking. At this moment a Mexican dashed by; Lieutenant Beale, of the navy, fired several shots, and he fell. Another man galloped by—he had a Mexican look; a dragoon pistol was fired at him without effect, and the dragoon was about to cut him down with a sabre, when I recognized him as one of Gillespie's party. By this time we were much disordered. Some of our men had fast horses, others poor, broken down horses and mules. Captain Moore, however, ordered the charge further; it was made hurly-burly—not more than ten or fifteen men in line, and not forty altogether. On they went. The enemy continued the retreat for about half a mile, when they rallied, and came at us like devils, with their lances. Mounted on swift horses, and most of our firearms having been discharged or missed fire, from the rain of the night before, our advance was at their mercy. Our men wheeled, and a howitzer having been brought up near, rallied on the gun, and drove off the enemy.

"Hammond was the first wounded man I saw. He had been in the advance with Moore, and had a lance wound on the

left side, between the eighth and ninth ribs. I told him to go a little further to the rear and I would attend to him. Separated at this moment from him the General saw me, told he was wounded, and wished my services. In a few moments Captains Gillespie and Gibson, and others, were found to be wounded. Captain Johnston, who led the first charge, was killed by a gun-shot. I was told he was the only one who received any injury from gun-shot. Moore was killed leading the second charge; and Hammond, it was said (and so he told me), in attempting to rescue Moore. One of Emory's party was killed, by the name of Menard; also, one of Gillespie's men; two Sergeants, one Corporal, and eleven privates, of dragoons, and one missing, supposed to be killed. We lost one of our howitzers—the mules were wild and ran off with the piece. Of the three men with it, one was killed, the other two desperately wounded. Upon the whole, we had wounded: four officers, one Sergeant, one Corporal, ten privates, and Mr. Roubidoux, interpreter. Total killed and wounded, thirty-eight. And I should not think there were to exceed fifty men who saw the enemy. We took two prisoners.

"This was an action wherein decidedly more courage than conduct was shown. The first charge was a mistake on the part of Captain Johnston; the second, on the part of Captain Moore. "We drove the enemy from the field and encamped.

"Dec. 7th.—Marched and took possession of a hill in front of the house of San Bernardo Rancho, after a brief contest for it. The wounded were carried in six ambulances. I sent word to General Pico that I would be most happy to attend to his wounded. He replied that he had none.

"Made exchange of one prisoner for another. On account of the wounded the General consented to remain. Lieutenant Beale and Kit Carson were sent with despatches to Commodore Stockton. We burnt all the baggage, in order to have as little encumbrance as possible; dismounted the men, and determined to perform the rest of the march on foot. The enemy hovering around, but careful not to come within gun-shot.

"9th.—In camp; nothing going on; the enemy parading about on the hills on the other side of the valley. We are reduced to mule meat.

"10th.—Sergeant Cox died this morning. If reinforcements are not sent we march in the morning, at all hazards. Our animals were grazing quietly at the foot of the hill near camp. At a distance we could see a party of Mexicans driving a band of wild horses toward us. Within half an hour they came on at full speed, intending thus a stampede. Certainly a beautiful sight as they approached nearer. Waiting awhile, and not coming within gun-shot, our animals were driven out of the way, and by a shout the wild horses were turned—only one



mule getting within gun-shot (with a great hide tied to the tail), which was struck, I was told, by forty balls, and finally butchered. A Godsend to us, this being very fat. The General ordered all things to be in readiness for marching in the morning. We all went to bed firmly convinced that we should have to fight our way into San Diego.

"11th.—About two o'clock A.M., the sentinel heard a body of armed men approaching. They were hailed, and, to our great joy, found to be friends sent to our relief from San Diego. They mustered 200 strong—80 marines and 100 sailors. Captain Zieler in charge of the marines, Lieutenant Gray of the whole detachment. Immediately our beds were vacated, and surrendered to our tired comrades. Awaking, at daylight, they found mule soup ready. In turn, they emptied the contents of their haversacks, consisting of jerked beef and bread, and all made a first rate breakfast. The Jack Tars seemed highly delighted with this new role of 'soldiers,' discontented only with the enemy for not having given them a fight before reaching camp. Early in the morning we started for the Rancho Penasquitos (little stones). The hill sides were well set with wild oats, two or three inches above the surface, green as a wheat field. Collected a hundred head of cattle to-day, in fine condition; and at the ranch picked up a hundred sheep and a barrel of wine (for the sick and wounded). A plentiful supper, and a good night's rest.

"12th.—All arose, freshened with the idea of to-day finishing this long and weary march. Reached San Diego about four P.M. We received the warmest welcome and kindest attention from our naval friends. Everything, so far as it had been in power of the Surgeon of the post, had been prepared for our wounded. The Congress and Portsmouth were at anchor in the bay, and the town was garrisoned by their crews and marines."

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### THE FORCE THAT MET KEARNY.

It was from Los Angeles that the force originated which so effectively repulsed General Kearny's attack. The Los Angeles County Centennial History says:—"Late in October, Don Leonardo Cota, at the head of one hundred men, raised in and around Los Angeles, marched for San Diego, of which port Commodore Stockton, in the frigate Congress, a short time before had taken possession. After an unimportant demonstration on the Old Presidio hill, and a trifling skir-



mish at the Mission San Diego, he withdrew to the little valley of Soledad, twelve miles north of the town, near enough to avail himself of any opportunity that might offer to renew the attack. His officers were Enrique Abila, Ramon Carrillo, Jose Maria Cota, Carlos Dominguez, Nicholas Hermosillo (a Sonoranian), all of this city ; Jose Alipaz of San Juan Capistrano, and Ramon O. Suna of San Diego. Meanwhile a Commission that had been sent by Flores to Castro, in Sonora, had dispatched information to Los Angeles, that a large body of armed men had been seen on the river Gila. In consequence of this report, about November twenty-second, General Andres Pico was sent, with one hundred men, to protect Cota and oppose the entry of any hostile force. General Pico first took post at San Luis Rey Mission; finally moved to the pretty valley of San Pascual. He then had eighty men ; having lost some stragglers, but gained reinforcements of ten from San Diego county, among them Don Leandro Osuna. His officers were Captain Juan Bautista Moreno, Tomas A. Sanchez, Pablo Vejar, Manuel Vejar, and others. The reader will not confound this point with the Rancho of San Pascual, about twelve miles from the City of Los Angeles, where subsequently, about the date of the Cahuenga negotiation, General Pico had a camp. San Pascual of battle memory is thirty-four miles northeast from the City of San Diego, close to the foot of the mountains. This was one of the three Indian pueblos established after the secularization of the Missions. It had then a small population, originally of emancipated Neophytes of the Mission of San Diego, who have been reduced in numbers during the last thirty years. It exists still, but misses the governing hand of "Old Panto," who died two or three years ago.

## DETAILS OF SAN PASCUAL.

"The fight of December sixth was due to the impetuosity of General Kearny. General Pico was ill-prepared for it on that night. Warned by Indian runners, coming into his camp, of forces marching from Santa Maria Rancho, yet his horses had been left grazing loose, up San Pascual Valley, until very near the moment of attack. The Californian account gives a loss of two prisoners—one of whom was wounded—none killed. The prisoners were Don Pablo Vejar, and the wounded man, Juan Lara, whose leg, six months afterward, was amputated at San Diego by a French physician, and who for a long time continued to live at Los Angeles. Don Leandro Osuna killed Captain Moore with a lance. In the last fierce onslaught, particularly conspicuous were Juan Lobo, a ranchero of Mission Vieja, Dolores Higuera, commonly called "El Guero," and son of Salvador Higuera—these were privates—and Captain Moreno. Pablo Apis, Indian Chief of Temecula, was not there, nor any other Indians. The scene of conflict being at the Rancheria of Panto, Chief of San Pascual, he had rendered some aid to General Pico. The first shots were fired close to his house—within three hundred yards of which fell Captain Johnston, in the first charge. It is admitted that Phillip Crosthwaite, a San Diego volunteer under Gillespie, saved the life of Don Pablo Vejar, whom one of the two Delaware Indians of Kit Carson was on the point of killing. On the morning after the fight, Don Leonardo Cota incorporated his company with that of General Pico, at the Rancho of San Bernardo, which place, a few hours afterward, was occupied by General Kearny.

"After the first shock, at the Indian village, it is evident that the Californians retreated rapidly down the road, except a few who escaped over the hills. Captain Moore and men followed on the second

charge, pell mell, one after another, in utter confusion; their fire arms in general useless—from the cold, their sabres almost impotent, and the bugler unable to sound a call. Lieutenant Hammond was heard to say, by William B. Dunne; “For God’s sake, men, come up!” In vain, in the manner they were mounted. At the distance of half a mile a sharp, rocky spur makes out from the range of hills. There were a few Americans dead or wounded. Day broke, but with a dense fog. A goodly number, including General Kearny, Captain Moore, Lieutenant Hammond, and Captain Gillespie, had passed by and out into the little plain that spreads beyond toward San Bernardo and Rincon Ranchos. A body of lancers suddenly rushed upon them from behind the north side of this spur. Five minutes completed the massacre. None had been killed or wounded on the way from the Indian village. The howitzer was captured by Guera Higuera and another. He then attacked Captain Gillespie. In 1856, at San Francisco, that officer described to Don Agustin Olvera the incidents of this encounter. He received first a slight wound in the chest, followed up with his sword, and parried other thrusts; at last Higuera’s lance struck him full in the mouth with such force as to knock out two teeth. He fell from his horse to the ground, and feigned to be dead. His fine *serape* and horse and saddle Higuera seized, and galloped off. When Captain Emory got the other howitzer in place, the men returning from the plain formed in a circle around it, a few Californians still riding near. Presently the fog rose, and they were visible distinctly all making off toward the Soto Hill. Captain Moore was killed, at the distance of several hundred yards on the plain, near a pond of water; his sword hilt was in his hand in death; the blade was found in two pieces. At the point of the spur, above referred to, among the rocks and cactus, the hospital was established; the wounded were

brought in from the plain, and the dead were sought for and gathered. In his Report, Captain William H. Emory says : ' When night closed in, the bodies were buried under a willow to the east of our camp. Thus were put to rest together, and forever, a band of brave and heroic men. The long march of 2,000 miles had brought our little band to know each other well. Community of hardships, danger, and privations had produced relations of mutual regard which caused their loss to sink deeply into our memories.' The saddest reflection of a calm judgment, after the lapse of years, is that, with the character of the Californians, so easily satisfied and so conciliable always, and the known disposition of their commander, General Andres Pico, in the actual circumstances of his country—if General Kearny had marched into the valley of San Pascual, in open daylight and according to military rules, his advent would have been the signal for a treaty of peace and prompt submission to his authority ; at any rate, he would have reached San Diego, it is easy to believe from all the circumstances, without the loss of blood on either side."

### BATTLE OF SAN GABRIEL.

On the 29th of December Stockton and Kearny left San Diego for San Luis Rey on their way to quell the disturbances at Los Angeles. Says one of the officers of the party : " Our line of march lay through a rough and mountainous country of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, with impediments on every side, and constant apprehensions of an attack from the enemy ; our progress was nevertheless rapid ; and though performed mostly by sailor troops, would have done credit to the best disciplined army.

" In the morning of the 8th of January, (1847), we found ourselves, after several days' hard marching and fatigue, in the vicinity of the river San Gabriel ;

on the north side of which the enemy had fortified themselves to the number of five hundred mounted men, with four pieces of artillery, under the command of General Flores.''

Jose Maria Flores was a paroled military officer, who had fled from Los Angeles after helping foment the disturbances which eventuated in Gillespie's capitulation and retreat, and he was now the principal officer of the Californians,—the insurgents as they were termed. Quite a number of those who joined with him were also paroled, although a large number joined the ranks in good faith. All writers agree that they had just cause to feel aggrieved. Commodore Stockton and Captain Gillespie, without due regard to the character, disposition and former habits of life of the native Californians, imposed galling and unnecessary restraints upon them. "Among the police regulations laid down by Commodore Stockton were two which jarred against all the instincts of this people. These two were, first, that any one who wished to be out of his house before sunrise must have a pass from Captain Gillespie, the commandant of the district. And, second, that any persons who wished to carry arms for protection to themselves and servants, must have a written pass from the same authority." These and other ill-advised measures provoked a general resistance to the Americans, and gave to the acts of Flores all the color of a popular uprising against the foreign oppressors.

To return now to San Gabriel, where the opposing forces met. Flores was on the northwest side of the river. Stockton approached from the southwest. Flores' position was "so commanding, that it seemed impossible to gain any point by which our troops could be protected from their galling fire. On reaching the south side of the river the Commodore dismounted, forded the stream, and commanded the troops to pass over, which they did promptly under the brisk fire of



the enemy's artillery. He ordered the artillery not to unlimber till the opposite bank should be gained ; as soon as this was effected, he ordered a charge direct in the teeth of the enemy's guns, which soon resulted in the possession of the commanding position they had just occupied." Another writer says : " During the engagement, one of the artillerymen was killed by a shot from the enemy, while firing his gun. Stockton, who was near by, immediately took charge of the gun, and so accurate was his aim that he did marked execution in the enemy's ranks." Indeed, as the former writer declares, this shot " overthrew the enemy's gun, which had just poured forth its thunder in our midst." To again quote William Heath Davis : " Twenty-five or thirty of the Californians were killed, and a great many wounded ; while Stockton's loss did not exceed ten killed, with a few wounded.

### CALIFORNIANS' MODE OF WARFARE.

" Doubtless the actual number of the Californians killed will never be known, they having concealed their loss, not being willing to make a statement in regard thereto. Many more of the Californians would have been killed and wounded during their charges upon Stockton's force, but for skillful maneuvers in horsemanship which they employed in making their attacks. Forcing their horses forward, in approaching Stockton's line, every horseman in their ranks threw himself over to one side, bending far down, so that no part of his body, except one leg, appeared above the saddle. When the columns met and the horseman was required to use the lance or do other effective service, he remained but a few seconds in the saddle, and in the retreat he threw himself over along the side of the horse, and rode rapidly in that position, guiding the steed skillfully at the same time. By these tactics the cavalry of the enemy avoided present-



ing themselves as conspicuous marks for the riflemen.

"Stockton had three or four hundred head of beef cattle which he had brought from San Diego, or had gathered along the route, for the use of the army. In forming the square to receive the attacks of the Californians, the cattle were placed within the lines, and also his baggage, wagons and supplies.

"The enemy made desperate attempts to break through at the point where the cattle were stationed, but without success.

"It might seem difficult to keep a large body of rodeo cattle within the military square during the progress of a battle. But the animals were placed in charge of the mounted Californians of Stockton's force. They were rancheros and were thoroughly familiar with the handling of stock; they made it their duty to see that the cattle were kept intact on this occasion. The creatures gradually became accustomed to movements of the army, and were held in place even during the discharge of cannon and small arms. Stockton's infantry and artillery repulsed the attacks, and he managed the animals so well that no part of his square was broken on any side. The Californians, finding that our army was too powerful for them, finally withdrew from the field."

To take up the story from another narrator, previously quoted: "We encamped on the spot for the night. The next day we met the enemy again on the plains of the Mesa, near the city. They made a bold and resolute stand; tried our lines on every side; and manoeuvred their artillery with much skill. But the firm and steady courage with which our troops continued to defend themselves, repelled their attempts at a general charge, and we found ourselves again victorious. We encamped again near the battle ground and on the morning of the 10th marched into the city (of Los Angeles), while the adjacent hills were glistening with the lances of the enemy."

## ENTRANCE INTO LOS ANGELES.

"The army passed from the river into Main street, near the old "Celis House," thence up Main street to the Plaza. Two guns, with a couple of hundred men, were stationed on the hill overlooking Main street; the rest quartered as comfortably as possible."

Thus occurred the Battle of the San Gabriel, called by the Californians *Curunga*, and the Battle of the Laguna, or the Mesa as it is sometimes called.

## UPRISING AT SANTA BARBARA.

Let us now for a brief time leave Flores outside and the Americans in possession once more of Los Angeles and return to Colonel Fremont. We left him starting from the North, with his mounted battalion, aiming to join forces with Stockton in the South.

But before this history is given, let me briefly recount the events which took place, in consequence of the revolt, in Santa Barbara. When Fremont went up the coast in September he left at Santa Barbara, ten men, at the request of the citizens, who felt they would be safer with even a small guard, in the event of any disorder. Theodore Talbot was left in charge. A few days afterwards the news of the rising in Los Angeles reached Santa Barbara, and Talbot was advised to leave or he and his men would be attacked. The Californians soon assembled, and a mounted force of one hundred and fifty men, with a written summons from Flores, called upon them to surrender. They refused, and determined to escape to the mountains under cover of night. They started,—the moon shining—and soon approached a small picket-guard. This gave way and let them pass. "They then gained the mountains and relied on their rifles to keep off both men and cavalry. On the mountain they stayed eight

days, in sight of Santa Barbara, watching for some American vessel to approach the coast. They suffered greatly for want of food, and attempted to take cattle or sheep in the night, but for want of a lasso, could only get a lean old white mare, which was led up on the mountain and killed, and all eaten up. Despairing of relief by sea, and certain that they could not reach me in the North by going through the settled country, they undertook to cross the mountains nearly east, into the San Joaquin Valley, and through the Tulare Indians. Before they left their camp in the mountains the Californians attempted to burn them out by starting fires on the mountain around them, and once sent a foreigner to urge them to surrender. The enemy did not often venture near enough to be fired upon, but would circle round on the heights and abuse them. When they had any chance of hitting they fired, and once saw a horse fall. It took them three days to cross the first ridge of the mountains, during which time they had nothing but rosebuds to eat. The ascent was so steep, rocky and bushy, that at one time it took them half the night to gain some three hundred yards. After crossing the first mountain they fell in with an old Spanish soldier at a rancho, who gave them two horses and some dried beef and became their guide over the intervening mountains, about eighty miles wide, to the San Joaquin Valley. They followed that valley down towards the Monterey settlements, where they joined me ;" says Fremont, "being about thirty-four days from Santa Barbara and having traveled about five hundred miles."

### FREMONT'S MARCH.

At the end of November, with four hundred and thirty mounted and well armed men, Fremont moved from the region of San Juan Bautiste Mission, near

Monterey, and took up the line of march for Los Angeles. The march was made under difficult circumstances. This was one of the severe winters. Snow fell deep on the mountains, and in the low country traveling in large bodies of men was made hard and difficult by prolonged easterly storms, during which cold rains flooded the country. This was the winter of the dreadful disaster at Donner Lake. Consequently the poor fellows had a terrible journey. "Winter weather and cold rain-storms for days together; the roads and trails muddy; the animals weak for want of food; the strength of the old grass washed out by the rains, and the watery new grass without sustenance. Many of the horses, too weak for use, fell out by the way and were left behind, and part of the battalion were soon on foot." "Their only provision was the beef which was driven along, but this was good, and the men were in fine health. Only men inured to such a life could have endured it. Fremont's own men had that long training, and so, also, had the emigrants who had joined him."

### DON JESUS PICO.

On the 14th of December, they encamped on the mountain near San Luis Obispo. It was a rainy night, but at nine o'clock they stole upon the mission buildings, surrounded them, and captured the few people found there. The battalion was quartered in the old mission, a regular guard being placed over the altar and church property. Thirty other captures were made in the city, among them Don Jesus Pico, a cousin of Don Andres Pico, who had defeated Kearny at San Pascual. Jesus Pico had broken his parole and was at the head of the Californians at San Luis Obispo. He was brought before a court-martial and sentenced to be shot. At the hour for his execution the soldiers were drawn up in the plaza. At that

moment a lady in black, followed by a group of children, entered the room of Colonel Fremont, the windows of which overlooked the operations outside. It was the wife of Pico who came to plead for the life of her husband. Fremont listened to her, and then sent for Pico. "He came in," says the Colonel, "with the gray face of a man expecting death, but calm and brave, while feeling it so near. He was a handsome man, within a few years of forty, with black eyes and black hair. I pointed through the window to the troops paraded in the square. He knew why they were there. 'You were about to die,' I said, 'but your wife has saved you. Go and thank her!'

"He fell on his knees, made on his fingers the sign of the cross, and said: 'I was to die—I had lost the life God gave me—you have given me another life. I devote the new life to you!' And he did it, faithfully."

Pico accompanied Fremont on his march south, and remained with him until he left California.

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## FREMONT AT SANTA BARBARA.

On Christmas Eve the battalion encamped on the ridge of Santa Ynez behind Santa Barbara. "The morning of Christmas broke in a darkness of southeasterly storm with torrents of cold rain, which swept the rocky face of the precipitous mountain down which we descended to the plain. All traces of trails were washed away by the deluge of water, and pack animals slid over the rocks and fell down the precipices, blinded by the driving rain. In the descent over a hundred horses were lost. At night we halted in the timber at the foot of the mountain, the artillery and baggage strewn along our track, as on the trail of a defeated army. The stormy day was followed by a bright morning, with a welcome sun, and gathering ourselves into an appearance of order we made our



way into the town. There was nothing to oppose us, and nothing to indicate hostility, the Californian troops having been drawn together in a main body near Los Angeles."

They remained for a few days at Santa Barbara, and here an aged Spanish lady, Bernarda Ruiz, begged audience and urged Fremont, in dealing with the recalcitrant Californians, to make such terms with them as should lead to enduring peace. This conversation had such an effect upon him that "here," says the Colonel, "began the capitulation of Cahuenga."

The march was resumed, the battalion being flanked as it passed through the *Rincon*, a defile about fifteen miles south of Santa Barbara, by a gunboat, under command of Lieutenant Selden, which had been sent by Commodore Stockton to render aid if necessary. The Commodore also sent from camp at San Luis Rey, by way of San Diego, a letter to Fremont urging him not to fight the Californians, if possible, until both forces were united. This letter, dated January 3, 1847, was brought by Captain Hamlyn, master of the vessel *Stonington*, who had landed at San Buenaventura, which is at the southern end of the *Rincon* pass, and had finally reached Fremont on the morning of January 9, 1847, at his camp "The Willows," below the *Rincon*.

On the morning of the 12th of January, Fremont entered the pass of San Bernardo, where the enemy was expected, and in the afternoon encamped at the mission of San Fernando, the residence of Andres Pico, who was now commander of the Californians. General Flores, after the defeat of the battle of Mesa, fled, with forty or fifty men, towards Sonora, going by way of the San Gorgonio Pass and the Colorado River. He was doubtless urged to this step by Stockton's response to his commissioners, sent on the 8th of January, with a flag of truce, to make "a treaty of peace." He replied that he could not recognize



Jose M. Flores, "who had broken his parole, as an honorable man, or as one having any rightful authority, or worthy to be treated with; that he was a rebel in arms, and if I caught him, I would have him shot."

## CAPITULATION AT CAHUENGA.

Not aware of this attempt at negotiations, Fremont met representatives of the Californians sent to him by Andres Pico on the morning of January 12, 1847, and granted a stay of hostilities, and permission for the Californians to move their wounded to the mission of San Fernando, and, also, if they chose, their whole camp, pending negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the disturbances. Fremont felt it was perfectly in his province to make such a settlement, as he was, by order of Commodore Stockton, Military Governor of California. A preliminary meeting was held at which Fremont and Francisco Rico and Francisco de la Guerra discussed matters. The "cessation of hostilities" proclamation was the result. Commissioners were then appointed on both sides, they met and a capitulation was agreed upon. P. B. Reading, major; Louis McLane, Jr., commanding artillery; William H. Russell, ordnance officer, were the three commissioners appointed by Fremont, and Jose Antonio Carillo, comandante de esquadron; Augustin Olivera, disputado, were the commissioners of Pico. By the articles the Californians were "guaranteed protection of life and property, whether on parole or otherwise," provided they "deliver up their artillery and public arms, return peaceably to their homes, conform to the laws and regulations of the United States, and not again take up arms during the war between the United States and Mexico, but will assist and aid in placing the country in a state of peace and tranquility."

This capitulation was mutually signed by the

commissioners and approved by both Fremont and Pico. This ended hostilities and left California peaceably in possession of the United States to be finally secured by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848.

There are those who have sought to cast reflections upon Fremont for opening up negotiations with the Californians. I am assured these reflections are unjust, and am of the opinion that Fremont was already convinced, by his conversations with Jesus Pico and others of the Californians with whom he had come in contact, that, if reasonable opportunity were afforded them, they would cease all hostilities. With that keen foresight, even his bitterest enemies credit him with possessing, he determined to embrace the opportunity offered. Even Josiah Royce in his "California" thus commends his action. He says: "The gallant leader of the battalion was bold enough to pardon, altogether, the Californian chiefs, saying nothing of the broken paroles. His act was as generous as it was politic, and it had for him the advantage also of redounding to his personal glory, since in performing it he somewhat exceeded the authority that even Stockton might be supposed to have given (so long as the latter was actually carrying on the war), and yet did so in the obvious interests of humanity and good order."

On the 15th of January Stockton wrote to the Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, particulars of the capitulation and in his letter said: "Although I refused to do it myself, still I have thought it best to approve of it."

**FREMONT IN LOS ANGELES.**

The next day, January 16, 1847, Fremont was duly appointed by Stockton, Governor of California, establishing his headquarters in the two-story adobe building yet standing at the corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets. "This building, at the time was the best in town, for, as one old settler said, 'Fremont always would have the best of everything.'"

On this day, too, an additional article was added to the treaty of capitulation, cancelling all paroles, whether of the United States or of the Mexicans.

From this time forward civilization has advanced rapidly. Governor Fremont, in June, 1847, yielding to the pressure brought to bear upon him, set out for the East, leaving Kearny in the Governor's position. In the same year Kearny was succeeded by Colonel Mason, an excellent executive officer, who, amid the succeeding political conflicts, unavoidable in the change of government, the settlement of the land grants, the greed for the newly discovered gold, etc., displayed a firmness and good judgment that have won him much deserved praise.

In May, 1849, General Riley succeeded Colonel Mason as Governor; a constitutional convention assembled September 3, at Monterey; a constitution was adopted; ratified by the people, unanimously, November 13; the new Governor, Burnett, installed in office; and on September 9, 1850, California was duly received by Congress into the growing number of States.



## CHAPTER III.

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### The Missions of South California.

Pathos, tragedy, comedy, courage, heroism, aspirations, conflict, triumph, defeat, despair, loss, are all written in unfading letters across the horizon of the Spanish missionary enterprises of South California. Ignatius Loyola was not more devoted to his order and the Jesus he believed in, than Junipero Serra and his coadjutors were in their mission work and the Jesus they sought to present to the aborigines of this sun-lit but ignorance-cursed region. Elsewhere I have spoken of the emotions the sight of the ruined adobe structures the mission fathers left should awaken in the hearts of the thoughtful and earnest. The picture of Junipero Serra led Helen Hunt Jackson to exclaim: "Ah! faithful, noble, dear old face; what an unselfish, devoted life you led! All I ask is to be permitted to meet you in the other world."

These ruined churches, then, are beautiful and worthy reminders of beautiful and worthy lives,—lives consecrated for the uplifting of those who knew not the joys of the true Christian believer.

It will be impossible of course, in the brief space of a few pages, to give such full and complete accounts of the founding and history of the missions as both author and reader would like. To the interested reader the author must refer him to his large and



beautifully illustrated work on the missions now in course of preparation, and which will very shortly be published.

## JUNIPERO SERRA.

Junipero Serra was undoubtedly the prime spirit and mover in the foundation of the Alta California missions. To the early Mexicans California was divided into two parts,—Baja and Alta. Baja, or lower, California, was that portion of the country below San Diego, which forms the peninsula, and which is still the property of the Republic of Mexico. Alta, or upper California, is the section now belonging to the United States. Long before Serra's time the Jesuits had founded missions in Arizona and Baja California, but, when they were expelled from the country, the Franciscans were offered their care, and also the privilege of founding more missions in Alta California, which the secular government of Spain wished to control in order to prevent the encroachments southward of the Russians, who were already masters of Alaska. The College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico was given charge of mission affairs, and the ecclesiastical board there speedily fixed upon Padre Junipero Serra as the one man of all others to become the president of the existing missions, with authority to go to Alta California and found others.

Accordingly, when all was ready, Serra started his expedition to Lower California. Here, messengers from the King of Spain met him, with the royal command to the Visitor General Galvez, to "send a maritime expedition to colonize the harbor of Monterey, or at least that of San Diego." After due consultation with Galvez, Serra and he decided that there should be a land, and a sea expedition, which should meet and aid each other in the harbor of San Diego. They "agreed that three missionaries should go with the two packet boats and two missionaries with the



first portion of the land expedition, and afterward the president (Serra) should leave with the second division. They resolved to found three missions in upper California; one at San Diego, another at Monterey, and a third between the two places, the latter to be called San Buenaventura."

## THE MISSION EXPEDITIONS.

On the 9th of January, 1769, the ship San Carlos set sail, Padre Farron, one of Serra's missionaries being of the party.

On the 15th of February the San Antonio sailed from Cape San Lucas, and on the 16th of June still another boat, the San Jose, sailed.

The land division of the expedition was also divided into two parts. One section, commanded by Rivera, a captain of the Company of Cuera (or leather jacket) left Santa Ana in Lower California in September, 1768. After a long delay at Vellicata in Lower California, fifty days journeying brought them to San Diego, and there they found the San Carlos and the San Antonio at anchor. The San Jose never did appear and was undoubtedly lost at sea with all hands.

Before starting himself in the second section of the land expedition Serra founded the Mission of San Fernando at Vellicata and then, accompanied by Portala, the royally appointed Governor of California, the expedition started. After forty-six days' journey from the newly founded San Fernando chapel, on July 1, 1769, Serra reached San Diego.

On the 16th of July, 1769, with appropriate ceremonies, the founding of the San Diego Mission took place. The others followed in rapid succession. Serra, after a life of unexcelled devotion and heroism passed away in the San Carlos Mission, Monterey, which he founded, on the 28th day of August, 1784.

## SAN DIEGO MISSION.

This was the first of the Upper California missions. It was founded July 16, 1769, by Padre Junipero Serra. The circumstances surrounding the foundation were of an especially affecting and interesting character. It was the beginning of the realization of Padre Serra's fondest hopes. His zealous heart was full of enthusiasm when he started, but on his arrival at San Diego the horrible condition of the crews of the two vessels that awaited his arrival was such as to dampen the most fiery ardor and quell the enthusiasm of the most dauntless. Insufficient and unwholesome food, bad water, poor sanitary conditions, a four months' journey had produced scurvy on board both ships, and fifteen days after Junipero Serra's arrival twenty-nine sailors and soldiers were dead. "The Indians, who at first had been gentle and friendly, grew each day more insolent and thievish, even tearing off the clothes of the sick lying helpless in the tents or tule huts on the beach."

Yet with zeal kept ablaze by faith and trust in God, Serra sent off, on the 14th of July, Portala the Governor and Father Crespi, to find Monterey, and two days later, with a cross erected, facing the port, and in a rude booth of branches and reeds, in the presence of sailors and soldiers, Serra said mass. The bell was rung hanging suspended from the boughs of a tree; the whole congregation sang the "Veni Creator;" the royal standard was flung to the breeze; the water was blessed; the awe-stricken Indians watching the mysterious proceedings with profound attention and astonished curiosity; firearms were discharged to supply the want of an organ, and "the smoke of muskets ascended for incense;" and thus the ceremony was performed and the country taken "for God and the King of Spain."

## MURDER AT SAN DIEGO.

On the 15th of August, Padre Junipero had just finished the celebration of the mass, when some Indians, armed with arrows, wooden sabres and clubs, fell upon the missionaries. The corporal, with the four soldiers who had been left as a guard, at once gave the alarm and began to fire on their attackers, when Father Vizcaino, raising the mat of his hut to see if anyone was killed, received an arrow wound in the hand. At the same moment his servant, named Jose Maria, rushed in, and, falling at his feet cried: "Father, absolve me; I have been mortally wounded." The father did so, and in a few moments the soul of the first South California martyr had winged its flight to heaven. How many of the Indians were killed is not known, but in a few days they brought their wounded to be cared for at the mission. Fortunately Padre Serra was unhurt, and by the exercise of that loving patience and forbearance which characterized his life he soon won the regard of the Indians.

On January 24, 1770, the expedition which had gone north to found other missions, returned. Governor Portala, seeing the supply of provisions rapidly diminishing, saddened the heart of Serra by informing him that if he did not receive fresh supplies from San Blas before the 19th of March he would be compelled to abandon the San Diego mission and return. As the fateful day approached, and no vessel came, despondency fell upon the priests, but Serra continued to pray, and we are told that "towards evening the fog, which had enshrouded the bay all day, vanished, and, lo! far away, a ship was descried approaching the harbor, but was soon again lost to view." This apparition, or whatever it was, induced Portala to hold out a little longer, and four days later the "San Antonio" entered the bay amid rejoicings and pious acclaim. These events transpired at the spot where the ruins of the

old presidio are now found, near the "Old Town" of San Diego. When the presidio and other military buildings were completed Padre Serra moved, in 1774, the mission two leagues away, to a place called "Nipaguay."

#### MURDER OF PADRE JAYME AT SAN DIEGO.

Five years later, the new site was watered with the blood of a murdered missionary. On the 3rd of October, 1775, Fathers Luis Jayme and Vincent Fuster baptized sixty Indians. This so aroused the enmity of some of the Indian leaders that, emboldened by the six miles distance of the presidio, there assembled a large number, over 1,000, Indians of different tribes, and, on the night of the 4th of November, marched to the attack. One party was to destroy the mission, and the other the presidio. Their plans were well laid. The mission building was fired, the church pillaged, and, armed with arrows and *macanas*, a kind of wooden sword shaped like a cimitar, they proceeded to hunt for the missionaries. Father Vincent Fuster escaped, but Father Jayme who slept in another building, seeing the conflagration, rushed out, and meeting a large group of Indians greeted them with the usual salutation: "Let us love God, my children." Immediately they rushed upon him with wolf-like ferocity, dragged him to the creek, and, after stripping him of his gown, they beat him, shot him with many arrows, and, after he was dead, bruised and mutilated him until nothing but his hands were recognizable.

Until daybreak these howling and ferocious devils surrounded the remaining priest, soldiers and laborers, every now and again, the corporal, who was a sharpshooter, killing or wounding one of them.

In the morning they fled, when the Christian Indians, who had been confined during the attack, came out and with tears and lamentations discovered their

dead priest. The blacksmith also was killed, and five days later the carpenter, Ursulino, died.

Instead of seeking vengeance upon the bloody murderers of his co-worker, Padre Serra pleaded with the military governor, while strengthening their force at San Diego, to show clemency to the misguided Indians. The Viceroy gave instructions to that effect, so, instead of provoking these ignorant savages to greater cruelties and outbreaks, Padre Serra was left to win them, in his own way, by tenderness and love. Orders were also given to rebuild the Mission of San Diego, which was accordingly accomplished in 1776-7, twelve soldiers being detailed by Captain Rivera as a guard to protect the workmen engaged upon it. The building was dedicated November 12, 1777, but was not entirely completed until the year 1784.

In 1804 a new church was built, and in 1813 the structure was erected, the ruins of which arrest the attention of the traveler to-day. This building was dedicated November 12, 1813, with great solemnity. It stands on an eminence, at a point in the valley of the San Diego River which commands a fine view of the entire valley to the sea on the one side, and of the mountains on the other. The main building is about ninety feet long, and extends from north to south, the main entrance being at the south end. The massive walls, about four feet in thickness, are built of adobe, the doorways and windows being made of burnt tiles.

"According to the census reported to the Viceroy in the year 1800, the Presidio of San Diego had a population of 167, consisting of officers and soldiers, and their families. They possessed 820 head of cattle and 403 head of horses. The mission then had within its premises an Indian population of 1501, and the Fathers owned 6,000 head of cattle and about the same number of sheep, and 877 head of horses. In that year (1800) the Mission raised 3,000 bushels of wheat and 2,000 bushels of barley. In 1827 the Mission pos-



sessed 17,284 head of sheep, 9,120 head of cattle and 1,123 head of horses."

By the decree of Secularization all this was scattered and now nothing but the dilapidated ruins remain of the once proud and flourishing mission of San Diego.

To reach this mission the visitor can proceed direct to San Diego, on the Surf Line of the Santa Fe System, and there engage a carriage to drive him out. The distance is some five or six miles from the city. A good pedestrian may ride on either the Santa Fe or the "Old Town" railway from San Diego to the Old Town, or on the electric car to its terminus, then from either of these places walk to the Mission and back, but a good day is required for such a journey.

#### SAN CARLOS BORROMEO.

The next Mission to be founded was that of San Carlos Borromeo, at Monterey, on June 3, 1770.

#### SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

On July 14, 1771, San Antonio de Padua, the third Mission, was established.

#### SAN GABRIEL ARCHANGEL.

Two months later, viz., on September 8, 1771, San Gabriel Archangel was founded. Padres Benito Cambon and Angel Somero were of the new band of missionaries who had been sent on from Mexico to aid Padre Serra, and they left San Diego August 6, 1771, accompanied by ten soldiers and muleteers, to found a mission which they intended to dedicate to their patron Saint, San Gabriel the Archangel. For days they moved slowly through a country densely covered with cactus, until they reached the banks of the Santa Ana river, where, it had been determined by the Governor, when the first expedition passed through the region,

a mission should be established. After a careful search, and the fathers finding no suitable site, they moved further north and west to the San Miguel River, now known as the San Gabriel, and there founded the Mission. The original site is still marked by a few adobe ruins, and can be reached by driving from Los Angeles, or, better still, Whittier or Rivera. The location at that time was known as the Indian village of Sibanga. About the year 1775, the erection of the present building was begun and the old Mission deserted. It was fully twenty-five years before it was completed, together with the commodious residence of the Padres, and then more than 4,000 Indian neophytes had been baptized. The first baptism of an Indian child was on November 27, 1771. In two years the number of converts was 73, and in 1784 there were 1,019 enrolled on the baptismal register.

Here in 1806, came from San Fernando, Padre Jose Maria Zalvidea, under whose wise and skilful management the mission rapidly grew into great prosperity and wealth. This was the Padre, whose name "H. H.," the writer of "Ramona" incorrectly caught, and, spelling it Salvierderra, made him her priestly hero.

The building is a quaint old structure, without much architectural pretension, with a peculiar "bell tower," in which four bells are now hung, one of them not being as perfect as in "days of yore." The Padre's house is a cozy little cottage to the left of the Mission, as one stands facing it, and is beautifully embowered in sweet flowers.

San Gabriel still has a fairly large population of Mexicans, consequently, and for the religious benefit of the old California families who are of that ancient faith, the Church is kept in a good state of repair, and regular service conducted therein.

San Gabriel is reached in a variety of ways. One

may easily drive from Los Angeles or Pasadena and take in a number of other interesting historical scenes on the way. The Southern Pacific R. R.,—the main line from Los Angeles to Yuma,—passes the old Mission, and the ancient structure is but a few minutes' walk from the depot. The distance from Los Angeles is 9 miles, the fare, single trip, 30 cents; round trip, 55 cents, and a little over half a day will suffice for the journey and return.

#### SAN LUIS OBISPO DE TOLOSA.

Just one year later (less one week), after the founding of San Gabriel Archangel, viz., on September 1, 1772, Padre Serra, with Padre Cavaller, five soldiers and a few of his San Carlos Indians, who had left Monterey some days previously, established the Mission of San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, on a site called by the Indians "Tixlini," near the Canyada de Los Osos, (The Valley of the Bears). The land in the neighborhood was arable, and a creek with plenty of water flowed near by. As usual, Serra erected a cross, sang Mass, invited the Indians to come and be converted, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the Mission was founded. Padre Cavaller, "with the Indians from Lower California and four soldiers with their corporal," at once set to work to erect a building, Padre Serra having left for San Diego the day after the foundation. Soon, a chapel, a house for the Padre, and barracks for the soldiers were finished, and, with their native curiosity aroused, the Indians speedily began to flock to the scene. The Padre worked wisely and well; and when Padre Palou visited the Mission the following year, he found twelve persons baptized in the faith. The soldiers made friends with the Indians, even the unconverted ones, and the result was that venison, seeds and bear's meat constantly found their way into the larder of the priest and soldiers through the kindness of the simple-hearted natives.

The earthquake of 1812, which caused much disturbance, somewhat affected this Mission, but, in its ruined condition, it still remains, a silent, deserted memorial to its former greatness.

It is easily reached now by rail from San Francisco, or by rail from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara and thence by stage, and, doubtless, within a comparatively short time, the Southern Pacific Railroad, —which is rapidly pushing its coast division so as to afford an entirely different route from the one now followed in going from Los Angeles to San Francisco, —will have united its present termini, thus bringing San Luis Obispo within a few hours' reach of Los Angeles, as was Padre Serra's original intention when the Mission was founded.

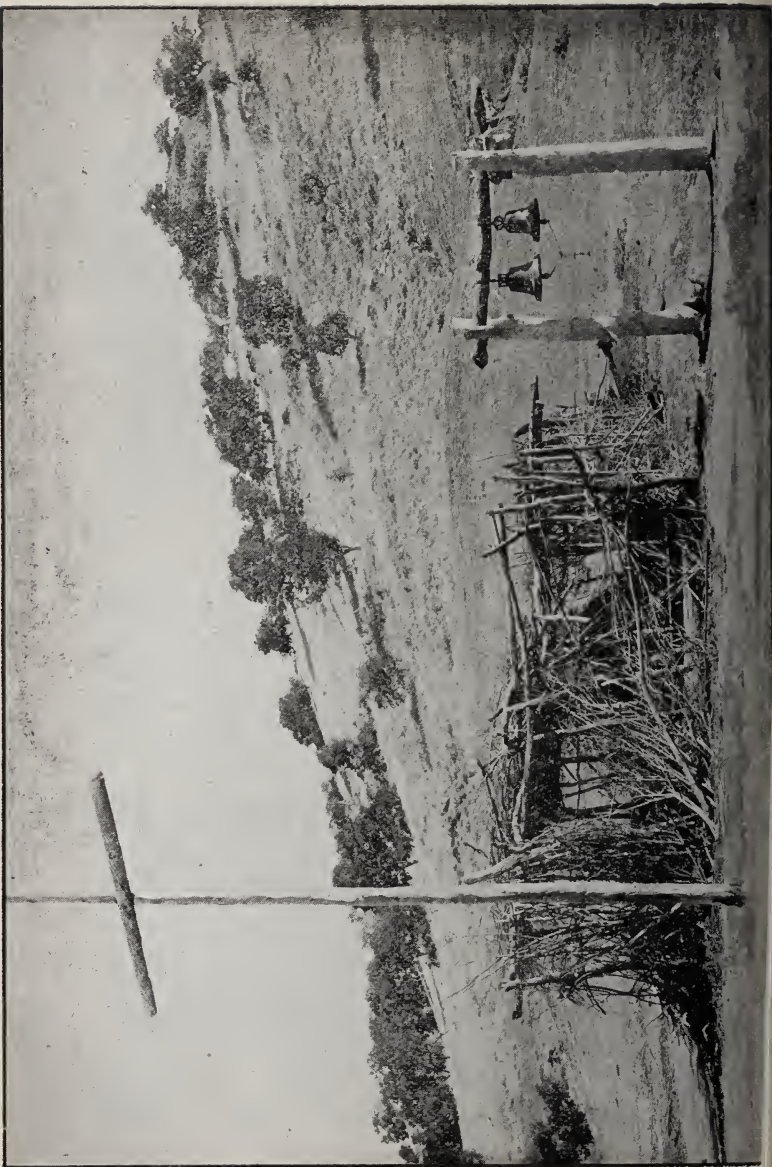
#### SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS.

Four years and sixteen days elapsed after the founding of San Luis Obispo, and then the Mission of San Francisco de Asis, on Oct. 9, 1776, was formally dedicated. This Mission is often referred to as the "Mission Dolores." It is simply the Mission of San Francisco de Asis on the River Dolores.

#### SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

A month later, Nov. 1, 1776, San Juan Capistrano was founded by President Serra, aided by Padres Mugartegui and Amurrio. In the preceding year Padres Laguen and Amurrio with a few soldiers were sent out from Monterey to seek a location for the establishment of a new Mission, to bear the name of San Juan Capistrano. Padre Amurrio remained at San Gabriel, his coadjutor going on alone, and on October 30th, he found a desirable spot, where a cross was erected, a hut built of boughs of trees, and Mass celebrated. The Indians were friendly, aiding the new comers in the cutting down of timber for the







building, and matters progressed happily. Eight days later Padre Amurrio arrived with provisions, etc., from San Gabriel, and all were filled with joy at the happy inauguration of the new endeavor. That evening, however, terrible news were received by messenger from San Diego. The Indians had revolted, slain Padre Jayme, and destroyed the Mission buildings. The officer in charge of the soldiers left immediately for San Diego. The Padres buried the bells, and taking the other material they had with them along, speedily followed the soldiers. What they found at San Diego has already been recounted.

This terrible affair delayed the founding of San Juan Capistrano for about a year. The Viceroy wrote from Mexico, April 3, 1776, that he had given orders to his officers to establish the Mission. Captain Rivera, who, for some reason seemed to oppose the establishment of the new Mission, was ordered, in a subsequent letter, to give Padre Serra the help he needed, so he detailed ten of the military, and with these, and accompanied by Padres Mugartegui and Amurrio "he proceeded to the place where the bells had been buried, and with the usual ceremonies founded the Mission of San Juan Capistrano."

Serra with the aid of an interpreter, explained to the Indians the purpose of the priests in coming amongst them, and we are told that, "while the Indians of the other Missions were, in the beginning, over-anxious for bodily comforts, those of San Juan were solicitous only for baptism, asking it most earnestly from the Missionaries, and finding the time required for preliminary instruction too long."

When Padre Serra died there were 470 Indian Christians at the Mission; and the number afterwards increased so rapidly that in three months the Missionaries baptized more than they had received before in the past three and a half years.

The earthquake of 1812 that practically shattered

San Luis Obispo visited dire destruction upon the buildings of San Juan Capistrano, as well as left its ruins full of tragic memories. It was on the morning of Dec. 8th, that the catastrophe happened.

An adobe apartment close by the Church, fortunately escaped the general destruction, and in this building the Indians for many days after the earthquake assembled, and the Mexicans and Whites of to-day, assemble and worship on the Sabbath and special feast days. There is no resident priest, however, services now being conducted by the Rev. Father O'Keefe of San Luis Rey, formerly so well known at Santa Barbara.

It is difficult as one now stands amid the bewilderment of ruined buildings, corridors and houses to repeople the place with the scores of Indians who once made this their happy home, and yet, where desolation now reigns supreme, there were once, a few generations ago, a busy and active people engaged in the varied labors outlined in a preceding page.

San Juan Capistrano is 59 miles distant from Los Angeles, and is reached on the Surf Line of the Santa Fe route. The single fare is \$1.90, round trip \$3.40. On Sundays only, returning the same day, a special rate of \$1.50 is given, and going on Saturday, returning Monday, the round trip is \$2. Fair hotel accommodations are provided for those who desire to stay over night. Those who wish to make a hasty visit can arrange to go down from Los Angeles on their way to San Diego, on the morning train, obtain a stop-over, visit the Mission, and then proceed on the evening train.

#### SANTA CLARA.

Santa Clara was the next Mission founded, in the year 1777, by Padre Tomas de la Peña, at the head of the broad fertile valley of San Bernardino near San Jose, in Santa Clara County.

## SAN BUENAVENTURA.

From the very inception of the Upper California Mission project Serra had always determined that a Mission should be dedicated to San Buenaventura, and that it should be located somewhere about midway between San Diego and Monterey. Again and again had he urged its founding, and each time some obstacle intervened to prevent. Political changes had also taken place that were not advantageous to the plans of the good Padre. The Viceroy Bucareli, who had been his good friend, died, and henceforth, Serra was to have to deal with a Captain-General of the Californians, instead of directly with the Viceroy. In June, 1779, he received the information that his majesty—the King of Spain—had taken away California from the jurisdiction of the new Viceroy, and appointed Don Teodore de Croix, Captain-General, and that he would reside in Sonora. Don Felipe de Neve was the new Governor, who had taken Portala's place, so Serra had now three officials to deal with. Many annoyances were the result of this new arrangement, but, with persistent energy, Serra kept diligently working towards the high and holy end he had in view. Letter after letter was sent to the new Viceroy, and the result was the latter sent a letter to Captain-General de Croix, which had such an effect upon him that he ordered Rivera "to recruit seventy-five soldiers for the establishment of a presidio and three Missions in the Channel of Santa Barbara. One towards the north of the Channel, which was to be dedicated to the Immaculate Conception; one towards the south, dedicated to San Buenaventura, and a third in the center, dedicated to Santa Barbara."

It was Serra's intense desire that the whole of the Indians along the two hundred leagues of Pacific Coast should be converted, and he argued that if Missions were established at convenient intervals of distance, they would be caught in one or the other of

them. Portala, after he made his trip from San Diego to Monterey, reported fully to Serra the condition of the Indians he found on the shore of the Channel Coast. How that they, by means of pictures made in the sand, showed that vessels had been there, and white men, with beards, also had visited them; thus, undoubtedly, recalling the traditions of the Vizcaino visit made nearly two hundred years before. Portala described their huts and the arrangement of their villages. The one he named "Assumpta" was the site of the future San Buenaventura. There, he found the Indians more industrious and athletic, and the women better clad, than elsewhere. They were builders of well-shaped pine canoes, and were expert fishermen. They were also stone-masons, using only tools made of flint. Exchanges were made by Portala with them of curious trinkets for highly polished wooden plates, which showed that they were accomplished wood-workers. Each family lived in its own hut, which was conical in shape, made of willow poles and covered with sage and other brush. A hole was left in the top for the smoke to escape which rose from the fire, always built in the center of the hut.

Reports such as these had kept Serra in a constant ferment to establish the long-promised Mission there, so we can imagine it was with intense delight that he received a call from Governor Neve, who in February, 1783, informed him that he was prepared to proceed at once to the founding of the Missions of San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara. Although busy training his neophytes, he determined to go in person and perform the necessary ceremonies. Looking about for a padre to accompany him, and all his own coadjutors being engaged, he bethought him of Father Pedro Benito Cambon, a returned invalided Missionary from the Philippine Islands who was recuperating at San Diego. He accordingly wrote Padre Cambon requesting him, if possible, to meet him at San Gabriel. On

his way to San Gabriel, Serra passed through the Indian villages of the Channel region, and could not refrain from joyfully communicating the news to the Indians that, very speedily, he would return to them, and establish Missions in their midst. I have often wondered, and still wonder, what the thoughts of the Indians were, as this man,—benignant, energetic, devout,—talked with them and revealed his purposes towards them. Who can tell?

In the evening of March 18, Serra reached Los Angeles, and next evening, after walking to San Gabriel, weighed down with his many cares, and weary with his long walk, he still preached an excellent sermon, it being the feast of the patriarch St. Joseph. Father Cambon had arrived, and after due consultation with him and the Governor, the date for the setting out of the expedition was fixed for Tuesday, March 26th. The week was spent in confirmation services, and other religious work, and, on the date named, after solemn mass, the party set forth. It was the most imposing procession ever witnessed in California up to that time, and called forth many gratified remarks from Serra. There were seventy soldiers, with their captain, commander for the new presidio, ensign, sergeant, and corporals. In full gubernatorial dignity, followed Governor Neve, with ten soldiers of the Monterey company, their wives and families, servants and neophytes.

At midnight they halted, and a special messenger overtook them with news which led the Governor to return at once to San Gabriel with his ten soldiers. He ordered the procession to proceed, however, found the San Buenaventura Mission, and there await his return. Serra accordingly went forward, and on the 29th inst., arrived at "Assumpta." Here, the next day, on the feast of Easter, they pitched their tents, "erected a large cross and prepared an altar under a shade of evergreens," where the venerable Serra, now





SAN BUENAVENTURA MISSION.

soon to close his life work, blessed the cross and the place, solemnized mass, preached a sermon to the soldiers on the Resurrection of Christ, and formally dedicated the Mission to God, and placed it under the patronage of St. Joseph.

In the earlier part of this century the Mission began to grow rapidly. Padres Francisco Dumetz and Vicente de Santa Maria, who had been placed in charge of the Mission from the first, were gladdened by many accessions, and the Mission flocks and herds also increased rapidly. Indeed we are told that "in 1802, Ventura possessed finer herds of cattle and richer fields of grain than any of her contemporaries, and her gardens and orchards were visions of wealth and beauty."

As one looks at the old walls he recalls when a fierce battle raged around them. In March, 1838, the opposing forces of Carrillo and Alvarado met here, and Laura Bride Powers in her "Story of the Old Missions of California," graphically states that "during the bombardment a rifleman stationed in the church tower fired a deadly shot into the ranks of the enemy, felling a leader; forthwith the guns of the opposing forces bore down upon the church, the shot and shell beating against the walls with dogged determination. The din of battle over and the smoke uplifted, the chapel was found to have stood invincible. The heavy guns, however, left their marks upon the whitewashed walls in seams and scars, though time, ere this, has almost healed the wounds of battle."

San Buenaventura, or Ventura, as this modern, railroad age, has rechristened it, is on the line of the S. P. R. R., between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. The distance is 83 miles and the rate of fare, single trip, \$2.50; round trip, \$4.50. Special round trip tickets good for going on Saturday and returning Tuesday, \$3.00. Ventura, being the county seat, has

several good hotels, where the visitor desiring a lengthy stay can be accommodated.

## SANTA BARBARA.

In April of 1782, on the return of Governor Neve, a party of sixty soldiers, with their officers, set forth to establish the Presidio and Mission of Santa Barbara. When about thirty miles north of San Buenaventura, in a region thickly populated with Indians, they found a suitable place for a presidio near the beach, and where the shore "gracefully curves and forms a sort of small bay, in which they judged good anchorage would be found."

A large cross was made and erected, a booth of branches was built for a temporary chapel, containing a rude table for an altar, and then, on the 29th of April, 1782, the Governor and soldiers assisting, Padre Serra celebrated Mass, preached a sermon, after which Governor Neve took possession of the place in the name of God and the King of Spain.

On the following day they began the erection of a chapel, barracks for the soldiers and a storehouse, Serra directing much of the work and giving spiritual instructions to the soldiers at the same time. He waited a few days, expecting the Mission would be immediately founded, but in this he was disappointed. The Governor decided that, for the safety of all concerned, in a place where there were so many Indians, it was essential that the presidio be finished first, so, after sending for a priest from San Juan Capistrano, he departed for Monterey, on foot, as usual. Only once again did he see Santa Barbara, and the Mission was not yet founded, and full of sadness he cried out in bitter tears: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest, that He send laborers into His vineyard." The good padre died on the 28th of August, 1784, a

little before 2 o'clock, p. m., in the seventieth year of his age.

Father Palou, the intimate friend and biographer of Serra, was now appointed President of the Missions, but it was not until the 15th of December, 1786, when Padre Fermin Francisco de Lasuen had succeeded him that the Santa Barbara Mission was founded. Governor Pedro Fages had taken the place of Governor Neve, and he, together with a few soldiers, on the date named, accompanied Padre Lasuen to a spot already chosen, about a mile from the presidio and named by the natives "Taynayam," and the Spaniards "El Pedragoso," and there, with appropriate ceremonies, established the Mission. Padres Antonio Paterna and Cristobal Oramas were left in charge, but, owing to a severe rainy season, no buildings were erected until spring of the following year, the priests being sheltered during the meantime in the presidio.

Several buildings were then put up,—a house for the padres, a kitchen, a servants' room, a granary, and a house for the unmarried women, and also the first small chapel. These were all built of adobe, nearly three feet thick, with roofs of heavy rafters, across which long poles or canes were tied, covered with soft adobe and then thatched with straw. At the end of this year 183 Indians were converted and connected themselves with the Mission.

The following year, 1788, these buildings were all tiled, others erected, and the reports show the Indians increased to 307.

In 1789, the second church of the Mission was erected, together with other needed buildings. In 1793 was begun the erection, finished in 1794, of a large adobe church, containing six chapels.

In 1806, a reservoir of stone and mortar was built for storing water for the gardens and orchards. It is still in good condition and is part of the system of the

water company which now supplies the city with water.

The following year the padres built a strong dam across the " Pedragoso " creek, about a mile and a half above the Mission, from whence the water could flow in an open aqueduct to the mill reservoir. This mill and reservoir were built at the same time, behind the one referred to, and is still in use. The mill is in ruins, and the reservoir partially demolished, but it could easily be repaired and made of good service.

In 1813-14 the old church was taken down, and a new stone church commenced in 1815. Five years later, viz., on the 10th day of September, 1820, it was completed, and amid the greatest rejoicing and festivities ever indulged in, in the country, it was formally dedicated and opened.

Owing to its prosperity, Santa Barbara was always heavily taxed by the Government, even when under the rule of Spain, but when Mexico declared its independence, it was plundered on all sides. Money being scarce in those days, as now, a large amount of cattle, sheep or wool was necessary to raise a small amount of ready money. Hence when these excessive and arbitrary demands for money were made, it taxed the resources of the mission to the last degree, and often caused great suffering to the dependent Indians.

Here, as elsewhere, secularization accomplished, somewhat, its ruinous work, although the buildings have always been in the possession of the Franciscans, except between the years 1833 and 1835, and even then they were practically under their control.

The Mission passed through various vicissitudes, until 1853 when, a petition having been presented to Rome, it was erected into an Hospice, as the beginning of what was to be an Apostolic College for the education of novitiates.

Being ecclesiastically isolated from the rest of the



United States, and therefore having no means of drawing upon other communities for its novitiates, the Minister-General petitioned that it be changed from an independent college, and annexed to the order throughout the United States. The petition was granted in 1885, and it now forms an integral part of the "Province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," whose headquarters are in the city of St. Louis, Mo.

Thus from educating Indians, the Mission of Santa Barbara has changed into a College for the education of its priests, who may be sent on Missions or to supply any house of the Order as necessity may require. So that, independent of its history, the Mission is most interesting. And when one considers that history he cannot fail to be deeply moved. As he walks in the garden, where but two women, the Princess Louise and Mrs. President Harrison, have ever been permitted to enter, he thinks of the noble workers of the past, whose bodies lie buried there. And then as "down through the perfume-laden air, upon the sunbeam's ray, like a vision of the Holy Grail, floats the white-winged dove, Heaven's emblem of purity and peace," the thought will come that "no good and true work can ever be in vain." God allows no good thing to fall, and though the Indians are scattered, through the wicked order of Secularization, He will not suffer His own purposes to be moved.

The visitor will find Santa Barbara a most interesting Mission. The resident padres are kind and obliging, and willingly afford every reasonable facility to tourists to see all objects of interest.

Santa Barbara is reached on the line of the S. P. R. R. and is five hours' journey from Los Angeles. Fare, single trip, \$3.35; round trip, \$6.05. Round trip special, going Saturday good to return the following Tuesday, \$3.50. Distance, 110 miles.

As soon as the now nearly completed Coast Line of the Southern Pacific are connected, Santa Barbara

can also be reached from the north by train direct, instead of by stage from the present northern terminus of the Coast Line, or on the San Joaquin Valley main line of the S. P., via Sangus.

#### LA PURISIMA CONCEPTION:

This is the third of the Channel series of Missions so ardently desired by Padre Serra. Originally founded, December 8, 1787, on the Santa Ynez river, it was removed later to Los Berros, across the river. The building was crude and unstable, and, in 1795, it was rapidly falling into decay. Accordingly a new edifice was erected which was dedicated in 1802.

The great earthquake of 1812 destroyed the new chapel, shook down the hundred tile-roofed dwellings of the Indians, and, to add to the horrors, a flood from the river swept away much of what was left.

Padre Mariano Payeras was the priest in charge, and, undismayed, he constructed temporary residences, warehouses for the grain soon to be garnered, and corrals for the six thousand head of cattle belonging to the Mission.

Having gained permission from Mexico to again remove the site of the Mission the present stone structure was erected, and, in 1817, duly dedicated. The building is now in ruins, and was originally a plain and simple edifice, without any pretence to the grandeur of some of the other Mission structures.

Padre Payeras, with commendable zeal, prepared a catechism and a religious manual in the native language of the fifteen hundred converts to whom he ministered, and who lived, in harmony, simplicity and contented industry, in their dwellings on the bank of the river.

When Secularization came in 1835, the Purisima Mission property was valued at but sixty thousand dollars, and the number of her Indians had dwindled down to but one hundred and twenty.

Year after year things went on from bad to worse, until in 1844, Governor Pio Pico, under direction from the Departmental Assembly, with "a curious bit of half conscience-stricken, half-politic recognition of the Indians' ownership of the lands" of the Missions, posted a proclamation at La Purisima, as well as several other Missions, bidding the Indians return and take possession of their lands, otherwise they they would be sold or rented. But in 1856 the U. S. Land Commission restored the buildings to the inalienable possession of the Catholic Church, to which they still belong.

La Purisima Mission may be reached by rail to Santa Barbara and thence by stage, the distance being about forty miles.

#### SANTA CRUZ.

Santa Cruz was the next Mission, founded by Padre Lasuen, on the San Lorenzo River, on September 25, 1791.

#### LA SOLEDAD.

On October 9th of the same year, a Mission dedicated to "Our Lady of Solitude" was founded, but of its history little is known.

#### SAN JOSE.

On Trinity Sunday, June 11, 1796, or, according to "H. H." June 11, 1797, in accordance with commands from Mexico, which declared there must be founded in California a Mission dedicated to St. Joseph, the spiritual spouse of the Holy Virgin, Padre Lasuen established this Mission and left Padres Isadoro Barcenilla and Augustin Merino as missionaries in charge.

#### SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

In June, 1797, San Juan Bautista was founded, the present ruined church being erected in 1800.

## SAN MIGUEL.

Two leagues west of Santa Barbara, in order to be better able to minister to the Indians, President Lasuen and Padre Sitjar selected a station on a large rancheria called "Sagshpileel," and, on July 25, 1797, with the troops from the presidio and numbers of the Indians as witnesses, established the Mission of San Miguel, "the most glorious prince of the heavenly militia."

On the day of its founding, with great delight, Padre Sitjar presented fifteen children for baptism, and this augured well for the new Mission, as, three years later, there were gathered together at San Miguel four hundred christianized Indians, all engaged in the peaceable pursuits the Padres had taught them.

San Miguel is in San Luis Obispo County, and is reached from Santa Barbara by stage, or by rail on the Coast Division of the S. P. R. R. from San Francisco, 207 miles, fare \$6. Fare from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, \$3.35 single trip; round trip, good for ten days, \$6.05. Round trip special, going Saturday, good to return the following Tuesday, \$3.50. From Santa Barbara take stage.

## SAN FERNANDO.

It was the avowed intention of Serra to establish a complete chain of Missions from San Diego to Monterey. President Lasuen agreed with the idea, and accordingly on September 8, 1797, after having located friars at San Fernando in the dwellings of the ranchero, he dedicated the Mission to San Fernando, King of Spain, according to instructions he had received from the viceroy of Mexico.

The present ruined adobe structure displaced the original building of rude wood, tules and brush, and, in 1806, was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, to King Fernando III, of Spain, who was canonized in 1671 by Pope Clement X.

San Fernando Mission is located in a most fertile valley,—the granary of Los Angeles county, and speedily became of considerable wealth and consequent importance.

The buildings were affected by the earthquake of 1812, and thirty new beams were added to strengthen the walls. A beautiful tiled corridor, and a large fountain and basin in the courtyard were built, the ruins of which still remain in picturesque attractiveness. Under this corridor on hot days, and by the side of this fountain on cool evenings, the Padres walked and sat and planned and studied and prayed, watching the waving palms, in the distance, and enjoying the beautiful oak and alders close by. Even in its present ruined and dilapidated condition, the semi-tropical trees and the cacti give to San Fernando the appearance of "a portion of Algeria."

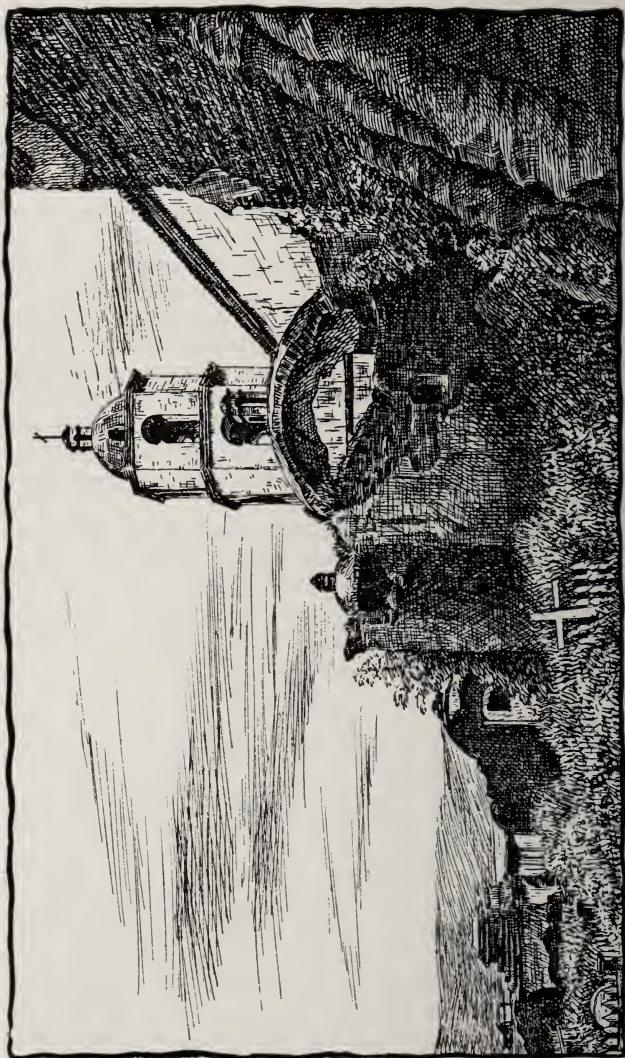
In 1820 the Mission was in a flourishing condition, her vineyards and grain fields being quite extensive. In 1826 an inventory shows, besides large flocks and herds, that the Padres had merchandise in their warehouse to the value of fifty thousand dollars, besides ninety thousand dollars in specie.

In 1846 the Mission was sold by Pio Pico to Eulogio Celis for fourteen thousand dollars, for the purpose of helping towards the expenses of the war with the U. S., although, at the time, the conquest of California was practically complete. The sale was confirmed by the U. S. Land Commission, and its Mission days were ended.

Today San Fernando Mission is in an utterly ruined condition. The roof of the main building has fallen in, and nothing but the rafters keep the walls also from falling.

The Mission is about 14 miles from Los Angeles and is easily reached in less than an hour from that city on the main line of the S. P. R. R., going north. The buildings are in the valley about a mile from the depot,





**SAN LUIS REY MISSION**

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and the visitor can either walk or secure a conveyance in the town. Many people find it most pleasant and agreeable to drive from Los Angeles, and it is a very comfortable day's drive.

## SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

In 1798, on the 13th day of June, President Lasuen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyri founded the Mission of San Luis Rey de Francia. In beauty of site, as well as magnificence of structure, it is regarded by most people as the "King" of the Mission structures of California.

Five padres, especially, in all the older history of the Missions, stand out as the well-beloved of the Indians, and these are Serra, Palou, Crespi, Salvidea, and Peyri, and to the wonderfully persuasive and gentle character of the latter, is undoubtedly owing the great success of San Luis Rey from its inception. Not only was he possessed of the qualities that endeared him to the people, but he was also full of the same zeal as Serra, and possessed of equal administrative ability. The structure he reared was completed in 1802.

It stands upon a slight hill, gently rolling upwards from the river and the valley, which is exceedingly fertile, and gave good pasturage to the flocks and herds of the Mission. These doubled about every ten years. In 1826, Peyri had received into the folds of the church two thousand, eight hundred and sixty nine Indians. "The mission owned over twenty thousand head of cattle, and nearly twenty thousand sheep. It controlled over two hundred thousand acres of land, and there were raised on its fields in one year three thousand bushels of wheat, six thousand of barley, and ten thousand of corn."

In 1834, after the Secularization, San Luis Rey had an Indian population of 35,000, and possessed

over 24,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, and 100,000 sheep. It harvested 14,000 fanegas (about an English bushel) of grain, and 200 barrels of wine.

"No other Mission had so fine a church. It was one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty wide, and sixty high, with walls four feet thick. A tower at one side held a belfry for eight bells. The corridor on the opposite side had two hundred and fifty six arches. Its gold and silver ornaments are said to have been superb."

Even in its semi-ruined condition it is majestic and imposing. Over the chancel is a perfectly-proportioned dome, and on each side, and over the altar, are beautiful groined arches. Hanging high on the wall, on the right side facing the auditors, instead of on the left, is a Byzantine wooden pulpit, which is reached by a quaint, narrow stairway from the chancel.

In 1892, it was determined to repair the Mission and have it occupied by the Franciscan order, and for this purpose Father O'Keefe of the Santa Barbara Mission, was sent to San Luis Rey to superintend its restoration. For months the work had been going forward, and on May 12, 1893, the formal dedication of the re-established Mission occurred with all due ceremony. The bishop of the diocese was present, together with the Vicar-General of the Franciscan order from Mexico, and other dignitaries. The ceremonies were as near as could be made like those of over a century ago, and, in the church, were three old Indian women, who had heard the original dedication services, where Padres Santiago and Peyri were the officiating clergymen.

Much has been done, under Father O'Keefe's intelligent supervision, towards arresting the decay of the old buildings, and so completely restoring them, that they will again be suited for Divine worship. A brick kiln occupies a portion of the interior quadrangle, and close by is a modern windmill, pump and

water tank—rather incongruous they seem, in such a place, and yet useful and necessary. The dome over the chancel has been effectively restored, in accordance with the original designs, and several of the walls repaired with imported brick. But the freight on them was so high that Father O'Keefe began the burning of his own brick, and he is now quite successful. The church has been re-roofed, and excavation of the corridors is now taking place.

Opposite the church several wooden buildings have been erected for the temporary, and, possibly, permanent occupation of those who come to be trained in the work of the Franciscans, and San Luis Rey, like Santa Barbara, is now educating priests instead of Indian savages.

To reach San Luis Rey the visitor goes by rail on the Surf Line of the Santa Fe System, to the town of Oceanside, eighty-five miles from Los Angeles. Single fare, \$3.15 ; round trip, \$5.65. On Sundays, returning the same day, a special round trip rate of \$3.00, from Los Angeles and return, is given. Going Saturday and returning Monday, a round trip ticket may be obtained for \$4.00.

From here it is four miles drive to the Mission, and all information regarding conveyances will cheerfully be furnished by Mr. Peiper, mine host of the Ocean-side Hotel.

#### SAN ANTONIO DE PALA.

When at San Luis Rey, the interested visitor should endeavor to drive the eighteen or twenty miles further, necessary to bring him to the picturesque structure of San Antonio de Pala. It is not properly a mission, but merely a chapel, or branch of San Luis Rey, founded by Padre Peyri for the greater convenience of his beloved Indians, especially those who lived in the mountains. There were no buildings for neophytes as at the other Missions ; nothing but a



chapel and a few scattered corrals. All readers of Mission literature are familiar with the picturesque belfry of Pala, crowned with a huge cactus, grown from a seed some passing breeze doubtless lodged in the adobe tower, where nourishing moisture fed it into active life.

The two bells, suspended in the little tower, still call the Indians from the surrounding hills to worship, and most fortunate is that visitor who can be present on one of these solemn occasions.

#### SANTA YNEZ.

In order to have a Mission nearer to the rancharos of twenty-seven baptized families than Santa Barbara, the priests of that Mission made the request that a new establishment be made in a suitable location.

Accordingly on September 17, 1804, Comandante Carrillo, with nine soldiers from the Santa Barbara presidio, a large number of neophytes from that Mission and Purisima, under the guidance of Padres Jose Calzada and Jose Gutierrez, reached the appointed spot, and with the regulation ceremonies, solemnly dedicated a new Mission to St. Agnes, the beautiful virgin and martyr. One hundred and twelve persons were immediately enrolled on the books,—the members of the twenty-seven families before referred to.

The first church was so shattered by the earthquake of 1812, that a new edifice had to be constructed. On Independence Day, July 4, 1817, it was dedicated, and from that day fortune seemed to smile more frequently upon her affairs. Although the Indian population began to decline, her flocks and herds multiplied rapidly, and in 1831, or thereabouts, according to Davis, Santa Ynez Mission owned 20,000 cattle, 1,500 horses and mares, and 10,000 sheep.

In 1824, many of the Indians, both of this and other missions, became discontented, insubordinate and finally rebellious. More than a thousand Indians



attacked the missionaries and killed and wounded several of their defenders. It is said "they could easily have captured the place if it had not been for the contagious fears of many escaped converts, who were overwhelmed with dread at the sound of chanting, the solemn ringing of the bells, and the sight of the priests armed with carnal weapons."

During this struggle many of the buildings were partially destroyed, and they have never been rebuilt. Santa Ynez is reached by stage or private conveyance from Santa Barbara.

#### SAN RAFAEL.

In 1817, owing to a frightful mortality in San Francisco, Lieutenant Sola suggested that, possibly, a move across the bay, where inland breezes would take the place of the ocean winds, might be beneficial to those who were still sick. The suggestion was adopted, and on December 14, 1817, a Mission was founded by Padre Luis Taboada at San Rafael.

But little more than a memory remains today of San Rafael Mission. It is reached by the North Coast R. R. from San Francisco.

#### SAN FRANCISCO SOLANO.

This, the last of the Missions, was founded on Passion Sunday, April 4, 1824, and formally dedicated to the patron Saint of the Indies—San Francisco Solano.

Though earnestly cared for by its founder, Padre Altimira, it was but short lived, although the restored building is now in use.

#### LOS ANGELES.

Though not properly a Mission, the old church of Los Angeles has long been a source of great interest to the tourist, hence a brief account of its foundation will not be out of place.

In 1811 authority was gained for the erection of a chapel in Los Angeles for the benefit of the old soldiers who had long and faithfully served the King of Spain, and in August, 1814, Padre Gil, of San Gabriel, laid and blessed the corner stone. Nothing further, except the laying of the foundation, was accomplished until 1818, when the site was changed to its present location. In 1819 seven barrels of brandy and five hundred cattle were contributed towards the building fund, and by the end of 1820 the walls were raised to the window arches. Los Angeles, at this time, had a population of about 650, and an appeal was made to the governor in 1818, and through him to the viceroy, that the veterans who had spent their manhood's years in fighting for the king, and were now living in Los Angeles, ought not to be deprived of spiritual consolation and instruction any longer. But no priest or chaplain was sent to them. In 1822 or 1823 the chapel was finally completed, and formally dedicated on the 8th of December, 1822.

"CUI BONO?"

To give anything like a reasonably readable account of the missions in these few pages has been a somewhat difficult task.

One thought necessarily comes to all minds as the work of the Mission Fathers is contemplated in the present condition of the Indians. *Cui Bono?*—What is the good of it all?

Who can tell? Except that no good work can fail

There is one thing certain, and that is, that comparison between even the wretched treatment the missions received at the hands of the Mexican Government, and that which they have received at the hands of this intelligent, Christian government, all in favor of Mexico. To our shame be it said!

Whatever our opinion may be of the padres, we are all compelled to share in the eloquent words of Jol

W. Dwinelle: "They."—the padres—"at least would have preserved these Indian races, if they had been left to pursue unmolested their work of pious beneficence."

For the preservation of the Mission buildings, I am happy to state that a society has been organized, with a number of earnest, active spirits at its head. The object of the Association is "to create a fund to be used for the preservation of the Mission buildings of California." The fee of membership is one dollar per year, and I trust that all those of my readers who are interested in these marvelous memorials of heroic and earnest Christian endeavor, will put themselves in communication with Miss Kelso, Librarian of the City of Los Angeles, who is chairman of the executive committee of the association.

#### THE MISSION INDIANS.

The remainder of the once flourishing colonies of Mission Indians are to be found throughout South California, in a generally demoralized and wretched condition. They have been disgracefully treated, and are a constant reproach to our government and its agents. At Saboba, near San Jacinto, is one village, and in the San Jacinto mountains is another, that of Cahuilla.

On Warner's ranch, in San Diego county, are several villages, and at Pala, La Jolla, Rincon, and San Gorgonio are reservations set apart for their use, but even here they are pursued by unscrupulous whites, who are convinced of their one, sole, damnable creed, viz., that the only good Indian is a dead one.

#### THE STORY OF RAMONA.

This wonderful story,—the most abused, and yet best liked, most true and yet denounced as most false, American novel of the century,—was born of Helen

Hunt Jackson's intense desire to see justice done to the Indians. She wished, and fervently prayed, that it might be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Indians. In writing to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Coronel, of Los Angeles, in November, 1883, she says: "I will tell you what my next work for the Indians is to be. I am going to try and write a novel, in which will be set forth some Indian experiences in a way to move people's hearts. People will read a novel when they will not read serious books. \* \* \* I hope very much that I can succeed in writing a story which will help to increase the interest, already so much aroused in the East, in the Indian question."

Charles Dudley Warner, in a letter written to the *Critic*, from Los Angeles, says: "It was my good fortune to see Mrs. Jackson frequently in New York, when she was writing "Ramona," which was begun and perhaps finished at 'The Berkeley.'"

"The theme had complete possession of her; chapter after chapter flowed from her pen as easily as one would write a letter to a friend. \* \* \* When she became interested in the Indians, and especially in the hard fate of the Mission Indians in California, all her nature was fused for a time in a lofty enthusiasm of pity and indignation, and all her powers seemed to be concentrated to one purpose. \* \* \* I am certain that she could have had no idea what the novel would be to the people of Southern California, or how it would identify her name with all this region, and make so many scenes in it places of pilgrimage and romantic interest for her sake."

#### LITTLE BLUE EYES.

In a letter from New York, dated February 13, 1884, to Mr. and Mrs. Coronel, Mrs. Jackson shows how she endeavored to obtain an Indian name for little "Blue-Eyes," whose birth, christening and death are so familiar to every reader of *Ramona*:

" I am still at work on my story. It is more than half done. I wish you would ask those Indian women, who made the lace for me, what would be, in their Pala, or San Luis Rey dialect, the words for *blue-eyes*. I want to have a little child called by that name in my story—if the Indian name is not too harsh to the ear."

Much misconception exists in regard to the story of Ramona. " Was there a real Ramona ? " " Who was she ? " " Did she indeed have all the experiences H. H. describes ? " These, and many other questions are often asked.

To sit down, and, page by page reveal what is true, and what is fiction in that fascinating book would be too long a task. Suffice it to say that the work, *as a whole*, is a creation of the author's fertile brain, but that, *in parts*, it is the relation of facts which actually occurred, but, however, to *many* persons instead of to *one*.





## CHAPTER IV.

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### The Nine Counties of South California.

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A brief, and necessarily, cursory survey of the nine Counties that make up South California will reveal to the Eastern tourist that he is not only coming into a land of climate and scenery, but also of marvellous horticultural, agricultural, floricultural, apicultural, mineral and other resources. Indeed, South California is largely self dependant, and, if a few more manufactories were introduced, she would include all the essentials of a healthy and vigorous existence within her own borders. This chapter is largely made up from "The Resources of California," a pamphlet prepared under the auspices of the State Government for distribution at the World's Fair of 1893.

#### KERN.

Kern County is bounded on the north by Tulare, east by San Bernardino, south by Los Angeles and Ventura, and west by San Luis Obispo Counties.

*Statistics.*—Area, 8,100 square miles, or 5,137,920 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$13,329,064. Rate of taxation, State and County, 1.45. Number of miles of railroad, 202.51; assessed at \$1,578,739. County property, \$48,000. County debt, \$20,000. Number of schools, 58. School children

between 5 and 17 years, 2,225. Public school money, \$91,764.67. Population, census of 1890, 10,031.

*County Seat and Principal Towns.*—Bakersfield, the county seat, population about 4,000, is a rapidly growing place. Kern City, adjoining it, is practically one with it. The city is on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 314 miles from San Francisco, and 170 miles from Los Angeles. It is well provided with gas, electric, and water works, street car lines, fine public buildings, churches, public schools, and substantial hotels and business blocks. A large number of elegant residences have been erected during the past year. Delano, Rosedale, Mojave, Caliente, Kern, Miramonte, Havilah, Kernville, and Greenwich are other important towns among many in the county.

*Topography.*—The county lies at the southern extremity of the San Joaquin Valley, where the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range join. About one third its area lies in the San Joaquin Valley, and is called the Kern Delta, being inclosed on the east, west, and south by mountains, and open toward the north. The 1,500,000 acres of valley land slopes gently from east to west about 7 feet to the mile to its lowest depression, then rises gradually till it meets the Coast Range. Among the mountains are numerous fertile valleys devoted mainly to cereals and stock, the chief of which is Tehachapi and South Fork of Kern River, containing 30 to 40 square miles of arable and irrigable land. The county also includes a part of the Mojave Desert, in the southeast corner below the Tehachapi range. The county ranges in altitude from 300 feet in its lowest part to 10,000 feet in the Sierra Nevada. The richest agricultural lands lie in the central portion of the county, which at one time was a region of desert and marsh, but it has been reclaimed by a system of irrigation and drainage. The section, extending about 35 miles north by west, had originally a drainage by Kern Lake and Buena Vista Slough to Tulare Lake.

Buena Vista Lake has been converted into a reservoir for storage water for summer irrigation, and the diversion of Kern River has transformed former lakes and marshes into arable land. The principal streams are Kern River and Poso Creek, which supply the grand irrigation system of the county.

Kern has large agricultural and horticultural resources, which are now being rapidly developed. Stock raising is one of the chief sources of its wealth, and from both timber and mining large returns are made.

#### SAN LUIS OBISPO.

San Luis Obispo is bounded on the north by Monterey County, east by Kern, south by Santa Barbara, and west by the Pacific Ocean.

*Statistics*—Area, 5,578 square miles, or 2,289,920 acres. Unentered Government land, 250,000 acres. Lands assessed, 1,429,680 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$15,278,939. Rate of taxation, State and county, \$1.25. Number of miles of railroad, 72.70; assessed at \$513,345. County property, \$135,000. County debt, \$153,000. Number of schools, 106. School children between 5 and 17 years, 4,957. School money, \$92,651.45. Population, census of 1890, 16,176.

*County Seat and Principal Towns*—San Luis Obispo, the county seat, population about 3,000, is located about 8 miles from its harbor town of Port Harford, with which it is connected by rail. It has fine county buildings, elegant and costly hotels, excellent streets, new sewer system, five churches, daily and weekly newspapers, three banks, with over \$1,000,000 deposits, flour mills, and fine substantial business blocks. Before long the gap in the Southern Pacific Railroad will be closed, which will give it the benefit of the through coast route from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

Paso Robles is also a prosperous town on the rail-

road line from San Francisco, in the upper Salinas Valley, and has about 1,000 population, a bank, a noted hotel, the resort of invalids and tourists, hot sulphur and mud springs, two newspapers, schools, churches, mills, and large grain warehouses. A new and extensive water system will soon be introduced by the Crystal Spring Water Company. Near by is one of the experimental stations of the United States.

Templeton has a bank, schools, churches, newspapers, grain warehouses, etc. Other important places are San Miguel, Arroyo Grande, Port Harford, and Santa Margarita, the present railroad terminus. Port Harford has regular steamer connection with San Francisco and Los Angeles.

A couple of decades ago this county was contemptuously stigmatized a "cow" county. The "stock" interest reigned supreme. It was bounded north, south and east by cattle ranges. Its community, for the most part, was a singular amalgam of sheepherders and "cow-punchers." The Spanish-Mexican element preponderated. In 1879 a well known San Luis Obispo writer wrote as follows: "Hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle have unlimited range (without fences to hinder them from grazing) over the hills and valleys of this county." To-day, from San Simeon to Santa Maria, from Port Harford to the Carisa Plains, the county is fenced and cross-fenced into innumerable small holdings and the reign of the cattle kings is over! In 1860 the county had a population of 1,782 souls; in 1870, 4,762; in 1880, 9,142; in 1890, 16,176, and at this writing not less than 20,000. Before the birth of the new century it is confidently expected that these last figures will be doubled, possibly trebled. Rhode Island, with some 1,200 square miles of territory, supports a population of nearly 300,000. San Luis Obispo county, with 3,000 square miles, and unstinted natural resources, can support a round half million of persons.



During the years 1886, 1887 and 1888, following the subdivision and sale of nearly one hundred thousand acres of land in one body, a notable impetus was given to the cultivation of cereals. The eastern portion of the county, hitherto neglected, and regarded by the old settlers as untillable, began to attract the serious attention of farmers throughout the State. Wheat raised on these barren hills proved of the finest quality, and the soil—deep, rich, sandy loam, was pronounced by experts to be peculiarly adapted to the culture of prunes, apricots, peaches and wine grapes.

#### SANTA BARBARA.

Santa Barbara County is bounded, north by San Luis Obispo County, east by Ventura, south by Santa Barbara Channel, and west by the Pacific Ocean.

*Statistics.*—Area, 2,265 square miles, or 1,449,600 acres. Unentered Government land, 330,000 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$17,070,154. Rate of taxation, State and county, 1.40. Number of miles of railroad, 53.60; assessed at 440,041. County property, \$121,500. County debt, \$6,000. Number of schools, 93. School children between five and seventeen years, 4,525. School money, \$92,570.71. Population, census of 1890, 15,730.

*County Seat and Principal Towns.*—Santa Barbara, the county seat, population, census of 1890, 5,864, is a beautifully located city on the island protected channel of the Pacific Ocean, which lies south of the coast.

Its harbor is a good one. The United States vessels built on this coast are officially tested on the course through this channel. It has connection by rail with Los Angeles on the south, and the gap now remaining to the north, between Ellwood and Santa Margarita when closed, will give it direct rail communication with San Francisco, and will place it on the direct tourist's route from the north to the south. Lines of first-class steamers connect also with Los

Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. The city is well provided with hotels of the first-class, gas, electric and water works, good sewer system, street-car lines, three banks, five schools, thirteen churches, opera house, race course, three newspapers, and many other attractions and conveniences. A splendid boulevard skirts the ocean front, and another extends from the wharf to the foothills. It is a city of shrubs and flowers, of groves and lawns, and beautiful homes. Its almost insular and balmy climate is a perpetual delight and constitutes it one of the best resorts for invalids in the State.

Montecito is a beautiful residence place, in a sheltered nook from the ocean, among park-like clumps of live oaks. There are lemon groves, a fine olive mill, and a luxurious semi-tropic growth of vegetation. In the extreme southeastern corner of the county is the town and valley of Carpenteria, noted for its deep and alluvial soil and walnut orchards. Goleta, east of Santa Barbara is a trading point for the dairy ranches in that neighborhood. Ellwood is on the celebrated olive ranch of that name. North of the mountains is Lompoc, which was founded as a temperance colony in 1874. The town has good churches, schools, etc. Santa Maria, in the valley of that name, which has the largest available stretch of arable land of any valley in the county, is a progressive town, the second in the county, with good school buildings, churches, water and sewer systems, banks, hotels, cannery, flouring mill, etc.; population, (1890) 1,200. Guadalupe is surrounded by dairy ranches, mostly conducted by Swiss. Los Alamos is a sightly place in a fertile valley. Los Olivos is the present southern terminus of the Pacific Coast Railway. Olives and other crops are raised, also live stock. Santa Ynez, in the valley of that name, has a good hotel, stores, etc. Around Ballards fine fruit is grown.

*Topography.*—A large part of the northeastern por-

tion of the county is rugged mountains, containing some few small fertile valleys. The county is divided east and west by the Santa Ynez Mountains. The northern portion, the most extensive, comprises four important valleys—Santa Maria, Lompoc, Los Alamos, and Santa Ynez. The southern part, between mountains and ocean, is called Santa Barbara Valley in general, and comprises Carpinteria, Montecito, Goleta, and Ellwood. The following represents the acreage of all the foregoing and the islands: Santa Maria and adjuncts, 250,000; Los Alamos, 150,000; Lompoc; 230,000; Santa Ynez, 200,000; Santa Barbara, 108,000; two islands, 150,000.

*Soils.*—Santa Barbara Valley in its lower levels is alluvial, very deep and fertile, producing famous crops of lima beans, fresh berries, and vegetables the year round; the upper part, somewhat adobe, black and fertile, is devoted to cereals, mustard, flax and pasture. The soils of the northern valleys are mostly sandy loam. On the west, near the sea, they are somewhat heavier. The Santa Maria Valley is a sandy loam, while its extension the Sisquoc Valley is deeper and richer. The lower and northern valley grows large crops of beans and potatoes, and higher up to wheat and barley. The future of the entire section lies in its adaptability to fruits of all kinds, varied according to soil and location.

*Climate.*—Few places in the world can show so remarkable a record. For twenty years the mercury has only once reached 31 degrees, and once as high as 102 degrees. The average for thirteen years varied from 55 degrees to 71 degrees. There are over 310 pleasant days in a year, five rainy, twelve showery, twenty-nine cloudy, and ten windy. The strip of land along the south coast bears a striking resemblance to Riviera. An invalid could be out all day for 346 days in the year, without discomfort. Surf bathing in midwinter is common; the temperature of the water

only varies six degrees, summer and winter. The average annual rainfall is about eighteen inches.

In agriculture and horticulture Santa Barbara sustains a high position, and in floriculture it equals any region in the world. It is the florist's paradise, all varieties of flowers and shrubs growing in the greatest profusion.

North of the mountains, and in the coast region, stock raising and dairying are carried on to a considerable extent, and the fisheries of the coast are exceedingly valuable.

Expensive mineral deposits are found throughout the mountain ranges, and there is also much useful timber.

#### VENTURA.

Ventura County is bounded on the north by Kern and San Luis Obispo Counties, east by Los Angeles, west by Santa Barbara, and south by the Pacific Ocean.

*Statistics.*—Area, 1,682 square miles, or 1,076,480 acres. Unentered Government land, 500,000 acres. Lands assessed, 527,054 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$8,253,341. Rate of taxation, State and county, 1.65. Number of miles of railroad, 54.50; assessed at \$509,619. County property, \$105,000. County debt, \$11,000. Number of schools, 64. School children between 5 and 17 years, 3,148. School money, \$66,831.34. Population, census of 1890, 10,066.

*County Seat and Principal Towns.*—San Buenaventura, the county seat, 83 miles from Los Angeles, population (1890) 2,320, has increased, in common with other towns, about 25 per cent. since that date. Its location is on gently sloping land, by the ocean, with low hills at the rear, and sheltered from rough winds by mountains in the distance. It is provided with elegant county buildings, new banks, electric

street car lines, a large ice factory, elegant churches and schools, two first-class hotels, and substantial business blocks. A company is incorporated to run an electric railway to the famous Ojai Valley, a distance of 12 miles, and part of the track is already laid. There is considerable manufacturing, and a large amount of produce is shipped by coast steamers. A beautiful avenue is laid out along the banks of the Ventura River.

Santa Paula, a rapidly growing town, population (1890) 1,047, has a bank, good hotel and business buildings, newspaper, planing and flour mills, and two oil refineries, which pipe the oil from the wells and to the ocean at San Buenaventura and at Hueneme, where it is loaded in tank ships and taken to San Francisco. The output of oil is about 1,000 barrels a day. New wells and new territory have been developed, and the outlook is very flattering. This industry and the extreme productiveness of the grain and fruit farms have given a new impulse to all these places.

Hueneme, population (1800) 789, is one of the most important shipping places on the southern coast, especially of grain and beans. Saticoy, New Jerusalem, Montalvo, Nordhoff, Fillmore, Camulos, and other places are alike progressive and prosperous.

*Topography.*—About one half of this county is arable land and very fertile, needing irrigation in many places to insure productiveness. The mountains are mostly low and timbered, except in the north, where the range running east and west rises to over 6,000 feet. The valleys are fertile, the principal of which are the Santa Clara; Camulos, the alleged home of the "Ramona" of Helen Hunt Jackson; Ojai, with its well-timbered basin of productive soil, heavy in wheat and favorable for orange culture; Conejo, on the northern slope of Guadalupe Mountains, well watered and productive of grain; Simi,



with splendid oak forests and grazing lands ; Santa Ana, with cultivated farms and orchards ; Los Posas, with immense wheat fields and semi-tropic fruits ; Sespe, and San Buenaventura. The Santa Clara River traverses the county from northeast to southwest, with its tributaries, the Santa Paula, Sespe, and Piru. The Ventura rises in the San Rafael range and flows due south to the sea.

Ventura County has enough water flowing naturally to supply all its lands, and wheat and barley are largely produced. More beans are raised in this county than in all the remainder of California, one bean-field alone covering over 2,000 acres.

In horticulture, Ventura is reaching a high standard, and stock-raising and apiculture are both carried on to a profitable extent.

The mountains contain many valuable minerals, and there are a large number of productive oil-wells.

Nordhoff, the famous resort for invalids, the charming Ojai Valley, and several other excellent resorts are located in Ventura County.

#### LOS ANGELES.

Los Angeles County is bounded, north by Kern, east by San Bernardino, south by Orange County and the Pacific Ocean, and west by Ventura County.

*Statistics.*—Area, 4,142 square miles, or 2,650,880 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$82, - 839,924. Rate of taxation, State and county, 1.45. Number of miles of railroad, 279,58 ; assessed, \$2,334, - 773. County property, \$1,030,000. County debt, \$1,011,500. Number of schools, 439. School children between five and seventeen years, 25,576. School money, \$370,513.49. Population, census of 1890, 101,410.

*County Seat and Principal Towns.*—Los Angeles, the county seat, has a population, census of 1890, of 51,100, and is the second city in population in the

State. It is the commercial metropolis of the southern counties, and is pleasantly located, about fifteen miles from the ocean, and an equal distance from the mountains. Within the city limits are hills that afford picturesque residence sites. The city has grown from a sleepy, semi-Mexican pueblo of 11,000 people, in 1880, to a handsome modern city of over 50,000 in 1890. The present population is estimated at 65,000. The assessed valuation of the city has quadrupled in ten years. The floral wealth of Los Angeles gardens excites the admiration of visitors.

Pasadena, "the crown of the valley," a beautiful residence town, twenty-five minutes ride, by three lines of railroad from Los Angeles, has grown within twenty years from a sheep pasture to a world renowned city of beautiful homes, with a population of some 7,000. It has paved streets, fine business blocks, churches, schools, library and banks.

Monrovia and Duarte are in the heart of the San Gabriel Valley citrus belt.

Azusa is a flourishing horticultural settlement in the San Gabriel Valley, where oranges and strawberries are largely grown.

Pomona, 30 miles east of Los Angeles, is a thriving little city, which has grown from a population of 130 in 1880, to about 5,000 to-day. It is the leading "all around fruit center of the county," oranges and deciduous fruits being grown in about equal proportion. It is also headquarters of the olive industry in the county.

Downey, Norwalk and Compton are quiet, prosperous places in the Los Nietos Valley, surrounded by fertile fields, upon which large crops of alfalfa and fruit are raised.

Whittier, created five years ago as a Quaker colony, has grown into a handsome little city. It has a slightly location on a side hill. The lemon thrives here. There is a cannery, fruit drier and large nur-

series. The State School with 400 inmates is located here.

Santa Monica, 15 miles from Los Angeles, on the ocean, has about 2,000 population, well graded streets, tasteful residences in beautiful grounds, a fine beach, a number of business blocks, and a large hotel. Four miles north is the big wharf, and three miles east is the National Soldiers' Home with about 1,000 inmates.

Redondo is a new port and resort, created during the past five years. A large shipping business is done at the wharf. There is a pebble beach, good fishing, large hotel, bath houses, etc.

San Pedro is chiefly known as a harbor, but deserves to be more frequented as a resort. There is good fishing and boating in the harbor.

Long Beach is a quiet, family resort, with one of the finest beaches on the coast. A fine wharf has recently been built.

Between Los Angeles and the ocean are Inglewood and the Palms, both attractive residence places. Burbank and San Fernando are north of Los Angeles, in the San Fernando Valley. Glendale is a pleasant northern suburb of Los Angeles.

*Topography.*—About four fifths of the area of Los Angeles County are capable of cultivation, with water supplied, the remainder being mountainous. The shore line is 85 miles in length, the county extending from 30 to 50 miles back from the ocean. The northern portion of the county is a part of what is now called the Mojave Desert, the western section of which, known as the Antelope Valley, is being rapidly settled and cultivated. South of this, extending almost to Los Angeles City, is the great San Fernando Valley. East of Los Angeles is the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, shut in from the north by pine-clad mountains. This, in turn opens into the Pomona Valley. Both are celebrated for their horticultural products and

beautiful homes. Westward from the county seat towards the ocean, extends the Santa Monica range of low mountains. South of this range, between the city and the ocean, is a wide and fertile plain with several small settlements. Southeast of Los Angeles is the Los Nietos Valley, a fertile section, with plenty of moisture, where there are many dairies, corn and alfalfa fields as well as orchards. More than 60 per cent. of the development so far, has been in the southern portion of the county, most of the steep mountains and waste land lying in the northern section.

Los Angeles county is well supplied with water for irrigation, the flow of the San Gabriel and Los Angeles rivers being supplemented by the flowing artesian wells of Pomona, Antelope and San Fernando valleys.

Its agricultural and horticultural resources are great, and, as there are several narrow belts in the county where frost is practically unknown, delicate vegetables, such as tomatoes, chile peppers, string beans and green peas are raised and shipped in mid-winter to San Francisco and eastern points, realizing fancy prices, as well as supplying the home market, which is large, owing to the great influx of eastern visitors every winter. Los Angeles county also has considerable stock-raising, and the mineral resources are growing in value. The oil recently discovered in the boundaries of the city of Los Angeles has created quite a little excitement, and with the former steady yields at Puente and Newhall, make this a most important industry.

*Harbors*—The shipping ports of Los Angeles are San Pedro, Redondo, and Santa Monica—where the Southern Pacific Company has built a wharf 4,600 feet long—and Long Beach. Government engineers have recommended an appropriation of nearly \$3,000,000 for the creation of a first-class deep-water harbor at San Pedro, where vessels of the deepest draught may come to the wharves.

*Transportation*—The transportation facilities of the county are unexcelled. Besides the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe, which are transcontinental lines, and their numerous branches, there is the Terminal, which is projected as the Pacific Coast end of a third transcontinental route, and the Redondo Railway. No point in the southern portion of the county is more than 5 miles from a railroad. Vessels of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company call regularly for freight and passengers at San Pedro and Redondo. The Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company's freight steamers also call at the latter place.

#### ORANGE.

Orange County is bounded on the north by Los Angeles, east by San Bernardino, south by San Diego, and west by the Pacific Ocean.

*Statistics*.—Area, 675 square miles, or 429,502 acres. Lands assessed, 429,502 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$10,060,190. Rate of taxation, State and county, 1.30. Number of miles of railroad, 86.78; assessed at \$600,817. County property, \$6,700. County debt, none. Number of schools, 74. School children between 5 and 17 years, 4,157. School money, \$96,523.28. Population, census of 1890, 13,564, which the last school census, taken in May, 1893, indicates to have increased to about 20,000.

*County Seat and Principal Towns*.—Santa Ana is the county seat; population (1890), 3,628. The main street is built up almost solidly with substantial structures. Tasteful residences in beautiful grounds extend for miles in every direction. There are electric lights, waterworks, street car lines, three banks, good hotels, ten churches, and excellent schools, also two foundries and a planing mill. Orange and Tustin are practically suburbs of Santa Ana, being connected by street car lines, as well as railroads. They chiefly



consist of ideal homes, although each place has a business center. At Orange there is a college. From three railroad depots large quantities of products are shipped. There are several fruit packing houses. Tustin is on the edge of the San Joaquin Ranch, which is shortly to be irrigated and subdivided. Around McPherson and Modena are many raisin vineyards. At Olive there is a tunnel 700 feet long, for irrigation purposes. A large flouring mill is run by water power.

Anaheim, founded as a vineyard colony by Germans from San Francisco, thirty-five years ago, is now the second city in the county; population (1890), 1,273. Around Anaheim is a rich farming country, where products of every variety are raised, from alfalfa to oranges. The irrigation systems are complete. About 1,000 carloads of products are shipped annually. There are churches, schools, opera house, hotels, a large brewery, fruit driers, grist mills, planing mills, brickyards, and a bank. A co-operative beet sugar factory is to be built in the neighborhood.

Fullerton is a young town, which has made rapid growth. There is an irrigation system, and large quantities of vegetables, fruits, and other products are shipped. There is a cannery, two packing houses, large brick schoolhouse, church, and several solid business houses. At Buena Park is a condensed milk factory. Between Santa Ana and the ocean is a level tract of fertile country, well watered from artesian wells. The chief centers are Westminster and Garden Grove. On the coast is Newport Landing, a summer resort and shipping point. North of the landing are Newport and Fairview.

In the extreme southern corner of the county, in a pretty little valley just back from the coast, is San Juan Capistrano, where are the extensive ruins of the old Mission. Some fruit is raised here, but there has been little development. Just beyond, on a high

bluff overlooking the ocean, is San Juan, a townsite laid out during the land boom of 1887.

Arch Beach, with a hotel, and Laguna Beach, are favorite seaside camping places and resorts. Irvine, Modjeska, and El Toro are stations on or near the San Joaquin Ranch. In the Santa Ana Mountains is Silverado, a silver and galena mining camp.

*Topography, Soil, and Climate.*—Orange is a small county, but in compensation for this, a large proportion of its area is arable, there being comparatively little steep mountain land. There are 65 square miles of mountains, 100 of foothills, and 510 of valley. The climate is mild and equable, no point being more than 20 miles distant from the ocean. It does not materially differ from that of Los Angeles County, and need not further be described. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and in the northern portion of the county irrigation facilities are ample, there being 100 miles of ditches and over 1,000 flowing artesian wells. In the south, one fourth of the area of the county is taken up by the great San Joaquin Ranch of 107,000 acres, which is at present devoted almost entirely to the raising of barley and cattle. In the mountains are deposits of galena, silver, quicksilver, coal, and other minerals.

In agriculture and horticulture Orange takes a good place with the other counties of South California, and her live-stock has a national reputation.

This county, small in area, is rich in resources, thickly settled, with a prosperous population, and well illustrates what small subdivisions of land, with irrigation, the proper climate and soil, high cultivation, and intense farming will accomplish in South California. On account of these conditions, the prices of land are naturally high, but not above their income product.

## SAN BERNARDINO.

San Bernardino county is bounded north by State of Nevada and Inyo county, east by the State of Nevada and Arizona Territory, south by Riverside and Orange counties, and west by Orange, Los Angeles and Kern counties. This is the largest county in the State.

*Statistics*—Area, 22,886 square miles, or 14,647,040 acres. Lands assessed, 783,119 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$18,051,114. Rate of taxation, State and county, \$1.60. Number of miles of railroad, 628.39; assessed at \$3,513,040. County property, \$235,000. County debt, \$15,987. Number of schools, 155. School children between 5 and 17 years, 7,826. School money, \$326,669.27. Population, census of 1890, 25,486.

*County Seat and Principal Towns*—San Bernardino, the county seat, population 8,000, is the oldest town in the county. It has three newspapers, two banks, two motor roads, 8 miles of street railway, an elegant courthouse in course of construction, first-class hotels, and business blocks. A State insane asylum is located near here.

Colton, population 2,000, is the railroad center of the county. It has two newspapers, large cannery and packing houses, and the largest pavilion south of San Francisco.

Redlands is a growing and lovely town of 2,000 population. It has three newspapers, good hotels, fine residences and stores, and every promise of a prosperous future.

Ontario, population 1,600, has a fine street, Euclid avenue, 200 feet wide and 7 miles long, lined with four rows of trees, and a gravity street car line its entire length.

Chino, Highlands and Rialto are all growing enterprising towns, surrounded by orchards. Needles,

Daggett, Barstow, Calico, and Victor are all mining towns of more or less importance.

*Topography*—A large part of the area of the county is arid land, and wild, rugged mountains, abounding in mineral wealth. To the south and west of these lie nearly 1,000 square miles of vine-clad and orchard-covered valleys, well styled the Italy of America. In the range of mountains which separates this from the desert, Mount San Bernardino, elevation 10,225, and Mount San Gorgonio, elevation 11,090 feet, are conspicuous features. The Mojave Desert is largely a sandy waste, with occasional volcanic mountain ridges and peaks and alkali tracts, without other growth than the yucca, small nut pines, and occasional juniper. Beds of dry lakes and creeks abound, hot springs, boiling mud lakes, salt beds, borax deposits, and sulphur.

*Soils*—The soil of the arable portion varies from a sandy loam, mixed with gravel, on the high mesas or table lands, to a black, heavy damp loam on the river bottoms. The red soil of Redlands is characteristic of the foothills. Old San Bernardino has a heavy black loam. Rialto, a sandy and gravelly loam. Cucamonga, a light sandy soil; Ontario, a gravelly loam, warm and fertile. On the terrace at Colton, a rich, deep loam; on the river bottoms, a cold, damp clay. All these soils, except the alkali and river bottom damp clays, are first-class fruit lands.

The irrigation systems of San Bernardino County are world-renowned.

This county has quite a record for its apiculture, about 400,000 pounds of honey being produced yearly.

In its agriculture, horticulture and stock interests San Bernardino has great wealth, and its timber and minerals are very extensive.

## SAN DIEGO.

San Diego County is bounded north by Orange and Riverside Counties, east by Arizona, south by Mexico, or Lower California, and west by the Pacific Ocean. It is next in size to San Bernardino County.

*Statistics.*—Area, 8,555 square miles, or 5,472,000 acres. Total assessed valuation of all property, \$25,-213,694. Rate of taxation, State and county, 1.42. Number of miles of railroad, 414; assessed at \$2,-495,488. County property, \$185,500. County debt, \$269,000. Number of schools, 229. School children between 5 and 17 years, 8,512. School money, \$229,-899.69. Population, census of 1890, 34,878.

*County Seat and Principal Towns.*—San Diego City, the county seat, occupies a beautiful site on one of the finest bays in the world, which has an area of 22 square miles. Population, (1890) 16,159. The new city, although founded in 1867, has been practically created within eight years. There are 250 miles of street, 40 of which are graded and 5 paved; 37 miles of street railway, mostly electric; 75 miles of motor road, 41 miles of sewer, and 65 miles of water mains. There are fifteen hotels, twenty-three churches, five banks, eight large public schools, a \$100,000 opera house, \$200,000 court house, and numerous handsome brick blocks. A large shipping business is done, especially in imports of coal and lumber. There are coal bunkers with a capacity of 15,000 tons. Across the bay from San Diego, on a peninsula, is the famous Coronado Hotel. This hotel, with accommodations for 2,000 guests, with 7½ acres of grounds, beautifully adorned with gardens, lawns, baths, terraces, ocean beach drives, electric lights, water works, and an entire town tributary to it, constitutes one of the most delightful seaside resorts in the world.



National City, population (1890) 1,353, is 5 miles south of San Diego; it is the terminus of the Santa Fe System on the Pacific Coast. Farther south is Chula Vista, where are extensive lemon orchards. Tia Juana, on the frontier, is the gateway to Mexico. Other places in the bay region are Otay, Oneonta, South San Diego and Pacific Beach. Between the bay and the mountains are the fertile Sweetwater and Cajon Valleys, where large quantities of raisins are cured. Poway is in a beautiful valley, 15 miles north of San Diego, with church, school, etc. Forty miles northeast of San Diego, at an elevation of 4,250 feet, is Julian, population, (1890) 327, a timbered mineral region with productive mines and profitable apple and cherry orchards. La Mesa, eight miles northeast of San Diego, has about 500 acres in fruit. Escondido, one of the most thriving towns in the county, population, (1890) 541, is on a branch line from Oceanside. Up the coast from San Diego, is a pleasant ride by rail. At Linda Vista, 15 miles north, a complete irrigation system is being established. Del Mar is a pleasant little seaside resort. Back of Encinitas is a fertile farming country. Carlsbad has a mineral spring and a comfortable hotel. Oceanside is a thriving town, with a fine beach, flouring mill, hotels, stores, etc. The surrounding county is fertile. Five miles northeast is the San Luis Rey Valley and the old Mission, now being restored.

Fallbrook, on an elevated rolling mesa, has a bank, churches, etc., and a fine climate. La Jolla, about 20 miles from San Diego, is noted for its water-washed caves, and is a popular pleasure resort.

*Topography*—San Diego is the most southern county in the State, being bounded by Mexico on the south. A large area is desert, so called, but which only needs water for irrigation to be productive. The county extends back from the ocean to the Colorado River, and in elevation from 250 feet below to 10,987

feet above sea-level. Within these limits may be found almost every variety of soil and climate. There are three distinct belts, beginning at the coast and extending back into the desert region. From the coast-line, 75 miles in length, back to the hill country, a distance of 30 or 40 miles, are low valleys, with intervening mesas and hills. The second division includes the mountain region of the interior, where minerals are found and deciduous fruits raised. The third section is the desert, which covers about two-thirds of the area of the county. This region has great possibilities, under irrigation. Recently, San Diego has entered upon a course of improvement and enterprise, proving that she does not rely altogether upon the advantages of her fine bay and peerless climate.

*Soils*—The mesa lands, for the most part, have a reddish and very fertile soil. Near National City is a red clayey soil. El Cajon has loams resembling Riverside lands. Otay district is largely black adobe, very strong. Jamul and Janal are divided between black and gray adobe and sandy loam.

*Climate*—San Diegans are justly proud of the equable and delightful climate of the coast region of the county. At San Diego, during twenty years, of the 7,304 days 5,768 were clear or fair, and there were only 847 days in which rain fell. During seventeen years, out of the 6,205 days, there were only 199 when the temperature rose above eighty degrees and only 3 when it fell to 32 degrees. Farther inland the summer climate becomes warmer. On the desert it is very hot during the greater part of the year. In the higher mountain regions the climate is bracing, with some snow in winter, and a heavy rainfall. The average annual rainfall at San Diego City is 10 inches.

*Irrigation*—The irrigation systems of San Diego county are extensive, and the agricultural and horticultural resources have given some sections of it a

most enviable record throughout the country. In honey exports it surpasses San Bernardino, having shipped about 500 tons in 1892.

Stock-raising is extensively carried on in the upper altitudes, and in the mountain regions there is much mineral wealth, and, also, extensive tracts of valuable timber.

#### RIVERSIDE.

This county is formed of segregated portions of San Bernardino and San Diego counties, extending across the State from the ocean to the Colorado River. San Bernardino surrenders 590 square miles, and San Diego 6,418 square miles to form the new county. San Bernardino parts with the rich valleys and foothills of the southwest section, including the towns of Riverside, South Riverside, Alessandro, Beaumont and Banning. San Diego loses the district embracing Elsinore, San Jacinto, Winchester, Murietta and Fallbrook. The new county appropriates \$8,700,000 of San Bernardino assessment, and \$3,849,114 of San Diego, making a total assessed valuation of \$12,540,114.

*County Seat and Principal Towns*—Riverside is the county seat. It is almost a misnomer to call Riverside a city, as it is more strictly speaking a community of small horticultural farms surrounding a substantially built building center, brought under the rule of a single municipal government. This can be appreciated when it is stated that the city limits comprise 52 square miles, and that the city has at present a population of about 7,000 people.

South, West and East Riverside are three beautiful and progressive towns.

Beaumont is in the San Gorgonio Pass at an elevation of 2,600 feet, and extends from the San Bernardino mountain on the west to the desert region on the east. Six miles farther east lies Banning, which is a progressive and growing town. Moreno, Perris,

Hemet, Wildomar, Murrieta, Winchester and Indio are all in the new county, and with the promise of a rapid increase of population.

San Jacinto, the chief city of the San Jacinto plains, is well known through "H. H.'s" wondrous descriptions in "Ramona." It is a growing town, with lively and progressive newspapers, churches, schools and hotels.

Riverside comprises a large area of fertile land. Much of this territory is desert, but the majority of the eastern end of the county is susceptible of cultivation. In point of size, the county is about as large as the state of Massachusetts. The population numbers 13,745, mainly located in the northwestern portion. The northeastern portion is devoted almost entirely to citrus culture, while the vast area of the San Jacinto plains is devoted to agriculture pending the development of water for irrigation. Some idea of the extent of this industry may be obtained when it is stated that over 200,000 acres are now sown to grain, showing an average yield for the entire area of nearly 13 cwt. per acre or nearly 20 bushels, with a maximum yield in favored localities of from 30 to 45 bushels per acre. Nearly all this land is under first-class irrigation systems. The Bear Valley Water Company has extended its pipe lines to supply Perris, Alessandro and Moreno. The Riverside Construction Company is also developing artesian-water-bearing land, while the great Lake Hemet water system is bringing under irrigation a large portion of the magnificent alluvial land of the San Jacinto valley. The county has, therefore, just reached that stage of development where it only requires population to stimulate progress. The conditions which made Riverside the wealthiest city, per capita, in the United States, and perhaps in the world, are all present in this outlying territory, and its acquisition of wealth will be in ratio as its population increases.

The scenery is enchanting, especially in the famous San Jacinto valley, where the deep amethyst hue of the beautiful hills challenge the enthusiasm of all who behold them. The entire country is divided into broad valleys between low, irregular foot-hills crowned by the lofty San Jacinto mountains, whose highest crests are perpetually snow capped.

These mountains and foot-hills contain large mineral deposits, and mining is one of the most important industries of the region. Many large gold and silver bearing mines are in operation near Perris. Coal is also mined near Elsinore and South Riverside.

This region not only possesses remarkable climate and soil, but also has an abundance of water, and citrus and deciduous fruits, the fig and pomegranate, vegetables of mammoth proportions, alfalfa and all kinds of cereals may be grown on the same acre of ground with a great degree of success.



## CHAPTER V.

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### Irrigation in South California.

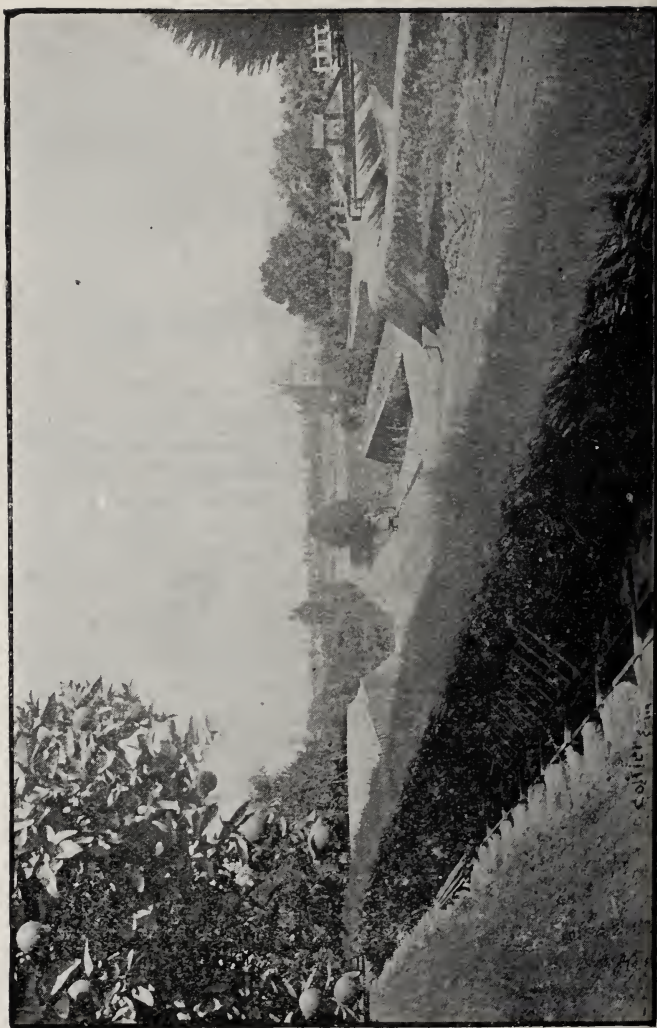
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He is but a poor reader of ancient literature, history and ruins, who does not therein find much food for thought on the subject of "irrigation." Palestine has many irrigation reservoirs and aqueducts today, which remain as a memorial of ancient irrigation systems. In Egypt, Syria, South America, China, India, Ceylon, Greece, Rome, Mexico, Arizona, are found the remains of extensive irrigation systems.

South California is the first country in modern times to restore the ancient methods, on improved plans, and thus compel the otherwise arid and barren soil to yield up its rich treasures of agricultural, horticultural and floral wealth. The last census reported that in California there were 13,732 persons who irrigated land to the extent of 1,004,233 acres, and a large proportion of these were in South California.

#### ADVANTAGES OF IRRIGATION.

The advantages of irrigation are now no longer a question for discussion. It is forever established that irrigation gives almost absolute control, and power of regulation over the moisture supply, to the owner of the land. In corn and alfalfa, as well as oranges and apricots, the advantages of a certain crop and larger



yield are secured by irrigation. Every farmer, who relies upon irrigation for the success of his endeavors, knows that the work of a season cannot be brought to nought by a week's drought. The elements and seasons are practically under his control. Another advantage is that the fertilizing properties, washed down from the mountains and held in solution by the water, are, by irrigation, properly distributed over the land for its enrichment and renovation.

The art of irrigation in South California has been brought to a higher state of perfection than it has ever attained in any other age, or any other part of the world. Indeed the marvellous growth of the country during the past fifteen years is almost entirely due to this one fact.

The processes of irrigation in South California may be classed under three heads: (1) Frequent irrigation with rare cultivation; (2) medium irrigation with medium cultivation; (3) rare irrigation with frequent cultivation. The first may be termed the method of the pioneer, the second the method of experience, the third the method resulting from education. The primitive Mexican farmer wasted as much water in growing a half acre of beans, corn and melons, as is now found ample to thoroughly irrigate twenty to forty acres of oranges or muscat grapes. The change has been brought about by experience, education, and a free use of the cultivator.

Anaheim, Riverside, Pasadena, Ontario, Pomona, Redlands, Highlands, Alessandro, Chula Vista, San Jacinto and many other cities and regions all owe their marvellous and unexampled prosperity, to the proper irrigation of the soil.

To attempt, in this 'Tourists' Guide, any description of the many irrigation systems of South California would be impossible, yet there are a few of them that all who are interested in the subject should endeavor to visit.

These are: The Bear Valley System, with a dam 60 feet high. This is situated in the San Bernardino mountains.

The Hemet System, is another great undertaking, in Riverside County, situated in the San Jacinto mountains, and, by many engineers, the dam of this system is considered the best built in America.

The Sweetwater Dam, in San Diego County, has been so often visited and described that it is world-



SOUTH CALIFORNIA ORANGE TREES.

renowned. It is the largest of its kind ever constructed, and its reservoir covers 700 acres, with a storage capacity of six billions of gallons.

The largest individual irrigation system to be found in South California in respect to the amount of water

employed and the territory covered is that of the Kern County Land Company. The water is from the Kern river and is taken out through 27 main canals of which the largest is 120 feet wide on top and 80 feet wide on the bottom and 6 feet deep. The system contains 300 miles of main canal and 1,100 miles of lateral, and controls a total water appropriation of 489,900 miner's inches, or 8,198 cubic feet. The Company owns 400,000 acres of fertile soil in the Kern Delta, and has under cultivation today, in alfalfa, vegetables and fruit, 97,000 acres, besides the many acres bought by settlers and also under cultivation. The Kern County Land Company is liberal in its dealings with settlers, and is doing excellent work at its experimental garden and farm.





## CHAPTER VI.

### Industries of South California

To attempt even a cursory survey of the many and varied industries of South California would occupy more than half the amount of pages of the TOURIST'S GUIDE. The whole matter has been carefully and thoughtfully treated by Mr. Harry Ellington Brook, in the *Land of Sunshine*, a pamphlet published by the Southern California Bureau of Information, and copies of which may be obtained by addressing the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles. Those of my readers, therefore, who are interested in the subject are urged to send for a copy of this pamphlet and open up correspondence with the energetic and efficient secretary of the Chamber, Mr. C. D. Willard.

## CHAPTER VII.

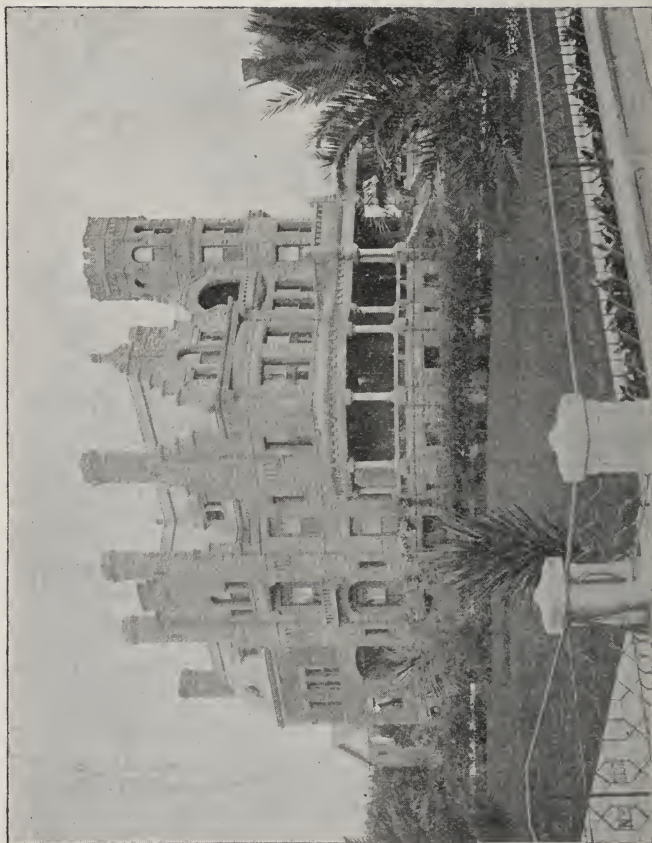
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### Los Angeles—the Metropolis of South California.

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*Ciudad de la Reina de Los Angeles*, (City of the Queen of the Angels) picturesque in name as in location, the verdure of whose shady streets and flowery lawns is forever green, and whose invigorating atmosphere, beautiful homes and business enterprise charm and attract alike the visitor, the sojourner and the resident, is, in size, the second city in California, but believed by many of its ardent friends destined to become the largest and most important city of the Pacific Coast.

The very name, Los Angeles, has, in the last few years become a talisman to attract from all quarters of our common country and from foreign lands, tourists, health seekers and investors in large and ever increasing numbers. Its rapid increase in population, independent of any fleeting influences, attests the strength of the attractions that the city and surrounding country offer. In 1880 its inhabitants numbered a trifle over 11,000; in 1890, somewhat over 50,000; while to-day, a conservative estimate,



STIMSON MANSION, LOS ANGELES.

based upon the school and directory canvasses, places the number within the corporate limits at 65,000 or, including what may be termed the overflow immediately beyond the limits, at over 70,000.

#### FOUNDATION OF THE CITY.

More than a hundred years ago the town was founded, but, born in romance and cradled in dreamy ease, it passed the first fifty years of its existence in a quiet indolence that gave little promise of a future greatness, or of its present commercial importance.

Yet, the fathers of the old San Gabriel Mission chose wisely when in 1781 they located the pueblo. Twelve Mexican soldiers of the Mission guard, whose terms of service had expired, and who, with their families were too much in love with the country and its climate to return to their earlier homes, were the first settlers of the infant town. It was on the 7th of September, 1781, that Governor Felipe de Neve issued the order from the San Gabriel Mission, establishing a town or pueblo at the present site of Los Angeles, to be under the protection of *Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles*, and there these twelve soldiers, turning their spears into pruning hooks, began to build a town and plant orchards and vineyards.

#### GROWTH OF THE CITY.

Very slow indeed was the growth of the town for fifty, yea for eighty years. The opening of the Santa Fe trail, in 1831, first brought commercial activity within its borders. It brought the overland teamster and the store and warehouse to furnish the supplies for the interior between the Rockies and the Pacific. In 1835, it had become the Capital of California. Nine years later, during the war with Mexico, it formed the center of warlike operations between the scant Mexican soldiery and citizens and the handful of United States troops

under Commodore R. F. Stockton and General J. C. Fremont, as before recounted.

At that time the inhabitants of this, the metropolis of the coast, numbered but a trifle over 2,000 souls. Gold was first discovered in California in Los Angeles county some 35 miles from the city, but neither this nor yet the tremendous excitement that followed the discovery of gold near San Francisco and the overland migration of the days of '49, served to effect to any considerable extent the growth or prosperity of the "City of the Queen of the Angels." Adobe houses and mud streets were good enough as yet for its drowsy people.

In 1860 the population had increased to 4,300, of whom some 500 only were Americans. Seventeen years later the Southern Pacific Railway built its line from San Francisco to Los Angeles; overland rail connection followed and the city began to throw off its ancient lethargy and to rise to the natural advantages of its location. In 1885 a second transcontinental line—the Santa Fe—arrived, giving direct rail connection with Chicago and the East, and thenceforth the city has grown, is still growing, and will doubtlessly continue to grow, with giant strides. The impetus given by the influx of so much fresh blood and so much new business as followed the advent of the Santa Fe Railway brought on a speculative fever that resulted in a wild mania for inflating values to unheard of heights. This phase is generally known and referred to as "The Boom."

The visitor who came here ten years, five years, or even three years ago, will find remarkable conditions existing in a city supposed to be suffering from a collapsed "boom." Where formerly were muddy or dusty streets he will find smooth asphaltum or granite block pavements. Where once he picked his way gingerly over the rough plank walk or no-walk-at-all, he now glides along over the smoothest of





cement sidewalks. Splendid business blocks greet his eye, the old two and three story buildings in the business quarter giving way to magnificent blocks of five and six and seven stories, such as grace the larger cities of the east. In every way Los Angeles is more than keeping pace with her most modernized eastern rivals, and in many ways excelling them all.

Not many cities of her size and youth, for remember,—but a few years since Los Angeles was a small town of scarce 5,000 people,—a collection of adobe or frame one-story buildings, with only occasionally one rising to the dignity of a two-storied mansion,—not many towns of her age, thus considered, can boast of 97 miles of graveled roadway; of over 90 miles of cement or artificial stone sidewalk; of 70 miles of street railway, 35 miles of which are electric and 21 miles cable traction; of a complete system of electric lighting, “the best lighted city on the continent;” of as fine a system of public and private schools and school buildings as grace any city of 100,000 population in the world; of attractions climatic, scenic and hygienic unequalled by any city in the world.

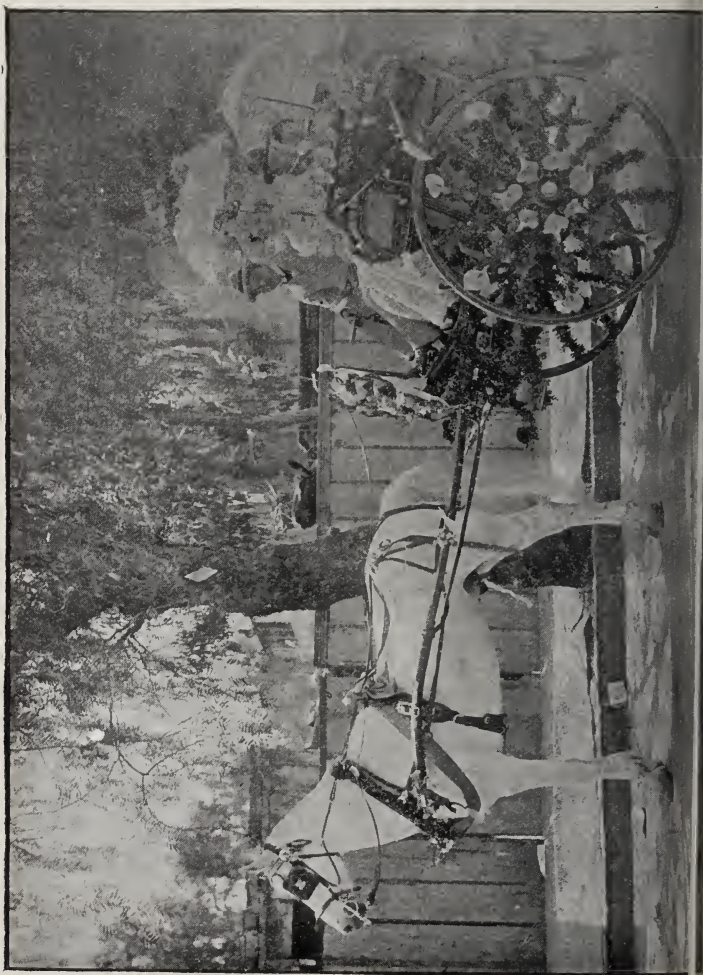
But then, Los Angeles is favored by nature and by her location as is no other city. Situated midway between the ocean and the mountains which lie in plain view of one another and both in plain sight of the Angelenos, or citizen of Los Angeles, having three ports of entry for shipping, and being the largest railway centre in the State, she is in a position to control a vast commerce, to secure the trade of a great number of tributary towns that are springing up as the surrounding valleys are being settled, and become the entrepot for the vast oriental trade that will ultimately seek the shortest, easiest and cheapest route to the great markets of the Mississippi and Atlantic States, as well as for the coast-wise traffic that is likely to assume enormous proportions with the opening of the Nicaragua canal.

## LOCATION OF THE CITY.

Los Angeles lies on both sides of the Los Angeles River, her streets, in the main, following the direction of the stream or at right angles thereto. This fact often bewilders the visitor, who finds himself unable to locate clearly the points of the compass. The general trend is to the Northeast and Southwest. North means towards the Sierra Madre, a range of mountains which is always visible from nearly any point of the city, while East means across the river. Keeping these cardinal points in mind, one need never be "muddled" as regards direction. The city proper, i. e. its main business portion, lies west of the river (Northwest to speak accurately) as do also those interesting portions known as Sonoratown, or the old Mexican quarter (this is reached by going directly towards the Mountains on either of the main business thoroughfares) and Chinatown, both of which no tourist or visitor should fail to visit. Across the River are Boyle Heights and East Los Angeles, which offer attractions as residence sections in their quiet, and their greater altitudes and views. Some handsome residences, fine streets and parks are to be found over here that well repay a visit. The hilly region in the northwestern part of the city, that offers admirable sites for fine homes, because of the clearer atmosphere, cooler breezes and far surpassing view, has not as yet been utilized thus to any great extent, the tendency of growth for fine homes being toward the southwest,—toward the Ocean. Along Figueroa, Adams, Washington, Hope, Olive, Hill and Flower Streets will be found most of the modern homes of elegance and wealth, although many of these are scattered in isolated places in all parts of the city.

## LOS ANGELES PARKS.

In this section, too, i. e., the Southwest, are to be found the best developed and most visited of the nine





city parks. Here is the Sixth Street Park, the oldest, best-improved, and yet one of the smallest of the public resorts. It is within walking distance of the principal hotels and is a delightful place in which to rest, in the shade of its numerous trees, or saunter along its graveled walks, drinking in the perfume of the flowers that bloom all the year round, admiring the rich foliage that is always green, or watch the banana trees in blossom or fruitage, or perchance, see a century plant extend its great flower stock heavenward. Another small, but pretty park is St. James' Park, on Adams Street, between Figueroa and Hoover. It covers between two and three acres, dotted with flowers and shrubs, with asphalt walks between. A more pretentious and extensive park is at the end of the Seventh Street Cable Road. It is called West Lake Park, and is, perhaps the most popular park in the city. It comprises 35 acres, has a fine lake with boats,—a pavilion and band music, is graced with trees, flowers, shrubs, and drives. It is a general resort, especially on Sunday afternoons all the year round.

In East Los Angeles, is what is known as the East Side Park of 50 acres, fairly well improved. Growing bamboos, palms, and rare trees attract and please the visitor. Here also are the Conservatories or propagating houses that supply the shrubs and flowers for all the public parks. Roses, orchids, lilies and many other flowers are in blossom here during the winter and spring. It is best reached by the two-horse car lines that start from the Plaza.

Prospect Park is a small park at Brooklyn Heights, at the extreme eastern limits of the city. On Boyle Heights is Hollenbeck Park, 30 acres in extent, partly improved. It fronts the Hollenbeck homestead, which is just east of the Orphan's Home,—the most conspicuous building as one looks across the river.

Echo Park, on Bellevue avenue in the north part of



the city should be visited. It comprises thirty acres, a large part of which is taken up by the lake. The view from the terraces surrounding this lake is superb. But the park of parks that is to be, is Elysian Park, which covers 560 acres of hill and ravine. Its improvement has scarcely begun as yet, and not much



CHINESE KINDERGARTEN SCENE. LOS ANGELES.

else than that which nature imparts, need be expected. Several hundred thousand trees,—shade trees, palms, etc.,—have been planted, and a drive way five miles long constructed. This park is capable of being transformed into one of the most beautiful parks in the country. The Plaza, at the junction of New Main and Upper Main streets, is also cared for by the city,

and forms a dainty bit of a breathing spot in the very heart of the city that will be more appreciated as the town grows older and the population denser. Fronting it to the west is the old Mission church within the shelter of whose ancient walls the faithful, swarthy dons and the gay senioritas still meet in pious fervor to receive the blessing of the priest and listen to the singing of the time-honored chants.



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

## CHINATOWN.

At the opposite side of the Plaza a very different scene meets the gaze, for there is Chinatown, where some three hundred Chinese are huddled together. One should hear the Chinese band play on the veranda, as it often does about noon-time, and also visit the Chinese theatre at night. When seeing Chinatown,

especially at night, it is advisable to go in the company of some friend who understands the heathen's ways, or with a policeman. For, to a stranger, John is non-committal. You may come and you may go, but John will not show you the way, nor understand you nor talk to you. You would be likely to come away without seeing nearly all you went to see.

Near the Plaza, too, is the home of the last Mexican governor of California, Don Pio Pico, who once owned many of the most valuable buildings and lots in the city, and who, from the Plaza as headquarters, exercised authority over a vast realm. Here, until 1894, when he died, he passed in a mild poverty, his remaining days. Many tales the Ex-Governor used to relate of old-time days and happenings that centered about the old Pico House, across the way, on Main street.

#### CITY BUILDINGS.

A little more than two blocks south from the Plaza stood the old County Court House, a relic of *ye-olde-time*, around which congregated the fakirs, the street arabs, and the peripatetic street lecturers. No better contrast between the old and the new could have been presented, than between the old Court House and its surroundings, and the new Court House on Temple street, only a couple of blocks northward. This old building was taken down in the end of 1894. The new Court House is a model every way,—substantial, clean, convenient, modern. Buildings and grounds, with their granite retaining wall, with appointments and all complete, represent an outlay of about \$1,000,000, yet many a county has spent \$2,000,000 on its court house, and has less to show for it.

The City Hall, on Broadway, near Second, is another public building of which the Angelenos are proud. It cost about \$200,000. In this building are the Public Library and Free Reading Room. The

library has about 40,000 volumes and a circulation of over 300,000 a year. The use of the books is free to all and so generally patronized under the liberal and able management of the librarian, Miss Tessa L. Kelso, that additional room will soon be imperative, and a movement is well under way to erect a combined library and museum building equal to the wants and needs of this growing, intellectual community.



CITY HALL, LOS ANGELES.

In schools, both public and private, and in churches, Los Angeles is equalled by few cities of her size. These will be more fully treated of in their respective chapters.

#### LOS ANGELES ORPHAN ASYLUM.

As one gazes across the river from the depots, or hotels, or business streets, or the heights back of them, the most conspicuous object that meets his eye is the large four-story brick of the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum. It is a fine building, and of a size

that will surprise the visitor who takes the trouble of crossing to Boyle Avenue to see it. As you look from the city you see the rear of the building. It stands in a field of some nine or ten acres, not yet improved to any extent. The building was erected in 1891-2 at a cost of \$150,000 by Architects Curlett & Eisen, and for light, for roomy freedom, for thorough ventilation and all that makes such a place desirable, it is unsurpassed. It is supported in part by the State and by the general charities of the Catholic Church and the income from day pupils or boarders.



BRADBURY BUILDING, LOS ANGELES.

The Los Angeles Infirmary, on Beaudry Avenue, near Temple street, presided over by the Sisters of Charity, occupies, likewise, a large and commodious building, where visitors are always welcomed. From any of the hills near this point looking toward the Sierra Madre Range can be seen the massive buildings of the County Hospital.

#### SOME CITY INDUSTRIES.

Los Angeles is not great in factories, although she boasts of some 200 or over, including a new smelter and a rolling mill plant which are being erected. The



slaughter of the hog, however, may be witnessed in all its modern and scientific perfection, as well as it may be in Chicago, at the new Cudahy Packing House, located close to the tracks of the Southern California R. R. (the Santa Fe), a quarter of a mile east of the depot. It will interest many to visit the factory, occupying the large brick block of Bishop & Co., at Alameda and Seventh streets, where is the



STIMSON BLOCK, LOS ANGELES

largest and finest establishment in the United States for crystalizing fruits. It will surprise the Eastern visitor to learn that in the best candy stores of Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other eastern cities may be seen the products of this South California manufactory. The inquisitive eye, interested in food products, meets very frequently in Los Angeles, the announcement over shop doors and windows, of the

"Original Meek's Bread," and if he wishes to see a model bakery, that of the Meek's, on Olive street, near Seventh, is not surpassed, except in size, by any in the United States.

#### HISTORIC HOUSES.

Among other points of interest to the stranger is the old home of General Fremont, on Main street, corner of Carr. The old one-story adobe still remains intact and practically unaltered. At one end a vendor of fuel and feed occupies the place; at the opposite end is quartered an artist, painting on native woods. But scores of visitors come almost daily, during the winter season, to see the old, thick, adobe wall where the Path-finder made his home. General Winfield Scott Hancock also resided at one time in Los Angeles. In 1859 his friend, E. C. Thorn, afterwards city Mayor, built for Captain Hancock, what was then, the only brick house in the town. It was a one-story cottage with wide veranda, situated on Main street, near Third. A day's visit among these old relics, and the flat-roofed, dreamy houses of Sonora town, gives one a peculiar zest to enjoy the blocks in the present business quarter, that mark the Yankee enterprise, and point so powerfully to the line between him and his Mexican confrere.

Los Angeles is well provided with hotels, but there are some which require especial mention. I offer no apology for explicit and full accounts of each of these hotels, for, to inform the tourist of the chief places which make his stay in the city enjoyable, is surely strictly within the province of such a work as this. The hotels to be referred to are "The Nadeau," "The Hollenbeck," and "The Westminster."

**The Westminster Hotel** is situated on the corner of Fourth and Main streets, where the electric cars and the Main street horse cars constantly pass. The Westminster has a peculiar and distinctly literary and professional clientage, it being largely patronized by the medical, legal, ministerial and other professions, as well as by general tourists and families.

Its bed-rooms are modern, large, well ventilated, well warmed and convenient in every way. A large number of them are *en suite* and are provided with private bath-rooms.

The parlors and writing rooms are much larger and more convenient than is usual, and are arranged with a view to the larger comfort of those who use them.

The dining-room offers as elaborate and full menu for each meal as any other hotel in South California or elsewhere, and the excellence of the food provided has already become proverbial.

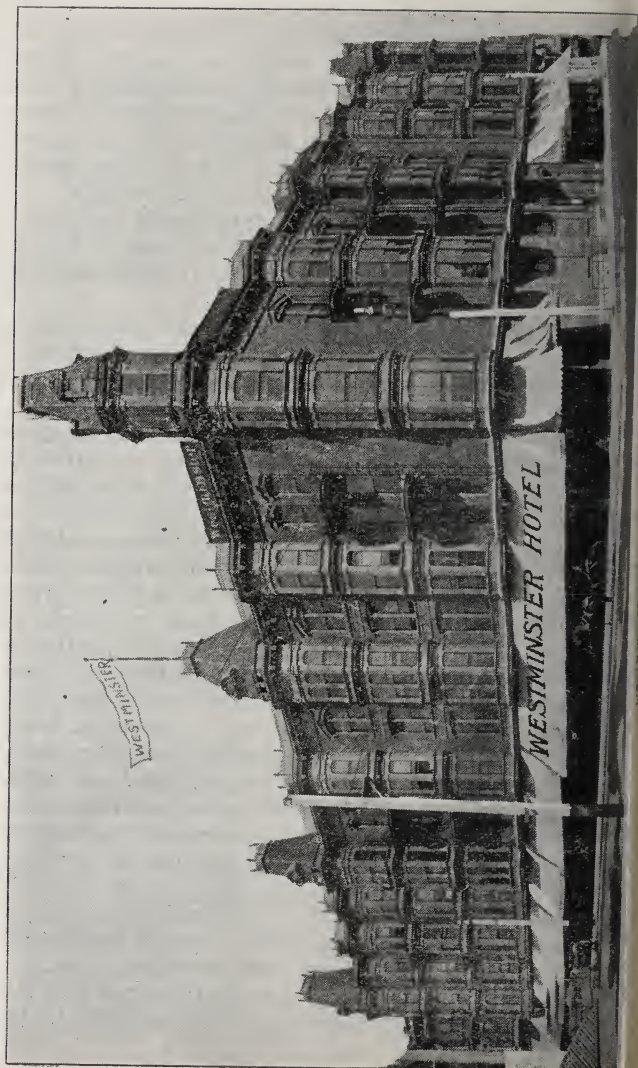
The proprietors of the Westminster, Messrs. Potter & Johnson, are two young men, who, with advanced modern ideas and quick intuitions as to the present day requirements in a first-class hotel, have studiously set about to provide them for the advantage of their patrons. Their indefatigable energy and persistent methods have been successful, and to-day the Westminster ranks as one of the leading hotels in the West.

The banquets given by the Westminster are regarded as models even by the leading hotel men of the State, and in many other respects it sets the standard.

Tourists, families, and all others may rest assured of the best of treatment at the Westminster.

#### STIMSON AND BRADBURY BLOCKS.

The Stimson Block, at the corner of Spring and Third streets, built of steel, iron and terra cotta, at a cost of half a million dollars, would grace a city five times the size of Los Angeles. It was erected by Mr.





T. D. Stimson, erstwhile a lumberman in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Chicago, who thought this region good enough for the transference of his affection, his enterprise and his wealth. He is credited with being a multi-millionaire, because he built himself a residence of stone on Figueroa street that cost \$190,000. He bought the old Oneida Block on Spring, between Third and Fourth; the Brodie Block, at Second and Spring; the Hellman Block, built the Allen flats at Seventh and Spring, bought the property on Third and Broadway opposite the new Bradbury Block, and built the magnificent office building that bears his name. Be it so. It is one thing for a man to own millions, another thing for him to prove his faith in the town of his adoption by practical investment of those millions in the town.

The Bradbury Block, on the corner of Third and Broadway, is another great office building whose erection cost the owners \$500,000. The Bradbury mansion, or residence, on Hill and Court streets, is one of the handsomest residences to be found, and is superbly located. The view, overlooking the city, the ocean, the mountains, the valleys and distant towns and hamlets, is scarcely equalled. It is worth climbing the steep street, or the still steeper 100 stairs on Broadway, to see. A grand view is also obtained from Lookout Hill, near Westlake Park, or from the tower of the county Court House, or that of the High School.

**The Nadeau Hotel** has long been known as one of the leading family, business and tourist hotels of South California. It is the only hotel in the city that all lines of street cars pass, and therefore is the most convenient to all its patrons. It has 200 elegantly furnished rooms, 60 suites with bath, supplied with all the modern improvements, and has just completed extensive renovations and enlargements, as well as refurnishing throughout from roof to basement. It is



supplied with the latest designed passenger and freight elevators.

Considering the fact that it is a first-class house, its rates are exceedingly low, and this, combined with its many attractions, its central and convenient location, render it a most desirable place for tourists and others whilst visiting the metropolis of South California.

It is conducted on both the European and American plan, as desired, the Cafe being situated on the



THE NADEAU HOTEL, LOS ANGELES.

First street ground floor of the Hotel, with entrances through the office and reading room.

Every luxury of the season is furnished for the table. Those who wish can here live cheaply, and the epicurean can have his most exacting wants supplied. Meals are served a la carte and table d'hôte.

Owing to the fact that a branch office of the Western Union is located in the lobby, the Nadeau's guests have the advantage of quick telegraphic communication with all parts of the world.

The Los Angeles Transfer Company, which han-

bles nearly all the passengers and baggage arriving and leaving the city, has its offices and storerooms opposite the Nadeau.

Under the present management of Colonel H. W. Chase and Mr. C. L. Whipple, the reputation of "The Nadeau" has constantly been enhanced. Colonel Chase is a most popular hotel man and is the "Toastmaster" of the Southern California Hotel Association. His partner, Mr. Whipple, is also most favorable known, and together these gentlemen make accomplished hosts, whose chief pleasure is the comfort of their guests.

#### TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Six railway lines connect the city with the world about. Two are trans-continental trunk lines. Three of them operate each several branch lines, all centering at Los Angeles. The Redondo road, the San Gabriel Valley, and the Los Angeles and Santa Monica, are short local lines. The main business is transacted by the Southern California (Santa Fe system), the Southern Pacific and the Los Angeles Terminal Railways. The "Kite-shaped track" of the Southern California R. R. is of great interest to visitors, as the chapter on that ride fully shows. The Los Angeles Terminal Railway, in conjunction with the Mount Lowe Railway, gives direct and rapid rail connection from the summit of the highest mountains to the ocean beach and ports of entry.

Six roads run between the city and the ocean, a seventh is soon to follow, while an electric line is to be constructed in the near future. It can be but a few years until the region between the City and the Pacific Ocean will be largely occupied by dwellings and villas, the homes of Los Angeles business men, manufacturers and others. It will then be, practically, but one continuous city from the briny shores of the still great



ocean to the answering quiet of the grand old mountains.

#### CEMETERIES.

Cemeteries? Yes, every city has its cemeteries, but Los Angeles enjoys the distinction of being the only city west of the Rockies having in operation a crematory, where those who so desire may have their remains incinerated, and their ashes preserved or scattered to the winds, or cast in solemn state into the keeping of Old Ocean.

#### HAMMAM BATHS.

It should not be overlooked that in all those establishments which mark the metropolitan and cosmopolitan city, Los Angeles is not one whit behind the great cities of the East. The comforts and luxuries are provided for, as well as the needs, and foremost amongst these is the Hammam Baths Establishment, where the most enjoyable, soothing and strengthening baths may be had. The building itself is especially appropriate for its designed purpose, and the baths given by efficient operators under skillful supervision.

#### CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

One of the most important places for the visitor to see, is the Chamber of Commerce, whose display is presented in a new and commodious building on the corner of Fourth Street and South Broadway. This permanent exhibit of products is the largest and most attractive to be found anywhere in the state, and is a condensed object lesson that no thoughtful visitor can afford to ignore. The Directors of the Chamber of Commerce are men of untiring energy, and great faith in the natural resources of the State, and have demonstrated their faith by heavy investments in the land, industries and buildings of the country. Their plans are admirably and successfully furthered and







carried out under the direction of the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. C. D. Willard, whose promptness, willingness and satisfactoriness in the answering of the innumerable questions of those who write, or come to him for information, is testified to by many thousands of people from almost every state in the Union.

**The Hollenbeck.**—Second in order of erection, but second in nothing else, is the Hollenbeck Hotel, which, under the efficient management of Mr. A. C. Bilicke, has gained a national reputation. Mr. Bilicke has brought to the management of his hotel methods and plans entirely his own, and these have succeeded admirably in attracting, and, better still, retaining a large and increasing patronage.

"The Hollenbeck" has been, for many years, completely identified with the progressive business life of Los Angeles. Situated in the heart of the city is the block upon which the most prominent building is the Hollenbeck. From this center radiates all the principal streets and pulsates the traffic and business activity of the city. At this junction of Spring and Second streets are the leading business houses of the city. The Hollenbeck is on one corner; diagonally across is the Burdick Block, in which are the ticket and freight offices of the Southern Pacific Company; opposite this is the Bryson Block, one of the large business blocks of the city.

Here the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric line of street cars, with more than twenty miles of track, center and transfer from one division of their lines to another, and at First and Spring streets, one block north, the Cable branch of the same company, with nearly or quite an equal extent of track, transfers its passengers to the East Side and Boyle Heights. On these immediate corners and within a radius of one block are centered also nearly all the large banks of the city. Directly opposite is "The Herald" office, one of the

leading daily papers in South California, and on other corners of the same block with The Hollenbeck are the First Presbyterian Church and the Public Library.

Under its present liberal management the Hollenbeck has been completely renovated and refitted throughout. Modern and luxurious in all its appointments—in the heart of the city—easy of access from all sections—in close proximity to cable and electric cars—managed solely for the comfort and enjoyment of its guests—its Dining-hall, Cafe and Grill Room the acknowledged standards of the city—its attaches widely known for their urbane courtesy—patronized alike by refined, cultivated tourists and progressive business men, its increasing patronage is proof abundant of its growing popularity.

The Hollenbeck Cafe has recently been entirely remodelled, and decorated. It is now the largest and most elegant business and family cafe in South California, and the high reputation it has gained is already attracting an ever-increasing number of patrons.

The Hollenbeck also has a private banquet hall, and here have been entertained such distinguished guests as President Harrison, the late King Kalakaua, and Vice-President Stevenson with large accompanying parties. All of these, as well as many other distinguished guests, expressed themselves as especially delighted with their entertainment, for it surpassed in elegance and sumptuousness any they had experienced in the West.

The whole gastronomic department of The Hollenbeck is under the careful and experienced management of Mr. J. E. Aull, who, for many years, has been engaged in public catering.

#### STREET CAR LINES OF LOS ANGELES.

The Street Car System of Los Angeles is of more than ordinary metropolitan excellence, and, therefore,

# THE HOLLENBECK



A.C. Bilicke & Co.  
PROPRIETORS.  
LOS ANGELES.

THE BEST APPOINTED HOTEL  
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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THE HOLLENBECK

is deserving of extended mention. With the exception of the Temple Street Cable line, which extends from Main and Spring Streets to the western outskirts of the city, and of the Main and Jefferson Streets Horse Car line, the whole of the street cars of the city, electric, cable and horse, are owned and operated by the Los Angeles Consolidated Electric Railway Co., of which M. H. Sherman is President, E. P. Clarke, Vice-President and General Manager, and J. J. Akin, Superintendent. The head-offices of the Company are at the Electric Power-House on the corners of Central Avenue and Wilde Street.

This Company own and operate lines in Los Angeles as follows: Electric 35 miles, Cable 21 miles, Horse 14 miles. The first Horse Car line franchise was granted in July, 1873; the present Cable line franchise in July, 1887; the present Electric line franchise in September, 1890. The Cable road was opened June 8, 1889, and on July 4, 1891, amid great public rejoicing, the Electric Car system was set in successful operation. The following table of passengers carried will show the growth of travel on the lines since 1889.

Cable and Horse Lines.....	1889	5,145,000
“ “ .....	1890	6,650,000
“ “ .....	1891	7,494,000
Electric, Cable and Horse Lines ...	1892	10,929,000
“ “ “ .....	1893	11,869,000

On October 4, 1893, the Cable lines were purchased by the Consolidated Electric Company, and the two systems are now operated under one management. The Company, (in 1894), is employing 485 men, and the amount of wages paid monthly, sums up to the handsome total of \$23,970.00.

The Company has four power houses, located as follows. The principal one is on the corner of Central Avenue and Wilde Street, and is a model building of brick. Here current is generated, by the most



modern Westinghouse and Edison machinery, for the operation of all the Electric lines. The Main Cable Power House, from which three cables are operated, is located on the southwest corner of Grand Avenue and Seventh Street. Two other Cable Power Houses are situated, one in East Los Angeles and one on Boyle Heights.



PALM DRIVE, LOS ANGELES.

The latest improved Cable machinery is used in operating the Cable Division,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch crucible steel cable being used. There is a balcony at each of the power houses where visitors are welcome, from which they can see the working of the principal machinery.

The map of Los Angeles, at the end of this Guide Book is especially prepared for this work; it is not only



a clear and reliable street map of the city, but also shows the location of the street car lines. The blue represent the Electric and Horse Car lines, it being now in contemplation to "electrize" the latter very speedily. The red show the Cable lines. From the map it will be seen that all the Railway Depots are reached by the street cars, as well as all the principal hotels.

#### HOW TO SEE LOS ANGELES ON A STREET CAR.

We will suppose the visitor to be at one of the principal hotels in the city. An afternoon can most enjoyably be spent on the East Los Angeles division. Take the Electric or Cable car. If the former, see that it is marked "University and East Los Angeles," and is going East. If the latter, the one bearing the legend "City Limits" and going in the same direction. Ask the conductor to stop for you at the Plaza, and a ride of a few blocks will bring you there. Step into the old Mission Church (described in the chapter on Missions). Then enjoy the quiet beauty of the Plaza before you go into Chinatown. Of course a party should be made up in visiting Chinatown, but in the daytime one is quite safe. After the abodes of the "Celestials" have been explored, a short walk of two or three blocks brings you to the old adobe buildings of "Sonora Town," described fully in the chapter on Los Angeles. Now take the *Electric* car which speedily whirls you past Calvary Cemetery, past the entrance to Elysian Park, which will well repay a visit, across the Los Angeles river to East Los Angeles, one of the residence suburbs of the city.

Another afternoon can be profitably spent in going to West Los Angeles on the "University" electric cars. Take the car on Spring street, going south through the business part of the city, passing banks, hotels, business blocks, theatres, churches, stores, etc. on Spring street, to Tenth, Estrella Avenue, etc. Ge

off on Washington street, at the corner of Figueroa, and if a walk of a few blocks is not objectionable, pass along south until Adams street is reached. Two or three blocks here in these two and near-by streets, reveal the most attractive and handsome residence portion of Los Angeles. Walk down Adams street



IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

until the electric car is again reached at Hoover street, and a few minutes can well be spent in examining either the exterior or interior of the beautiful "Casa de Rosas," a private school conducted by M. and Madame Claverie. On the car once more the conductor, if requested, will point out the "little red house" on the corner of Twenty-eighth street, where resides

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont. The University, a few blocks further along, is well worth a visit, and then a return to the hotel may be made.

The *Cable* road offers on its Boyle Heights division an enjoyable ride. Take the *Cable* car marked "Boyle Heights" on First street or Broadway. Los Angeles street, the leading wholesale business street of the city, is crossed, and the Santa Fe R. R. depot passed. Crossing the Los Angeles river on a substantial steel bridge, a fine view of the Sierra Madre range is generally to be had, and the Hotels, Observatory, Search Light, etc., may be seen at the summit of the Great Cable Incline of the Mount Lowe Railway on Echo Mountain. On the other side of the bridge is the Los Angeles Terminal R. R. depot. A few more minutes and Boyle Heights, another residence suburb of the city is reached. Passing the Cable Power House the terminus is found at Evergreen Cemetery. The return to the city is made on the same car, and, if time permits, the visitor may retain his seat when he reaches his starting point and ride on down Broadway, passing on the way the Y. M. C. A., First Presbyterian Church, City Hall, First Methodist, Unitarian, Trinity Methodist, First Baptist and other churches, Bradbury Block, Chamber of Commerce, the Armory, etc., to Seventh street. Here, at the junction with the Grand Avenue line, the main cable power house is passed, and the ride continues through another residence portion of the city until Westlake Park is reached. This exquisite "conservatory of the poor" is beautified with a placid sheet of water, from which the park gains its name. Italian skies with Algerian weather combine to produce trees, shrubs, flowers, rare exotics, which in any other country (except of course in the tropics), are only seen in the conservatories of the rich. Several afternoons can well be spent, even by the casual tourist, enjoying the delights of this park—boating,—there is a fine boat-house, studying the

rare flowers and shrubs, visiting the menagerie, and on Sunday afternoons (*winter and summer*) listening to a first-class band of twenty performers, discoursing classical and popular music.

The return from Westlake Park may be made on the *Electric* cars, which, on returning, pass through and over the "hilly" section of the city, where those interested or curious, may visit the oil wells recently discovered. This car takes the visitor to several elevated points—or where they are of easy access—from which excellent views may be obtained of the outlying country, the ocean, the valleys, the foot-hills and the majestic mountains.

Another enjoyable ride is on the Downey Avenue *Cable* car, passing through the principal retail district, by the banks—old Pico House, built by and named after the last Mexican Governor of California who died in 1894—The Plaza—through Sonora Town, and then across the steel viaduct, 1,600 feet in length, over the Southern Pacific R. R. tracks, which cost \$70 000.00 and has called forth enthusiastic commendation from a number of leading scientific journals for its easy and skilful overcoming of a somewhat difficult engineering problem. Passing along down San Fernando Street, leaving the old "River Station" of the S. P. R. R., the Yards and Shops, the Freight Depot, etc., to the left, another steel bridge over the Los Angeles River is crossed, thence along Downey Avenue, East Los Angeles is reached. Here the third cable power house of the Company is passed, the retail stores, etc., of East Los Angeles until the terminus is reached at Pritchard Street.

The return is made on the same car, and the journey may be continued through Los Angeles, as before, until Grand Avenue is reached. Here the car passes the shops of the Company, through a well-built-up residence section to the Depot of the Redondo Railway.

A number of other rides may be taken, viz., Vernon Ave., Maple Ave., and Pico Heights all on the *Electric* lines, and Washington Street *Horse Car* line, connecting with the *Electric* car at Washington Street and Estrella Ave.

The Temple Street Cable car, connects with the Cahuenga Valley R. R. and this affords a most interesting and enjoyable ride down Temple Street, and into the frostless belt of the Cahuenga.

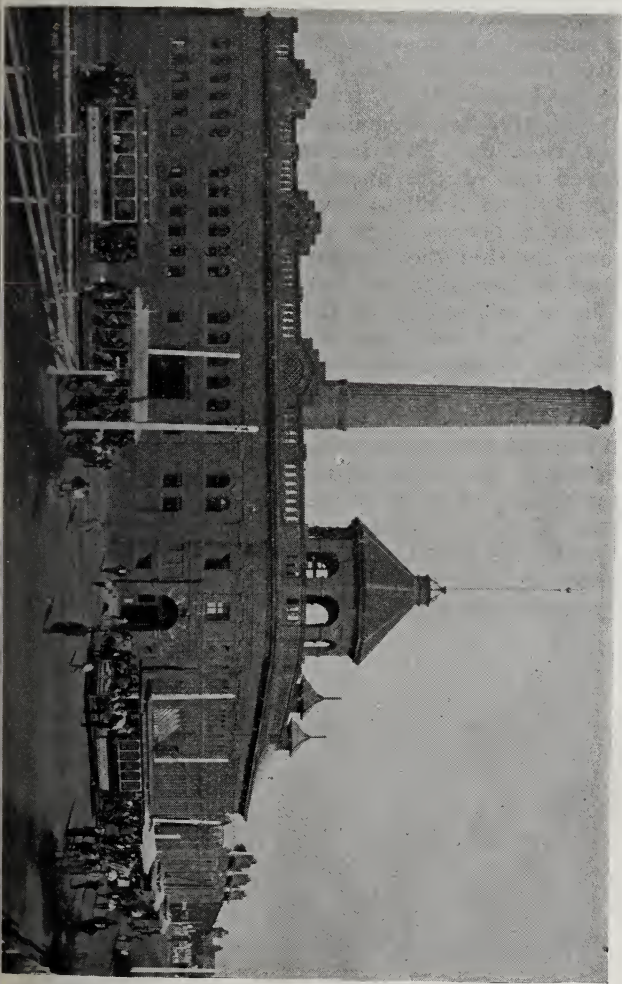


LOS ANGELES COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

What more can the tourist want? To ride through a city of which it has truthfully been written: "The citizens of Los Angeles, aided by nature, have made their city more gloriously beautiful than Paris could ever be."

And all this with but trivial expense. But "drop a nickle in the slot," say where you want to go, keep your eyes and ears open, and the street railway companies of Los Angeles "will do the rest."



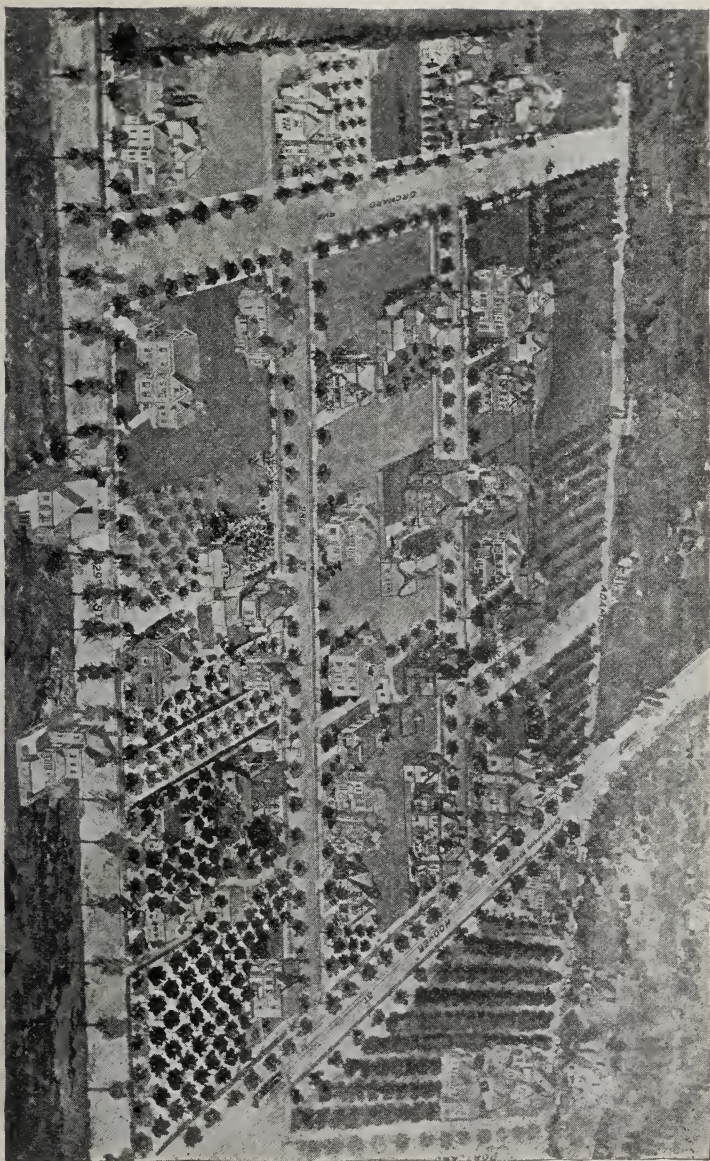


## LOS ANGELES.

Before closing our chapter on Los Angeles we feel prompted to draw the attention of the tourist to what is perhaps the most beautiful residence section of the city—the Harper Tract, which we have just passed on the University electric car.

Shortly after the collapse of the so-called boom, the owners of this land began to realize that they possessed one of the finest residence properties in the city, and set about to interest the class of people they desired to occupy their property. It was about five years ago that they began to improve the neighborhood, and so apparent have been the advantages and delights of residing in that section of the city, that very little of the Tract remains unbuilt upon. Mrs. General Fremont was one of the first to recognize the charms of this section, and her picturesque home was built in the Tract. Many of the most prominent and influential men of Los Angeles reside here, and have vied with each other in erecting tasteful and charming homes. A walk through the Harper Tract cannot but prove of great interest to every visitor to Los Angeles, as illustrative of what can be accomplished in South California in the short space of five years in creating a beautiful home centre.

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE HARPER TRACT





LOS ANGELES.

## SAVINGS BANK OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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The leading savings bank of Southern California is the institution that bears that name, and we advise tourists of its location, No. 152 North Spring Street, corner Court. This Bank has merited and received a large patronage by reason of the conservative course it has followed and the courteous treatment its officers and employees have always extended to those entering its doors. The officers and directors of the bank are the following well-known business men and financiers: Mr. J. H. Braly, Pres.; Mr. Simon Maier, Vice-Pres.; Mr. W. D. Woolwine, Cashier; Mr. C. N. Hasson, Mr. Frank A. Gibson, Mr. W. C. Patterson, Mr. R. W. Poindexter, Mr. J. M. Elliott, Mr. H. Jevne and Mr. A. H. Braly, Secretary. These names constitute a sufficient guarantee for the good standing of the bank. In its safe deposit department, vaults are constructed of the best chrome steel, and modeled after the latest improved devices. Here are provided tastefully furnished rooms, with pens, ink and stationery, where comfort and privacy are afforded for the free use of patrons. These safety boxes may be had at the small rental of three dollars and upward yearly. It transacts a general savings bank business, paying the highest rate of interest to its depositors that is consistent with safe banking. The bank is also prepared to accommodate its customers in the matter of issuing and receiving both home and foreign exchange. We unhesitatingly say to our readers who may wish the services of a bank in Los Angeles, that they will have prompt, polite and pleasant attention at the Savings Bank of Southern California.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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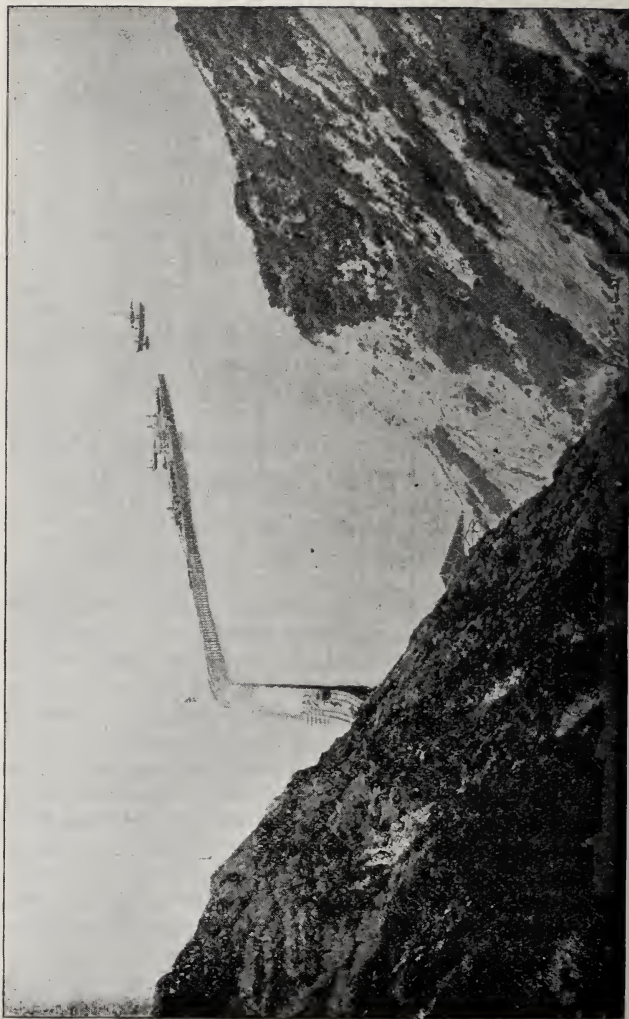
### From the Colorado River to the Pacific Ocean on the Southern Pacific Railway.

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A recent writer in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* says that: "The Southern Pacific Company is organized under the laws of Kentucky. It embraces, by construction, or lease or purchase, nineteen distinct railway concerns, and generally speaking, as appears from the map, four divergent lines of road,—one from Ogden to San Francisco, a distance of 875 miles; the second, from New Orleans to San Francisco, 2,492 miles; the third, from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco, 772 miles; the fourth, from Spofford, Texas, to Durango, Mexico, 521 miles; and besides these forty-four smaller branches and connections along the main lines, the grand total of track aggregating 6,782 miles.

"In addition to these railroads, the Company also owns and controls steamship lines covering water routes of 7,276 miles, making a grand total of 14,058 miles.





SOUTHERN PACIFIC MAMMOTH WHARF NEAR SANTA MONICA.

"The Southern Pacific road, from San Francisco to El Paso, through Arizona and New Mexico, was built directly by the magnates of the Central Pacific Company,—Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins,—and embraces 2,055 miles."

From El Paso the Company purchased the Morgan, Louisiana and Texas R. R., which reaches to New Orleans, and which carried with it the Morgan line of steamers from Galveston and New Orleans to New York.

Suppose the traveler is coming to South California on this S. P. line from New Orleans. As soon as he reaches Yuma, on the Colorado River, he can direct his attention to our "Land of the Sun Down Sea."

**Yuma** itself is fascinating in quaint old picturesqueness, but Arizona has the honor of its possession. It gives a delightful flavor, however, to our desert experiences, and starts us for the further west in good *humor*. (Is it necessary to label this a pun, as Mark Twain did his horse?)

Yuma is situated on the Colorado River, just below its confluence with the Gila. Few people can realize, as they gaze upon the Colorado River at Yuma, that were it not for the enormous amount of absorption by evaporation as this river journeys through the arid, desert lands, and the porous soil for hundreds of miles along its banks, it would have quite as large a volume, and be as majestically flowing a river as the Columbia.

Here one will meet with the Yuma Indians, a "stalwart, idle, unprogressive, peaceable people, who hold a large territory of excellent bottom land along the Rio Colorado."

From Yuma north for some distance the country is dry, flat and sandy, the only feature in the landscape at all worthy of notice being the purple hills far away to the west, and the mirage-haunted plains between.

There are great snowy windrows of sand, sea-washed and clean, that glisten in their rounded, wind-swept dunes, remnants of the ancient sea that once occupied this great basin.

There seems little doubt but that the Gulf of California formerly extended to the neighborhood of San Geronio Pass, which was cut off by the detritus of the Colorado River, or some of the other slow, silent forces of Nature leaving a great body of salt water, 150 miles long, by 40 or 50 miles wide. This residue of brine, for some incomprehensible reason, retained an existence as an inland sea for some time, finally drying up, leaving large bodies of salt.

Several small stations are passed until

**Cactus** is reached. From this point to

**Salton**, the distance is 75 miles, and it has no parallel in railroading in any country. Cactus is 395 feet above sea level, and Salton is 263 feet below.

Here, for fifteen miles square, the earth is covered with a layer of salt from four inches to a foot thick. The first glimpse—and many another glimpse—fails to reveal to you that it is anything but a large lake, and you wonder at its brilliant, dazzling surface. The salt works—houses and sheds—appear as if a visual fiction,—a mirage,—or perhaps as if built on piles, or suspended in the air by some magic means.

It is common to find the mercury here as high as 105 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade and even ten degrees higher, and, in the full sun's rays 130 degrees and 140 degrees and even 150 degrees and, singular to say, the workmen in this unique harvest-field, toiling laboriously for ten hours a day do not suffer so much from the heat as many workmen in the Illinois or Kansas corn and grain fields. The salt is almost pure and undergoes no refining processes. It is "harvested" by steam power, the plough cutting a furrow





MAMMOTH CACTUS.

eight feet in width. Seven hundred tons a day are thus scraped up, ground and sacked ready for market.

But to gaze on this salt ocean during the daytime is exceedingly trying to the eyes, and blue or green spectacles—goggles—are necessary to preserve the eyes of the on-looker from pain. But the Indians despise all such outward aids, the only eye-preserver they use being a little mud or axle-grease which they smear under the *lower* eyelashes.

Whence comes all this salt?

There are numerous springs thoroughly impregnated with pure chlorine in the the adjacent foot-hills and this water flowing into the salt sea quickly evaporates and leaves a fresh layer of salt.

Similar works exist near the Pyramid Lake in Nevada, but there, instead of nature supplying the salt water in springs, it has to be pumped out from wells.

The aseptic properties of this atmosphere, impregnated by the chlorine gases constantly arising in the process of evaporation, can be well understood, and, although the distinct traces of it are lost ere it reaches the orange groves on the other side of the mountains, the purifying properties are still retained and do their share in the manufacture of our healthful South California climate.

**The Salton Sea**—In the year 1891, on the 23rd day of June, a large volume of water was discovered flowing into the Salton Basin some thirty miles south of the salt works. At first it was supposed this flow was caused by cloud-bursts, which, at certain seasons of the year are not infrequent in a region still futher away, but, as the water increased in volume and flowed steadily this supposition was abandoned.

A new theory was advanced owing to the cessation, about that time, of the flow of one of the large artesian wells at Indio, twenty miles away, and it was assumed that the underground stratum of water had



found a new outlet into the Salton region. But in a few days the difficulty with the artesian well was discovered and the flow restored.

The manager of the New Liverpool salt works at Salton,—Mr. George Durbrow,—being now interested, determined to thoroughly investigate the phenomenon, and discovered that when the Colorado River rose in February of that year, it had overflowed its banks below Yuma for a distance of some twenty miles. Some portions of this overflow found its way back to the river by way of a bed known as Hardie's Colorado, but quite a quantity found its way to the many depressions that exist between Indian wells and Salton. In June another overflow of the Colorado River took place, and these small lakes formed by the February overflow were now, in turn, overflowed, the surplus waters united and formed a channel which emptied into the Salton Basin. Thus the Salton Lake was formed, ten miles wide by thirty miles long, and about five feet deep in the deepest part.

Mr. Durbrow is assured that no permanent lake can exist here. Evaporation is so rapid, that, the waters speedily disappear, although, scientific investigation has shown that, were the conditions at all ordinary, a lake of twenty feet depth might exist here from the overflows of the Colorado River since the monster breaks in its banks.

**Mud Volcanoes**—A few miles east from the salt works are a number of famous mud volcanoes, which, only await further explorations, and the pens of enthusiastic scientists and tourists to make more famous than the Napa Valley geysers.

Inadequate attempts at exploration have been made, but the ground is so treacherous that hitherto no one has had courage enough to complete the surveys. Professor Hanks, the State mineralogist, at one time, undertook the work, but was severely injured

by breaking through the burning crust. Twenty-five miles distant from Salton is

**Indio**, where, in amazement, the traveler may learn the meaning of Isaiah's wonderful prophecies—more wonderful, when considered in view of this appalling desert, than any region known to Isaiah—"The Lord shall comfort all the waste places. He will make the wilderness like Eden and the desert like the garden of the Lord. The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." "The wilderness shall be a fruitful field." "In the wilderness waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." Could the old Hebrew have had a vision of the artesian wells, and the underground streams of South California dammed up and made to flow on the surface? Here oranges, peaches, apricots, lemons, strawberries, raspberries and all other fruits and berries, with melons and tomatoes ripen several weeks earlier than on the other side of the range.

Indio is 129 miles east of Los Angeles. It is an oasis of verdure in the midst of the actual desert. Near at hand are the lofty summits of the great mountains, 12,000 feet above the ocean, while the site of the settlement lies in a valley which is a depression in the earth, at some points 250 feet below the sea level. This curious valley is some twenty-five miles long and five miles wide, and has peculiarities of climate which make it unquestionably the most favored spot on earth for consumptives. The commodious and well kept hotel maintained here is filled in winter with invalids who resort here for the benefit to be derived from the dry, sunny atmosphere peculiar to this location. The low, sheltered position of the valley, it is claimed, affords immunity from winds, and fog is absolutely unknown. Rain rarely falls here, the annual precipitation being not over three inches.

The wealth of verdure about the station is due to a flowing artesian well, the application of water having demonstrated the capacity of the soil to produce heavily, and the warm climate insuring the maturing of fruits far in advance of the earliest of other sections of the State. There are five flowing and four pumping wells in the valley—one flowing well a mile above Indio; one at the station; two at South Indio, three miles south of the station; and one at Walters, twelve miles south. There are two pumping wells one-half mile west of Indio and two at the station.

There are also two ranches under cultivation near Indio, one within half a mile of the station, the other three miles south at South Indio, on the line of the railroad from Indio to Yuma. These ranches have been largely experimental in their character, having been planted in vines of numerous varieties, apricot, fig, olive, date and other trees. These places are now well advanced and afford an object lesson of what can be accomplished here by the aid of irrigation.

Another twenty-one miles and the station at

**Seven Palms** is reached. Apparently one of the most horrible sites for a station ever built upon. The railroad section hands meet us and they are masked and goggled. The woodwork has the small-pox, being deep-pitted by the volleys of hot sand the burning desert fires at it, especially during the months of March and April. The telegraph-poles look as if a new George Washington had been performing upon them with an adze, with the desire, not of cutting them down, but of making holes through them. They have to be renewed about every four months, as this is all the time the sand requires to eat them away. The window panes are actually of ground glass, for the constant striking of the sand upon them soon grinds every portion of their surfaces.

Yet, five miles away, in the shelter of San Jacinto's



A QUIET SPOT.



giant wall, is a fertile valley and a canyon of giant palms and tropic verdure, where it requires no stretch of imagination to see one's-self in Algeria. The delusion is perfect. Stretch out under the shade, and forget you came on the Southern Pacific railway, and look out and there is Algeria perfectly before you.

It is shut off from the American Sahara by a mountain wall that perfectly secludes it. Change bewildering and unspeakable! There desert drear,—here verdure rich and rare. Irrigation ditches glisten in the sunlight, and leaves toss up and down and to and fro in the fragrant zephyrs.

In this valley is the quiet settlement of

**Palm Springs**, with its tiny houses, embowered in cottonwoods, mesquite, figs and fan palms, built around the old Indian spring of Agua Caliente. George Hamlin Fitch says: "This spring is unparalleled on the Coast, and perhaps in the world. Through a central shaft, of the dimensions of an ordinary well, the hot water and sand rise, sometimes spurting high in air like a geyser, but usually bubbling over the surface. The water spreads around in a circular pool about six feet by ten, to a general depth of three or four inches. The bottom is hard sand until one reaches the shaft. Then the bather sinks with a swift motion that makes his heart leap. The warm, liquid sand closes in around the body, and one goes down to the armpits. Then with a mighty recoil the limbs are thrown out and the pool once more becomes placid."

Here we see, too, the monster date palms, which are indigenous to this region. Sixty, eighty, and even more feet high, they tower aloft, as if attracting your attention to the beautiful land you are about to enter. They are not archangels, with flaming swords, refusing you admittance, but welcoming friends, bidding you enter and take full possession. They are



in reality a good foretaste of semi-tropical South California, for, in park, yard, garden or home enclosure, they abound from San Bernardino to the sea.

Their large fan leaves and monster bunches of dates are always attractive, and in their solemn grandeur they attest the dignity, beauty and fruitfulness of the Eden over the range.

Not more than a hundred yards or so from the spring the massive wall of the San Jacinto Mountain rises,—a perfect wall, perpendicular and straight—



“looking as though it had been cut and squared by prehistoric stone-masons.” Riding along beneath its vastness one easily sees the way in which the Colorado desert and the mountains combine to assist the Climate Manufacturer in His purpose to make South California the new Eden. What a wonderful drop it is! From the summit of San Jacinto to the desert, a distance of over ten thousand feet, in a little over five miles! What wonder that the hot air

ascends from this heated desert, high into the upper current regions when shut in by such a gigantic wall. Nineteen miles from Palm Springs

**Banning** is reached.

To those interested in the Mission Indians, as they

are called, good opportunities for visiting them in their homes are offered in this region.

On the southern slope of San Gorgonio, the snow-crowned peak and towering monarch of the San Bernardino range, is an unusually fertile spot, where an exquisitely beautiful mountain stream, flowing merrily along, and sending out its vivifying moisture to percolate through the porous soil, produces perennial growth in great variety of grasses, flowers, trees and shrubs.

Here is 'Potrero,' or "opening," an Indian village of about a hundred inhabitants clothed or unclothed in every style of costume and residing in habitations varied from the primitive wickiup or tepee, to the more pretentious and comfortable "adobe."

Twenty-five years ago only a few Indians were camped here, when some Mexican cattle men and sheep herders discovered the fertile spot. Soon they intermarried, and now ragged little urchins and sturdy little maidens of Mexican-Indian parentage watch the sheep and cattle as they enjoy the rich pasturage so abundantly provided.

Here, even yet, one may see the manufacture of their *meala*, or acorn bread. Pine-nuts, acorns and roots, are all pounded up together in a mortar. The flour is then made into paste and thrown into a hole



scooped out amongst the ashes of a hot fire, and grass, leaves and dry twigs put over it. These, in turn, are covered with hot sand, and the fire rekindled. In a few minutes it is raked out, and the steaming, brown mass, covered with ashes, is ready for mastication.

Meats and fish are cooked in a somewhat similar manner. I have seen wild turkeys, sage-hens, trout, rabbits etc., cooked by the Indians many times, and have enjoyably partaken of them. Cooked in this way they are far more delicious than in any other manner with which I am conversant. Without removing the feathers, in the case of fowls, or the skin, in case of animals or fish, they are plastered over with mud, then buried in the fire. As soon as the "cook" imagines them "done"—and I never knew one of them to make a mistake—they are raked out, the baked mud dropping off easily, taking with it feathers or skin. One may not like the idea at first, but a few meals thus prepared soon lead one to prefer meats cooked in this way.

Banning is a most picturesque town. It is 2,317 feet above sea level, and nestling in the pass, between the San Bernardino Mountains on the right, and the San Jacinto Mountains on the left, it has a right to boast of its wonderful scenery, and unequalled location. For, with the desert at its feet, it still gazes nearly all through the year, upon the snow-clad summits of the highest mountains of South California.

Being thus located it has a first-class water supply, both in purity and quality. The former virtue is a great inducement to those who are invalids, and who need the dry antiseptic qualities of the desert, and the latter blessing is of incalculable benefit in reclaiming thousands of otherwise barren acres and making of them beautiful and profitable orchards.

Banning has a good hotel, good churches, schools and stores, a first-class weekly newspaper, and is growing and progressive.

Six miles from Banning, and eighty-one miles from Los Angeles is

**Beaumont.**—It is situated in the broadest part of the San Gorgonio Pass, at an altitude of 2,600 feet and is one of the most favored, as far as soil and climate are concerned, of all the young colonies of Riverside County, in which it is located. It has one of the handsomest hotels in the county, and a full quota of churches, schools and business houses.

Farming is extensively carried on and it is probable that over 100,000 acres of wheat and barley are planted out this season, with the promise of an exceedingly heavy yield.

Nine miles nearer to Los Angeles and

**El Casco** is reached. This is a small station, but the country round about contains some of the best farms in the State, and stock raising and dairying are carried on to a large extent.

Another nine miles travelled and the visitor is fairly within South California's more sheltered and especially favored region, at

**Redlands Junction.** The town of Redlands is fully described in another chapter, and so, the traveler leaving this for a subsequent trip, passes on to

**Colton**, 965 feet above sea level, fifty-eight miles from Los Angeles, three miles from San Bernardino, and seventy miles east of the Pacific Ocean. This is a prosperous and growing city, and is reached by both the Santa Fe and Southern California Motor Railways, as well as the Southern Pacific. On these three railroads fifty trains arrive and depart daily. Colton has a population of over 2,000, has good water and electric light systems, three hotels, good schools, four churches, an opera house, the largest fruit cannery in South California, an extensive flouring mill, large

cement works, and good live active newspapers. The State Citrus Fair is also held here annually.

Not far away from the line of the S. P. R. R. at Declez, near Colton, is a quarry of good building granite. This stone weighs about 175 pounds per cubic foot, and is very hard, tough, compact, uniform, durable rock, pure granite. The buttes of nearly bare rock rise out of the plain to a height of 300 to 400 ft. This quarry, it is said, could be worked on two faces, each about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in length. There is estimated to be in this quarry six billion cubic yards of rock.

The famous marble staircase in the Academy of design in San Francisco is one of the choicest marble specimens from Colton's marble quarry, situated near the Slover mountain. I have seen some fine varieties of marble from the purest white to almost black from this quarry.

Colton's high altitude and its immunity from fogs, makes it a desirable place for those afflicted with pulmonary troubles.

Fifteen miles further and

**Cucamonga** is reached. Although this place is known as the "home of the noble grape," owing to the diversity of soil and abundance of water, it produces staples such as hay, grain, potatoes, etc., also, as well as many varieties of fruits. The Cucamonga wineries are famous, having been established many years. There are now 1,607 acres of vineyard, including all varieties of raisin, wine and table grapes. Some of these vineyards require no irrigation whatever. Add to this vineyard property 1657 acres of orchard trees, and one begins to get some idea of the importance of the area known as Cucamonga, which extends from the two Cucamonga peaks in the north, ten miles south, and embraces a strip five miles wide. In the town of Cucamonga there are a church, schools, two stores, two blacksmith shops, a pharmacy, several



good physicians, post office, livery stable, brick yard and everything necessary for a thriving town. There are many beautiful homes in and near the place.

Four miles from Cucamonga and we reach

**Ontario**, thirty-nine miles from Los Angeles. In 1882 the Ontario lands were purchased by the Chaffey Brothers, two energetic Canadians, by whom the, as yet, unborn town was named.

In December, of that year, before the city's roads were graded or pipe lines laid, a few enterprising purchasers appeared, and, during the first ten days after the platting of the colony was partially completed, L. S. Dyar, J. S. Calkins, S. W. Strong, Daniel Nicoll and others had purchased \$28,000 worth of Ontario lands. Rough as the appearance of the place was then, the situation captivated those far-seeing men. Prices at that time ranged from \$150 to \$200 per acre. Some of the early buyers improved their lands during the first year of the colony's existence, gaining in this way the bonus which Ontario's founders at that time offered to settlers.

The first decade of Ontario's life has been like the transformation produced by the touch of a fairy's wand, springing Minerva-like from chaos into a thing of beauty, as compared with the normal growth of settlements on the other side of the continent, and some on this. When a new arrival sees the four rows of evergreen trees which align Ontario's "Euclid Avenue," 200 feet wide and seven miles long, one end of which he sees distinctly from the other, many of the trees towering higher than a church steeple, with a girth of trunk equalling the most corpulent of men, and he is told that less than ten years ago they were tender little plants protected by a girth of shingles from the marauding jack rabbit, a smile of incredulity plays around his face showing that he doesn't believe a word of it, and yet it is perfectly true.



CATTLE RANCH IN SOUTH TEXAS

He boards the avenue cars, rides to the top, sees the palatial residences there, surveys the panorama of orchards, vineyards and dwellings spread before his bewildered vision. He then re-enters the car, the horses mount a platform on the car behind, and, with the speed of steam—or gravity, rather—he flies past seven miles of almost continuous orange groves stretching on either side, laden almost to breaking with their golden fruit. The snow-covered pinnacles of the rugged Sierra are but a span's distance apparently behind him, while the Coast Range, covered with emerald verdure, is in front of him.

Having traveled through the dreary desert, the visitor, on arriving at Ontario, realizes a transition as from Hades to Paradise.

Here the attractive garden scenes, the lovely parks, masses of flowers and magnificent avenues burst upon him like a dream of beauty. Owing to the elevation of Euclid Avenue the enraptured spectator gets a panoramic view of scenery at once bewilderingly beautiful and grand. So transparent is the atmosphere that mountains over a hundred miles distant, or islands in the ocean, appear to be almost within a stone's throw. The San Bernardino mountains, of 11,000 feet altitude, lie clear cut against the eastern sky. Southward looms up the Santa Ana range. To the southeast Mount San Jacinto rears its head in supernal loftiness, while in the west the entire San Gabriel range, the Coast mountains, and the shimmering waters of the Pacific are descried.

Ontario's water supply is derived from the snow-mantled summit of San Antonio. This supply is most abundant and can be reckoned upon as being everlasting as the mountain from which it flows, and the underground system for its distribution is as perfect as can be devised. A spring of water can be made at any time to bubble up at the will of the owner of the soil from the highest corner of any irrigated tract.

Along Euclid Avenue there are now quite a number of handsome residences, and these are constantly on the increase. During 1893 over fifty residences were erected, ranging in cost from \$1,500 to \$8,000, and the present year has already redeemed its promise to become one of great activity in this respect.

Among the public buildings worthy of note is the Chaffey College, the Southern Pacific and the Ontario Hotels, the Workman block, and several well-built churches. It has also an excellent system of public schools, and there is an atmosphere of culture and refinement about the town and its people. Ontario has several banks and is a bustling, active, business community with a good number of first-class stores.

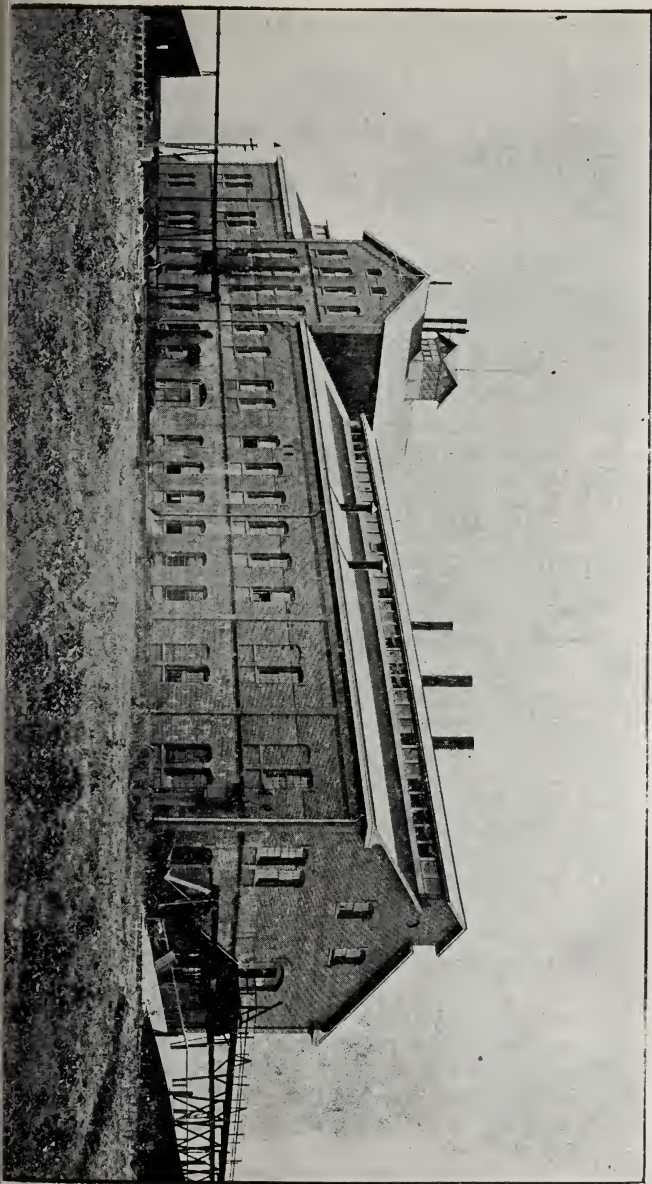
Reference to the Chaffey College weather report for 1893 shows the mean average temperature for that year to be 62.13 degrees and the lowest 31 degrees above zero. Adding to this the fact that the rainy and cloudy days average less than forty for the entire year, it will be seen that Ontario's climate speaks for itself.

There are now planted in wealthy, fruit-bearing Ontario and vicinity fully 11,000 acres of citrus and deciduous fruit trees, and before the close of the present season the acreage will doubtless exceed 12,000 acres.

The effect of Ontario's charms is well illustrated by the following: A stalwart old man from a lumbering region in the East, where he had been until recently logging in the snow, visiting Ontario for a few weeks, exclaimed: "My! but you have a grand country and a glorious climate here. I can hardly believe my senses as I look out and feel it. A country without frost, snow, blizzards, with miles of green trees and orange orchards loaded with oranges in the middle of winter. I thought such a thing was impossible until I came here."

One thing, also, should not be forgotten, and that







is, that under present civic government, there are no saloons in Ontario.

If the wayfarer has time at his disposal while at Ontario to pay a visit to

**Chino**, five miles southward, he will find it well worth his while to do so. The town is situated in the center of the Chino Ranch, and though only four years old (in 1894) is prosperous and growing. It is reached directly by the Southern Pacific Railway and also by the Chino Valley R. R. from Ontario. It has good schools, churches, a hotel, business houses, and a live newspaper well edited. The Chino Ranch, on which the town is located, contains 50,000 acres of land, a large portion of which is sold, or being offered for sale, to settlers. The ranch joins Ontario on the north and Pomona on the west, and is 35 miles east of Los Angeles and 20 miles west of Riverside.

Five thousand acres here are devoted to the culture of the sugar beet, and the largest beet sugar factory in the United States is in operation at the town of Chino, with a capacity for handling one thousand tons of beets per day. Formerly the crude sugar was shipped for refining to San Francisco, but refining apparatus is now added to the works and the crop is handled to the finish. Directly and indirectly this wealthy plant furnishes employment to two thousand people in and about Chino.

Chino is essentially a beet-growing community, on account of the sugar factory, but large quantities of alfalfa are also grown.

Six miles from Ontario is

**Pomona**, thirty-three miles from Los Angeles. This is one of the most prosperous cities of South California. It was founded as recently as 1881-2, and yet, to-day, there are fully five thousand inhabitants.

According to the statistics of the State, it is a fifth

class city. The name Pomona, the goddess of fruits, suggests the idea of luxury and effulgent growth, peach aroma and orange glow and rich bearing vintage kissing the earth with its great clusters of amethystine gems.

It is one of the most charming and fertile spots of its own valley. In its widespread orchards there does not appear to be one neglected tree and they swell in their individual beauty as though individually loved. Beauty loving indeed were those who first chose the location, 1,074 feet above sea level, and at the foot of San Antonio mountain.

This section was once known as the San Jose Valley and a little range of hills, destined for a future park, is still called San Jose Hills.

The streets are well graded and watered and in all directions for miles and miles, continuous rows of orchards, in their profuse growth, almost hide the nestling homes of their owners. A tract, which ten years ago was a desert, now yields almost a million dollars annually for horticultural products. While olives are most generously cultivated, oranges, apricots, peaches and prunes also yield large incomes.

The irrigation of Pomona consists largely of mountain seepage, but artesian wells furnish delicious and wholesome water for all domestic and irrigating purposes. A mountain stream in San Antonio Canyon is utilized by the San Antonio Electric Light and Power Company to furnish light and electricity to Pomona. But one-half of the water of this canyon is carried in concrete pipes three and one-half miles to be distributed to all points necessary. The numerous cienegas, supplied by seepage or subterranean streams are hardly required with the wealth of artesian water already developed. In one spot there is a cluster of twelve artesian wells rushing out in a massive liquid flow that has not diminished for ten years. Pomona Valley owns about sixty-seven of these wells and being free

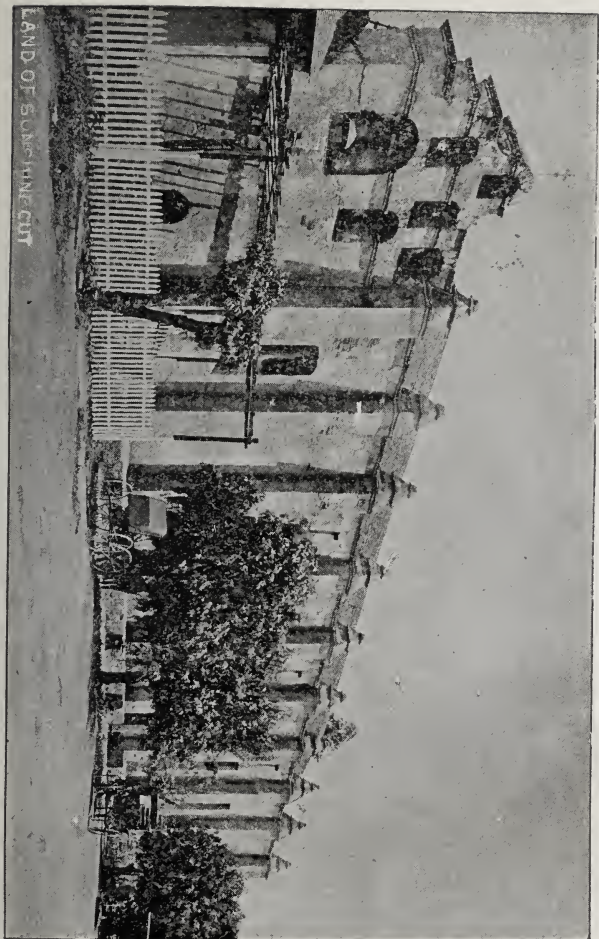
from alkaline, saline or other minerals, it is especially sanitary. The Pomona Land and Water Company sells the perpetual right to use irrigating water with the land, in ratio of one inch of water to ten acres of land, hence there is not a foot of soil that has not ample water for all cultivating purposes. Over one hundred miles of pipe have been laid by this company, and in consequence this is the most unquestionably prolific region in berries and fruits west of the Sierras.

A large and popular tourist resort is Hotel Palomares, presenting a frontage of 260 feet, and surrounded by palms, pines and magnolia trees. This handsome three-story building was built at the cost of \$110,000. Its wide verandas, surrounding almost the entire building, and the little park encircling it, give it a retired, homelike effect, especially pleasing to family travellers, who desire accommodations that suggest home.

Here the balmy fragrance of the rose and lemon verbena fills the air with constant sweetness, while the rustling and tinkling of the leaves of palm and pine radiate tender music. The more prosaic melodies of commercial traffic are not as yet vigorous enough to effect this select spot.

From its high towers may be seen a view as inspiring as it is romantic. Four lofty mountain peaks lift their heads up into the blue of heaven seeming to vie with one another in the protection of the nestling town in the valley below. This rugged, colossal quartet consists of the two Cucamonga peaks, San Antonio and San Bernardino, 11,000 feet high. No visitor should miss the broad view gained of the country from this handsome building.

The name of this hotel has a musical Spanish sound, and as one might suspect, was that of one of the original grantees of the San Jose Ranch. Among the three Spaniards concerned, Ygnacio Palomares, Ricardo Vejar, and Louis Arenas, the first was most



LAND OF SOUVENIR CITY

popular on account of his staunch devotion to the real interests of the country. He was made godfather of this hotel when it was established by a stock company of six in the year 1887. It is now under the able management of Mr. V. D. Simms.

There are several smaller hotels, with good accommodations and central location combined, so one may find in Pomona every grade of service, from the finest hostelry down to the ordinary restaurant.

All branches of business are undergoing rapid development, and costly business blocks are being erected. There are three flourishing banks, the First National, the National, and the Peoples' Bank. All lines of commercial business are represented and three street railway lines facilitate travel. Its wineries are in full operation, making sweet wines that are becoming known in England as well as in America. Large vineyards here yield from five to ten tons per acre. The Pomona Cannery employs from three to five hundred men, women and children during the season of preparing deciduous fruits for market. Manufacturing possibilities are also developing, and a very successful firm now deals in brass and iron goods, marketed all over the United States.

One of the leading features to testify to Pomona's progress is the public library, temporarily occupying a floor of 90x35 in the second story of a brick block. Cool airy rooms greet the visitor, and while small fees are still requested to meet its running expenses, it is practically free to teachers and pupils. This library is the result of persistent work on the part of about twenty-five resident women, who formed an association, and, by the aid of flower festivals, contrived to get a capital basis for a library, establishing it in 1887. In 1890 it was made a City Library with Mrs. E. P. Bartlett, one of its original charter members, as librarian. The 3,750 books, although not composing a large library, are well selected. The building is



illuminated by electricity, and all its appointments are modern. A feature of no little importance, that might in point of utility be suggested to other libraries, is a nucleus for a mineral and conchological collection.

Pomona has four newspapers, two of them ranking high in the journalistic scale of the State. These are *The Times* and *The Progress*.



A SOUTH CALIFORNIA HOME.

The public schools of Pomona are managed with especial care, and stand on a par with any in the State. Two large brick buildings costing \$40,000 have been erected, and twenty-four teachers are employed, besides four who do the Kindergarten work.

The Pomona College also, which is fully described in the chapter on the "Kite Shaped Track," is one of the educational institutions of Pomona, of which the city is justly proud.

A comprehensive view can be gained of Pomona and vicinity by ascending the San Jose Hills on their western portion. These graceful hills are the accepted region for a future park, and to realize the beauty and fertility of Pomona one should ascend their winding driveway and feast the eye upon the unrolling valley, where link after link of fragrant gardens and orchards rise in magical succession. Here one may encompass an expanse from the mountains on one side to the foot-hill range on the other, and from Azusa at one end to Ontario on the other.

These San Jose hills are most enviable points for residences, and nature has already supplied picturesque adjuncts in artless groups of live oaks and spicy wild flowers, while at their base the running stream is kissed by great healthy clusters of willows.

There is a saying among farmers, "Plant vineyards for your children, orange orchards for your grandchildren, and olives for posterity." *Pomona* has done all three most energetically, and its success has been demonstrated to the world by the prizes won at the State Citrus Fair held at Los Angeles under the auspices of the State Horticultural Commission.

One of the largest single orange groves in this region is owned by Mr. Seth Richards of Boston, comprising 300 acres.

There are a number of 120 acre tracts, but the average consist of forty or fifty acres, the whole making a total of nearly 4,000 cultivated acres at and around Pomona. Among the fruits are lemons, figs, peaches, apricots, nectarines, prunes, apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, grapes and berries. Almonds, walnuts and chestnuts also thrive well. But the acme of all its horticulture upon which Pomona's tempera-

ture rises with eloquence of praise, is the olive. Pomona has an olive oil manufactory, and no visit to this charming fruit region is complete without a survey of Mr. J. L. Howland's neat oil-making machinery and olive nurseries, which are described in the chapter on the Kite Shaped Track.

Two miles from the center of the city is located the U. S. Experimental Station, which is also well worth visiting.

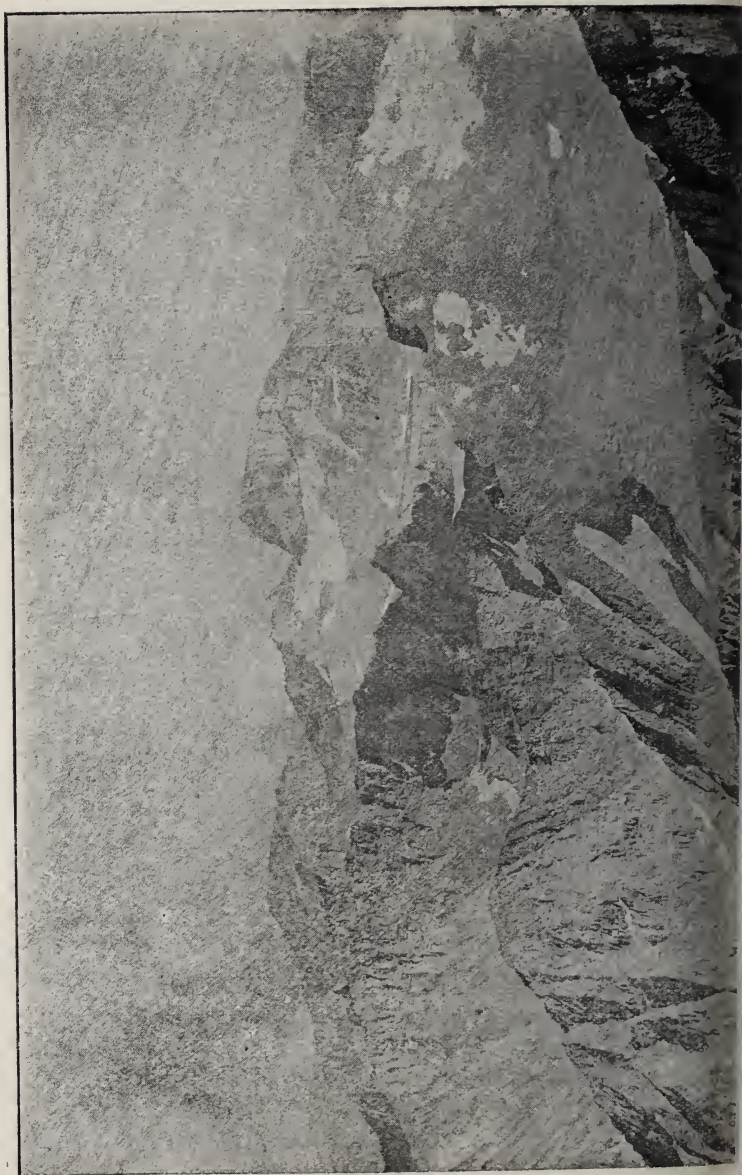
Leaving Pomona, a ride of four miles brings us to

**Spadra**, a town named by its founders for their former home in Missouri. It is twenty-eight miles east of Los Angeles, and is a small and unprogressive town. Ten miles nearer to Los Angeles is

**Puente**, also a small town, located just below the Puente Hills, where the oil wells of the Puente Oil Company are in active operation. The soil of this region is as rich and fruitful as any in South California and is destined, when offered for sale, to supply homes for many thousands of prosperous people. It is a great agricultural locality, and large amounts of grain, hay and other produce are shipped annually. Six miles from Puente is

**El Monte**, the oldest American colony in South California. It is sixteen miles from Los Angeles and was established July 4, 1852, by immigrants from Arkansas and Texas. For a long time there was trouble over land titles by reason of Mexican grants. Nearly all the pioneers have died or moved away, and most of their children have gone, yet there is still a goodly population.

The name literally means a mountain, but by some process it is here understood to mean woods, as a forest of willow once covered all the lowlands of El Monte.





These lowlands are situated at the lower end of the San Gabriel valley, just north of the Paso del Bartolo, through which the San Gabriel river flows into the Los Angeles valley. They are about four miles wide, east and west, by eleven miles long, north and south. They are quite damp or moist, from the fact that the water comes up close to the surface everywhere on them. Irrigation is a thing not needed. For this reason alfalfa and maize grow luxuriantly, and horses, neat cattle and hogs have abundant feed. The blue gum tree also yields a staple crop. Melons and the squash and other vegetables do remarkably well.

This section being low and moist has more frost than the dry uplands; hence citrus fruits are barred.

A mile further west is

**Savannah**, a hamlet possessing all the characteristics of El Monte. Hops are largely grown in this region, all of which are used by the Los Angeles brewers.

The relic hunter with his kodak can find no more inviting field than the surrounding country. A half a dozen or more old houses, built in the southern style, forty years ago, at great cost, with lumber bought of the Mormons at San Bernardino, lend an air of antiquity to its rural scenes.

Two miles further on, the traveler looks upon one of the oldest towns in South California.

**San Gabriel** was founded, as I have already shown in the chapter on the Missions, by the indefatigable Padre Junipero Serra. A quarter of a mile west of the Southern Pacific depot is the old Mission. San Gabriel is a quaint and picturesque old town, strangely old and strangely modern. The ancient church, the Mexican adobes, the dark-faced Mexican men, women and children, are in one eye, while the other surveys two of the most modern hotels of South California, the "Raymond" and the "East San Gabriel," together



with the luxurious homes and ranches of cultured Americans. Let the interested reader, reperuse what I have written on the Mission of San Gabriel, and the



A GLIMPSE OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

Historical Chapter, and he will not fail to look upon this ancient village with keener enjoyment and greater delight.

One mile from San Gabriel is the celebrated Sunny Slope Vineyard and Winery, now owned by a wealthy English syndicate, and close to Sunny Slope is L. J. Rose's stock farm and race track, where a number of well known racers have been bred and trained.

One mile from San Gabriel is the flourishing little town of

**Alhambra.** This is a beautiful residence settlement amongst orange groves and peach orchards, with a population of about 1,000, many of these being wealthy settlers, or well-to-do business men of Los Angeles, who prefer to reside in this attractive suburban town. There are three church buildings, two other denominations holding their services in a public hall. The public schools are good, and the town has a first-class hotel, which, however, is closed during the summer months. A well printed newspaper is published in the city.

Alhambra also has a shoe factory, which is rapidly growing in size and capacity. It is thoroughly equipped with the latest improved machinery, and everything in its appointments is first-class. It has already more than quadrupled its original capacity, and yet it was only opened in January, 1893. Alhambra shoes are now sent all over the Pacific Coast, from Mexico to Oregon, and as far east as Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico. The company makes eighty-five different styles of men's and boys' shoes.

Leaving Alhambra, a short ride brings the tourist to the city limits of Los Angeles. This City—the metropolis of South California—has already been fully described in a chapter devoted to it. The Southern Pacific train upon which we have ridden, discharges its local passengers at several city depots, on its way to the handsome and commodious "Arcade," situated at the junction of Fifth Street and Maple Avenue.

From this depot we will continue our journey on

one of the local trains of the S. P. R. R. to the sea at Santa Monica, where this Railway has built "the longest wharf in the world."

Just on the outskirts of the city

**University** is reached. This is really West Los Angeles, but receives its name from the "University of Southern California," the chief buildings of which are established here. University is an educational suburb, largely composed of intelligent and religious people, many of them belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which organization the University owes its origin.

Leaving University, a wide, open valley, well cultivated and fairly populated, is entered, and a few miles further along, twelve miles west from Los Angeles, a pretty settlement named

**The Palms**, and chiefly known for its deciduous fruits, is reached. The place is named from the number of large palms which dot the region for quite a distance near the Southern Pacific depot. It is laid out in quite a tasteful style, and the settlement being on rolling land, in full view of the ocean and mountains, is both picturesque and healthful. Three miles before reaching Santa Monica the

**National Soldier's Home** is passed. This costly and permanent structure stands in 300 acres of ground, which were donated for the purpose. The building is capable of accommodating over 1,500 old soldiers and already over one thousand are sheltered within its hospitable walls.

**Santa Monica** is sixteen miles west of Los Angeles, and is the southern terminus of the S. P. R. R. on the Pacific Shore. It is fully described in our special chapter on Santa Monica.

## CHAPTER IX.

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### Santa Monica, The City by the Sea.

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Santa Monica is the most beautiful, and favorably located of all the seaside cities of South California. It is situated, like Newport, on the edge of a high bluff, which overhangs a broad white beach and a bay as blue and sparkling as the Bay of Naples. But even Newport has not the chain of purple mountains which circle about Santa Monica to the very water's edge.

Since pioneer days there has been a quiet little village here, but in the last few years it has grown rapidly into an important and home-like residence city, and is the favorite seaside resort of the pleasure-loving citizens of the interior towns.

It has many natural advantages, and these have been improved upon by its active, intelligent, and progressive citizens. There are many miles of graded streets of uniform width of eighty feet, with eight to fourteen feet cement sidewalks; the town is lighted by electricity, which, at the same time is the usual method of lighting in the private houses as well. The water supply is from springs,

distant four miles from the city, collected) in a large covered cement reservoir, high enough to give great pressure for fire protection. The public library is free and supported by a special fund set aside by the council. All the magazines and periodicals, together with an excellent selection of new and standard books, catalogued under the Dewey system, in use in the Boston, Harvard, and other large libraries, are for the free use of visitors and residents alike.



RESIDENCE OF U. S. SENATOR JOHN P. JONES, SANTA MONICA.

Nearly all religious sects are represented and have attractive churches, and the public schools rank with any in the State. Work done in any grade of the Grammar or High School is accepted without examination in the same year of the Los Angeles schools.

Every home is surrounded and covered with flowers, for nowhere do they grow more profusely, and even in this land of semi-tropic luxuriance, Santa Monica is celebrated for its violets and roses. In the surrounding country deciduous and citrus fruits are



grown with marked success, and walnuts have proved especially prosperous. The sea-coast is perhaps not as well adapted to the growth of oranges as the inland country, but on the other hand lemons need the salt air, as has been distinctly proved in the great orchards at Ventura and Santa Barbara, and also on the coast of Italy and Sicily. The peaches and figs grown in the vicinity of Santa Monica are especially fine.

Much of the real estate is in large holdings, controlled



STREET SCENE, SANTA MONICA.

by men anxious to colonize with the right sort of people. They are willing to sell on the terms most favorable and attractive to home builders. Through adherence to this principle Santa Monica has maintained a steady, prosperous growth and has escaped the blighting effects of a boom. Prices are not on a fictitious basis, and comparatively little property is held for speculation.

The foot-hills which run down within a mile of the City, furnish an almost unlimited number of lovely

drives, through thickly wooded canyons, where one can almost forget that he is within hearing of the surf, and fancy himself in the depths of a New England forest. The roads are uniformly good, and when the canyons grow too narrow and wild for carriages there are still miles of delightful bridle paths, where people who are in love with nature or one another can lose themselves. Then there is a twenty mile drive along



A DRIVE IN RUSTIC CANYON, NEAR SANTA MONICA.

the smooth, hard beach, between the rugged bluff on the one side and the ocean on the other.

As a seaside resort, both in summer and winter, the town has an air of life and gaiety that is most attractive. There is always plenty to engage the attention of the pleasure-seeker. First and foremost is the great bath house, which is without a rival at any resort on the Coast. The Santa Monica beach is

famous, and now there has been added the immense plunge, where, winter and summer alike, one may have his daily swim. The hot salt tub baths are very popular with those whom illness or indolence keeps from enjoying a dip in the surf. The curative properties of hot salt baths in cases of rheumatism, catarrh, etc., and their tonic and strengthening powers in nervous diseases, especially in this locality, where the bromide



NEVADA AVENUE, SANTA MONICA.

and iodine in the sea weed are very strong, have begun to be so largely realized and appreciated, that a stock company has put up this fifty thousand dollar bath-house, with porcelain tubs, Turkish and Russian baths, and all the luxuries that money could buy, to accommodate the invalids and pleasure-seekers who are looking for health or enjoyment in the waters of the bay.

In the summer time, when Los Angeles and the inland towns are very warm, people throng to the seaside, and, often, as many as ten thousand come down in a single day. The accompanying cut shows how the visitors enjoy a hot day on the beach.

Annually the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association holds its championship tournament on the Casino cement courts, and all fashionable Los Angeles comes down for "tournament week." All through the summer season the Southern California Pony Polo Club have match games twice a week, and in September hold their gentlemen's race meet, and their day of equestrian athletic sports. The Englishmen of the town play cricket, and in the winter, there is foot-ball and base-ball. The Spanish-Americans have fied days, now and then, to indulge in the old Spanish sports of tilting at the ring, etc.

A mile above the City limits is the mammoth wharf of the Southern Pacific Co., the longest ocean pier in the world, where the fishermen and yachtsmen congregate. There are several fast boats owned at this port. In the salt marsh, four or five miles down the beach, there is excellent duck shooting, and all the canyons are full of game. If one cares for deer, and even such big game as mountain lions, he can find it by going a few miles up the coast. It is no uncommon thing to see a troop of ladies and gentlemen on swift horses tearing after a pack of hounds, a coyote in the distance, as gaily as if they were on English meadows. The coyote can outrun a fox, and affords better fun in coursing.

Three miles inland from the town is the National Home for Disabled Veterans, where upwards of 1,500 soldiers of the late war are whiling away their old age amidst three hundred acres of flowers, lawns and orchards within view of the ocean, in a land of perpetual summer. Here every afternoon the Government Band gives a concert for the veterans and their visitors.





THE MAMMOTH NINTH EFGH BATH HOUSE AT SANTA MONICA.



From a business standpoint Santa Monica has a great future. It is the terminus of two transcontinental railroads, and, with its great harbor facilities, is destined to be one of the main ports of California. It is only thirty minutes ride by rail to Los Angeles and there is now in course of construction an electric line which will connect the business centers of Los Angeles and Santa Monica, and will form a continuous electric road from Mount Lowe and Pasadena to the sea. There will be a local line as well through the main streets. Business in the little sea-side town is on a solid basis, and the Bank of Santa Monica, backed by wealthy men, has a fine reputation in Southern California for its solidity. There are a number of excellent hotels and plenty of pleasant private boarding houses, so that the sojourners and the transients are well cared for.

Some two dozen daily trains connect Santa Monica with Los Angeles.

No traveller should leave Southern California without visiting this beautiful City by the Sea, and taking a mid-winter dip in the Pacific.



HOTEL ARCADIA, SANTA MONICA.



HOTEL ARCADIA FROM THE BEACH.

**Hotel Arcadia.** Who has not heard of this peerless summer and winter resort at Santa Monica? It is situated directly on the Pacific Ocean Beach, 30 minutes ride from Los Angeles and only ten minutes from the Southern Pacific R. R.'s mammoth wharf at Port Los Angeles. It is one of the favorite hotels of the Pacific Coast, and no tourist should miss visiting it while in South California.

This magnificent hotel rises five stories from the beach, and is completely refitted and furnished with all modern improvements. Enclosed glass observatories adorn the side facing directly on the ocean, making a comfortable and pleasant retreat during the winter season. Elevators land passengers on the beach adjacent to the Beach Bath-house, which, as well as the hotel, is under the management of Mr. S. Reinhart.



ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC

## CHAPTER X.

### From Los Angeles to Bakersfield on the Southern Pacific Railway.

Both Bakersfield and Santa Barbara are on the S. P. R. R. The former is northeast, and the latter northwest from Los Angeles. To reach both places one travels on the same line as far as Saugus, where the road forks. Bakersfield is on the main line between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Leaving Los Angeles from the Arcade depot, and passing First St., Commercial St., and the River Stations, the S. P. leaves the point where the Santa Fe and Terminal Railways join with itself to form steel bands along the Los Angeles river, and at once enters the Valley of San Fernando.

**Tropico.**—Four miles from Los Angeles this beautiful little suburban town is reached. It is one of the children of the boom and has flourished well, having quite a number of thriving ranches and comfortable hotels.

**West Glendale.**—Six miles from Los Angeles. This is the west portion of the town of Glendale, which is

situated a little to the northeast. The town is more fully described in the chapter on the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, which reaches direct to the heart of the settlement.

**Sepulveda.**—One mile further, seven miles from Los Angeles, this station, located in the midst of vineyards, orange, olive and peach orchards, is reached.

**Burbank.**—Two miles from Sepulveda and nine miles from Los Angeles, is a thriving town of considerable pretensions. It is situated in a fine location, has innumerable advantages of soil and climate, and lands sell for a good figure. The town is laid out on the east side of the railroad and slopes up towards the mountains. It has a fine hotel, good business houses, a seven thousand dollar schoolhouse, three churches and a bank. Here fine deciduous fruits, potatoes and grain are raised in abundance. The mountains overlooking Burbank are the Verdugo, and in driving, riding or walking many an exquisite spot may be visited in the canyons, valleys and mountain nooks between the town and the Sierra Madre range.

**Chatsworth Park.**—From Burbank, a short branch twenty miles long, of the S. P. R. R. has been built to Chatsworth Park, at the foot of the Simi Pass, a picturesque settlement among groves of live oaks.

**Tejunga and Pacoima** are respectively 14 and 17 miles from Los Angeles, and are small stations and settlements, picturesque and attractive, but with small population. These towns are in the "grainary of Los Angeles County," this being one of the best grain growing sections in the world.

**San Fernando.**—Two miles from Pacoima, and nineteen miles from Los Angeles, is this old and his-



toric settlement, receiving its name from the Franciscan Mission established a century ago. The mission is about a mile from the town, the more modern part of which has sprung up within the past few years—during boom days. In the direction of the mountains is the Theological Seminary building, founded by Ex-Senator McClay, to whom a large portion of the old San Fernando ranch belonged. The building still remains, but the seminary has been transferred to the University of Southern California, in West Los Angeles, a branch of which institution it has always been.

Near by are to be seen the **extensive** underground dams of the company owning the San Fernando lands. These are most interesting to those who sagely question the fact that "South California rivers flow underground." I have not space for a full description, but the works may be understood if the idea is conceived of an underground river, damned up, so that it flows again to the surface, where it is piped to the needed locations.

The water is pure and abundant and when used upon the soil makes it very productive.

The town is small, but prettily located. There are several stores, a Methodist church, post and express offices.

During the wheat harvest San Fernando is exceedingly busy. From 100 to 250 six and eight-horse teams, loaded with the grain drive in and unload.

The olive orchard planted by the padres, is in a good state of preservation, some of the trees being two feet in diameter. A few palms, too, planted at the same time, have grown to a great height, hence it is not to be wondered at that San Fernando is found to be an excellent place for the growth of citrus and deciduous fruits. One orchard alone, of 65,000 trees, has been planted out, and fine oranges, peaches, lemons and olives are grown there. The valley is



IN THE SAN FERNANDO MOUNTAINS.

bounded by the San Fernando Mountains on the east and north, the Coast Range on the west, and the Sierra Santa Monica on the west and south. While much of it is in a high state of cultivation, the railway here and there passes through greasewood, cactus patches, and small clumps of cedars and mesquite bushes, and other portions quite barren and desolate.

The cacti are the most interesting of the objects passed. The pad cactus, one of the *opuntias*, grows extensively and is sometimes seen twenty feet high. In the wash of the Tejunga, near San Fernando, are beautiful specimens of the *Agave Americano*, the most remarkable of all the agaves. It is the *magnay* of the Mexicans, commonly called the American aloe, or century plant.

At Fernando the passenger and freight trains take on another engine and after traveling five more miles down the San Fernando Creek, light is almost excluded and the train goes into perfect midnight. The traveler has entered the

**San Fernando Tunnel**, 6,967 feet long, timbered all the way, at an elevation of 1,469 feet above the sea. On the north side of the tunnel

**Andrews** is passed, and two miles further,

**Newhall.**—This place gains its name from a former proprietor of the 50,000 acre ranch, through which the railway passes. He owned thousands of cattle and sheep, which roamed at will through his vast and unfenced estate.

Newhall has a large hotel, school and church, and an abundance of good water, both for domestic and agricultural purposes.

Three miles away is the Placerita Canyon, where hydraulic mining is still carried on. It was in this neighborhood that gold was first discovered by the padres,

and miners are still at work washing out the precious metal.

Honey is also shipped in large quantities from Newhall.

Two miles away are the Newhall oil fields, which are both extensive and productive. There are many oil springs scattered over the land. There are also large masses of oil rock, or brea, while quantities of oil may be seen oozing from the rock strata, this region being so strongly impregnated with gas and oil that the escaping gas can be plainly detected as it issues from the ground.

Saugus is thirty miles from Los Angeles, and is a somewhat dreary and desolate place at the depot. The road to Santa Barbara diverges to the left here. Proceeding northward on the main line

Lang, forty-two miles from Los Angeles, is reached. This is a small station, situated about half a mile west of where the "last spike" was driven, September 5, 1876, that united the two lines, building from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Not far from the station is a group of ten white sulphur springs of great virtue.

As a health resort for those who love the wilds of nature, this is an ideal spot, and Dr. Walter Lindley, in his "California of the South" grows quite enthusiastic over its many advantages.

**Ravena.**—Ten miles from Lang is a small village, largely composed of Mexicans, log, sod and stone houses being the prevailing styles of architecture. At one time it was a common saying that here "moss agates and grizzly bears abounded." About a mile below Ravena, on the right, high up on the side of the mountain, and, possibly, 600 feet above the cars, is a huge rock, called "George Washington," from the alleged likeness it bears to the "father of our country."



From Lang to Acton the train winds its way through the

**Soledad Canyon.** As the cars pass through this canyon of solitude it is well to look out and enjoy its rugged wonders. It is a deep gorge, with towering mountain cliffs rising on the south side, in places from 500 to 2,000 feet above the bed of the canyon. These cliffs seem as if they had been furiously cleft into deep narrow ravines, and then left to dispair and desolation, for they are as wild, gloomy and dismal gorges as the most vivid imagination could conceive. It is about twenty-five miles in length, and is inhabited largely by Mexicans. For many years the noted robber and outlaw Vasquez made this his home, until he was captured and executed at San Jose, March 19, 1875. The head of the pass, near Acton, is known yet as the "Robber's Roost." Three miles from Ravena

**Acton** is reached, five miles before the summit of Soledad Pass is crossed, at an altitude of 3,211 feet, at

**Vincent.**—Acton and Vincent are mere way-side stations, although in the country round about considerable farming, honey producing and mining are carried on. Seven miles from Vincent is

**Palmdale**, sixty-seven miles from Los Angeles. Here the traveler begins to enter the region of desert palms,—Yuccas as the Giant Cactus, the *Cereus Giganteus* is often improperly named. Who that has crossed the deserts of Arizona and Southeastern California is not familiar with these astonishing trees, thousands of which stand like an army of bristling giants, guarding the sands that give them life. Many of them attain great height, fifty, sixty and even seventy feet being sometimes reached.



### From Palmdale to

**Lancaster** is nine miles. and here we are seventy-six miles from Los Angeles. Lancaster is a growing little town, being the trading point for many sheep and cattle men, as well as miners in the outlying districts. It has a church, a school, and a number of stores. Near by, is the fertile Antelope Valley, which during the past few years has come into considerable notice as an excellent place for the growth of almonds. This valley is destined to make homes for thousands of people, the lands being cheap and well irrigated. Some of the finest wheat, in large quantities, is raised here, and cherries and raisin grapes do remarkably well. The water for irrigation is mainly secured from a wide artesian well belt which is found to exist, and almost in every place where boring is done water is easily found. Snow occasionally falls here in winter, but it does no damage, and, indeed, is found to be a help in the growing of cherries and apples.

Antelope Valley is about seventy-five miles long by ten to twenty miles wide, and it has 70,000 acres sown to grain and nearly 5,000 acres planted to fruit. It has four irrigation districts, eight incorporated water companies, seventy-six artesian wells, fourteen postoffices, ten school districts, nine stores, a good bank, one railroad, six hotels, abundance of alfalfa land, produces the earliest fruit, is surrounded by mountains bearing silver, gold, asbestos, marble, lime, gypsum, is unequalled for health, and has a population of about 2,500.

We now leave Los Angeles County, and, just before reaching

**Rosamond**, enter Kern County. This is a small and unimportant station, though near by, we may obtain an interesting view of the deceptive Mirage Lake. It appears as if of water, but is mostly white sand and alkali. We are now in the heart of the

**Mojave Desert**, where "the dry beds of ancient lakes, which, being covered with salt, soda and borax, glitter in the bright sunlight like sheets of burnished metal, or the rippling waters that once covered them. Here especially may be witnessed the weird and deceptive 'mirage,' which creates before the vision of the tired and thirsty wayfarer enchanting pictures of ponds and lakes, bordered with shady trees and turf, only to dissolve them upon nearer approach and leave in their place salty desolation, which seems all the more desolate for the fleeting vision of beauty. But man untiringly wrests from even these unfriendly wastes their stores of wealth—borax and salt.

"The desert shows a great variety of the most attractive scenery in its ever changing hues, cliffs, canyons, extinct volcanoes, lava beds and sandy plains. A landscape painter would find abundant material for striking pictures everywhere, but especially among the gulches and precipices of 'Red Rock' and 'Iron' canyons, which have but recently been brought most prominently to public notice by the discovery of extensive and rich gold placers."

Just 100 miles from Los Angeles,

**Mojave** is reached. The cacti have been thick on our way, and, in crossing the desert, our attention has constantly been arrested by the large number of round buttes, which arise from the sand. They are of all sizes, from half an acre to several acres in extent at the base, and from 100 to 500 feet in height. Most of them are peaked at their summits, and are grooved or worn out by the elements into small ravines, which extend from top to bottom, and they present a most peculiar appearance.

The yuccas constantly call forth expressions of wonder and astonishment from the journeying tourist.

The town of Mojave is situated on the northern border of the desert whose name it bears. It is a



small but thriving railroad town, dependant largely upon the shops of the S. P. R. R. which are located here. This is the point of junction of the Tulare and Los Angeles divisions of this great railway system, and it is also the terminal point on the Pacific Coast of the Atlantic and Pacific R. R. (the Santa Fe route), which branches off at Barstow and for 72 miles brings the traveler through the desert on his way to San Francisco, should he wish to avoid the ever verdant valleys of the San Gabriel and Los Angeles.

This is the nearest railroad point for the extensive borax works in the desert in the east (where this mineral is literally shoveled up from the ground in vast quantities) and is also the point of departure for the prosperous mining camps of Goler and Red Rock, where much placer gold has been found during the year and a half that the deposits have been worked.

**Goler and Red Rock** are both reached by stage from Mojave. For many years this stage has run, over excellent roads. Those interested in gold mining and in picturesque scenery will much enjoy the ride to both of these places.

The hills which give their name to Red Rock Canyon are formed of layers of white, red and gray sandstone, covered with layers of white and pink tufa and volcanic cement, the whole capped with green and black lava. The continuous action of water has washed the softer layers partly away, forming precipices, battlements, galleries, columns, cliffs and grotesque formations resembling human or animal shapes. Hardly anywhere else could as wild and as brilliantly colored a mass of rocks be found.

**Cameron**, eleven miles from Mojave, is a small station near which many of the great cacti grow. Soon after leaving Cameron the train enters a narrow canyon a few hundred feet wide, with high and steep

walls on each side. This soon opens out and forms a little valley. Rising slowly, we pass a small lake on our left, dry in summer, and at which time salt may be shoveled up by the carload.

Still ascending, we soon reach the summit of the Tehachapi Mountains. On the summit is a vast plateau, in which the center of population is the town of

**Tehachapi**—a thriving, prosperous place of 1,000 population. Tributary to it is an extensive farming region, while in the adjacent mountains are numerous mines of gold and silver, from which favorable results are realized. The elevated situation of Tehachapi and its particularly salubrious surroundings make it a favorite summer resort for the dwellers of the plains. The plateau upon which it is situated is several thousands acres in extent; with high mountain ranges to the east and west, and although the altitude is nearly 4,000 feet, the crops are good and grazing excellent. Many sheep used to range in the valley and on the hills, which are covered with a fine grass, but, within the last few years, the fruit-growing industry has grown so extensively that there is now no room for sheep in the valley.

After leaving Tehachapi we journey side by side with the old stage road for quite a distance, and along this road, no matter how hot the summer is, there will always be seen prettily colored patches of vegetation. These are the tar weeds, and they stick to one's boots and clothing as they do to the noses of the cattle. We now approach the system of Tunnels and the Loop, that have made the Tehachapi Pass one of the great engineering wonders of the world. It is alleged that three civil engineers of great reputation first undertook to survey a passage through these crags and peaks, and, after repeated attempts, declared the route impossible. A boy of twenty took up the work where his elders had forsaken it, and this miraculous railway path over



and through the mountains, is the result. Concerning it, Mr. E. McD. Johnston, the editor of *The Traveler*, America's leading tourist's magazine, thus graphically writes: "As the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range in the north culminate in the great peak of Shasta (41 deg. 24 min.) So, in the neighborhood of Tehachapi Pass (35 deg.) these two great chains blend their distinguishing features of form, slope, and icy crag, and are lost in an inextricable mass of jumbled up peaks of every conceivable form and variety. Although nature has reared no such colossal masterpieces as Shasta in the welding of her great rock bands in the South, she has managed to throw up her earthworks in a manner so impregnable as to seemingly defy the art of man to penetrate. The physical features of this Tehachapi county (the lowest pass being 4,000 feet altitude) seemed to, and did for a time, baffle the shrewdest engineers, but, finally, the track, by doubling back upon, and crossing itself, by climbing, squirming and curving, resulted in a success, and gave us one of the most famous and dexterous pieces of railroad engineering in the world."

For some distance, after leaving Tehachapi we can see we are entering a canyon, and, ere long, the track enters a tunnel. The creek is crossed and recrossed, once on a very high trestle, and several tunnels are passed through. In the tunnels and rocks and ravines we can see how great were the difficulties the engineers had to face. Tunnels 14, 13 and 12 are not far apart, so that one alternates in light and darkness, gliding slowly along on ledges of solid rock, alongside deep ravines. Just before reaching Tunnel No. 1, we come to

**Girard**, 127 miles from Los Angeles. This is but small station for the convenience of the railroad. The tunnels through which we are passing have all been timbered with Oregon cedar, a tough, durable

and weight-sustaining wood. On emerging through Tunnel number 11, a lofty peak may be seen to the left, which, as yet has no name. I respectfully suggest that it be named after the dauntless engineer who made this railway journey possible for us over this stupendous range of mountains. On emerging from Tunnel No. 10 a fine view may be had of

**The Loop.**—Five lines of railroad are crossing and recrossing the canyon. Tunnel No. 9 is The Loop Tunnel. This loop solved one of the greatest of engineering difficulties. In approaching these mountains from the north the Canyon of the Tehachapi widens at this point, and in it there is a conical-shaped hill. Beneath this, the train goes through Tunnel No. 9, and emerging, it curves to the left and circles around this conical hill and crosses the track only 77.46 feet higher. Then by a fill of 150,000 cubic yards, the road passes from the peak around which it curved, over to the wall of the canyon, and is now, again, far above the bed of the creek. In curving around the hill, before passing through Tunnel No. 9, and on the northeast side of the hill, there is a heavy cut that required much blasting, and here were used the largest blasts exploded on the whole of the Southern Pacific System.

The loop line is 3,794.7 feet in length; the curvature, 300 deg. 52 min.; the limit of curvature, 10 deg. and the radius, 573.7 feet. There are seventeen tunnels connected with the ascent of this range, between Caliente and the summit. The shortest of these is No. 11, 158.8 feet, and the longest, No. 5, 1,156.3 feet. The aggregate length of the seventeen is 7,683.9 feet

**Keene** is reached at a distance of 132 miles from Los Angeles. It is a small station, and trains stop here but seldom. Still the observant traveler will see around it many points of interest in the mountain

scenery. On the left is Bear Mountain, a peak of the Sierra Nevada, heavily timbered and snow crowned late into the spring. Our road winds around so much that it will be in view for many miles, never growing much nearer, or receding much further from us until long after we pass Caliente. Soon after passing Keene, while making the Twitt Creek Bend, an extensive view of the great San Joaquin Valley is to be had. The Coast Range is to the left, the Sierra Nevada to the right, and the valley stretching northward for hundreds of miles, directly before us.

The old stage road is crossed and recrossed, and we pass through heavy cuts made in the massive granitoid rocks. Eight miles from Keene

**Bealville** is reached, 140 miles from Los Angeles. This station is named in honor of General Beale, who owned large properties in Kern County. Winding through the hills for six miles

**Caliente** is reached, at an elevation of 1,290 feet, a great descent from the 4,025 feet altitude at Tehachapi. This place is at the junction of Caliente and Tehachapi Creeks. It was for a long time the Southern terminus of the Tulare division of the railroad, before the Tehachapi Mountains were scaled. From Caliente the axis of the mountains runs for twenty miles in a southwesterly direction to the Tejon Pass. Near by is old

**Fort Tejon**, which, during the early days of American possession, was one of the most important military posts in the State. Extensive ruins of stables and barracks are still in a fair state of preservation and have been, in some instances, recently repaired and are now used by the superintendent of the Castac Ranch, Mr. Stitt. Formerly, everything was allowed to go to ruin. The cemetery, where numbers of sol-

diers are buried was desecrated by unfeeling wretches, who carried off the enclosures of the graves and used them in making pig stys. Some of the largest oaks in this part of the United States grow at the Fort. At the foot of the largest one an old French trapper and hunter, Joseph Lebeck, killed in an encounter with a grizzly bear, was buried by his companions in 1837. Vandals, a few years ago, cut out the inscription in the tree, dug out the crumbling bones of the old hunter and abstracted, with ghoulisn delight, a few brass buttons.

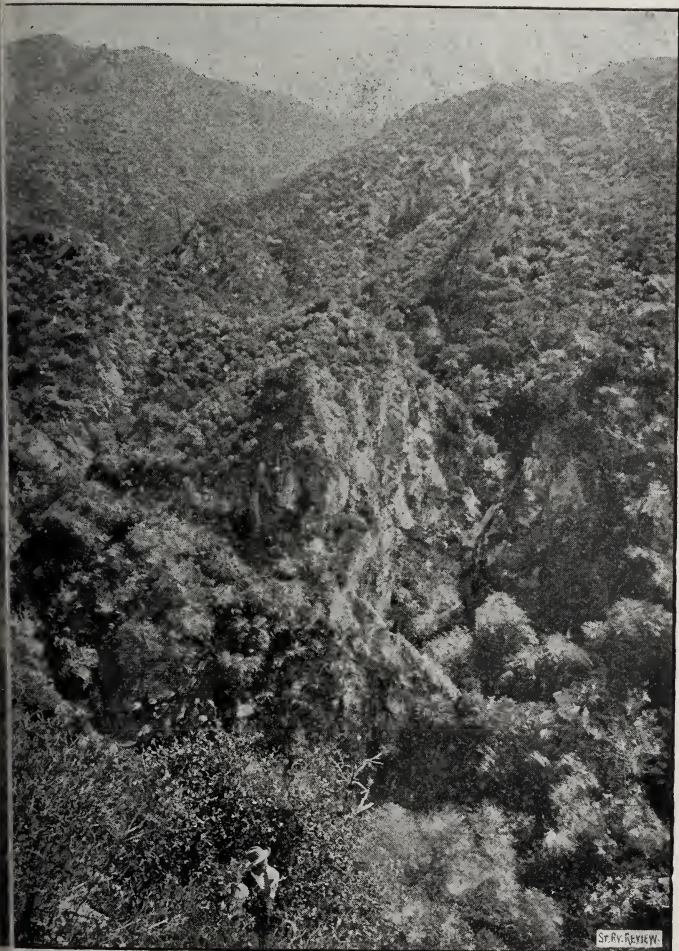
Cool and shady mountain streams tumble down the gulches and canyons of these mountains and are used to irrigate the fields, orchards and pastures of the foothills.

**Pampa** is the next station passed, 153 miles from Los Angeles. It is an unimportant place. Just on the other side a descent of 80 feet is made to cross Basin Creek, so named from Walker's Basin on the East. Over the Sierra Nevada is Walker's Pass, one of the most southerly passes over this great range of mountains.

**Wade** is another small station 161 miles from Los Angeles.

**Bakersfield** is 168 miles from Los Angeles and 302 miles from San Francisco. In late years Bakersfield has begun to grow rapidly. It is the largest place in the county and the seat of local government, and, as California towns go, is one of the oldest places in the state. It owes its origin to the mining excitement which in early days reached even into the mountain fastnesses of Kern county, and from which cause it early became an important trading center and resort for miners and others. When agricultural development followed the decadence of the mines, Bakersfield





IN THE SIERRA MADRE, SEEN FROM ECHO MOUNTAIN.

SP. BY. REVIEW.



was found to be surrounded with a surpassingly fertile soil, and from that time to the present day it has enjoyed the fame of being one of the most solidly substantial towns in the state, with that best of all foundations—a prosperous farming community—behind it.

Bakersfield ranks well with any eastern city of its size in the appearance of its streets, lined as they are with substantial and even handsome business blocks, uniformly constructed of brick and of appropriate styles of architecture. The place has a population of upwards of 5,000 souls and is well provided with all modern conveniences—such as gas, electric lights, water works, street car service, hotels, churches, schools, newspapers, societies, etc. The streets are wide and roomy and there being an abundance of “elbow room,” the residences of the people are usually surrounded with spacious grounds, in which shrubbery, vines and flowers of all kinds thrive and many varieties blossom the year round.

It is situated at the junction of two branches of the Kern river, and has a \$35,000 court-house, flouring mill, banks, stores, good churches and schools. The two leading hotels are the Arlington and the Southern, and there are two good newspapers.

As has already been stated in the chapter on Irrigation, Kern County possesses one of the largest irrigation systems in the world.

The Kern River is, of course, the most important source of water for irrigation purposes. Heading in the perennial snows and ice of Mt. Whitney, its two forks pass through fertile valleys and unite at a point about forty miles northeast of Bakersfield where the river enters the Kern River Canyon which is unexcelled in ruggedness and scenic beauty. The formation is granite, more or less metamorphic, slate and lime here and there, all very much tumbled about, twisted and broken by volcanic and seismic action. The mouth of the canyon is fourteen miles east of

Bakersfield, easily reached over a good wagon road and one of the principal picnic grounds of the inhabitants of that flourishing town. Another favorite place for camping during the heated term is Mt. Breckenridge, 7,500 feet high, where springs of most beautiful cold and pure water, fresh and juicy meadows and shady groves of majestic pines invite the excursionists to tarry awhile.

A large sawmill belonging to the Hoosier Lumber Company is one of the principal points of interest on this mountain. There is also good hunting and fishing, bear and deer being plentiful, while an occasional wildcat disturbs the slumbers of the peaceful campers.

Bear Mountain, Tehachapi and San Emidio have likewise their devoted adherents who year after year seek their cool mountain tops when the plains become too hot.

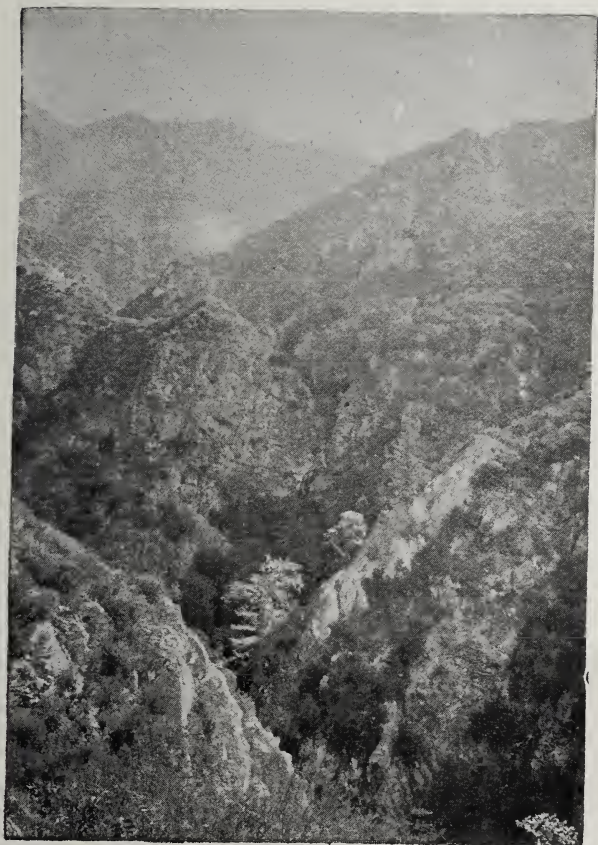
The valley of the South Fork is a most fertile one, as is also Walker's Basin and Lynn Valley. Alfalfa, grain and fruit of all kinds belonging to the temperate clime, grow in abundance. Fishing is excellent in most of the mountain streams as well as in Kern River, in whose headwaters the celebrated Golden Trout makes his home.

Buena Vista Lake, 14 miles southwest of Bakersfield, a magnificent sheet of water about six miles square, is covered all the year round with ducks, geese, pelicans, swans and other wild fowl, offering a fine field for the gentle sportsman. Near it, among the foothills of the Coast Range, a band of elk (about forty) still remain, the last remnant of uncounted numbers that roamed these plains as late as forty or fifty years ago. A few bands of antelope are also found in sheltered nooks and protected by the settlers and cowboys from the pernicious market hunter.

The mineral resources of this County are almost entirely undeveloped as yet, still there are large asphaltum and oil fields in operation.

The oil fields are just at the edge of the foothills of the Coast Range. The Sunset or Hazelton district lies some thirty-five miles southwest of Bakersfield, and is now twenty miles from the nearest Southern Pacific Railway station. The Buena Vista district is forty miles west of Bakersfield, at Asphalto, the terminus of the new branch of the Southern Pacific. At Hazelton are now being pumped seven wells from which are obtained a very heavy or semi-liquid asphaltum (known technically and commercially as maltha), a viscid, brilliant and sticky substance, showing deep, glossy black, blue-black or reddish-black from different wells as it is pumped out. Five pits about six feet square have been dug about the wells, which strike the maltha at from seventy to one hundred feet depth. These pits form cisterns into which the liquid drains and gathers from the oil-bearing strata. The maltha is all shipped to Bakersfield, where it is treated and marketed in various products. It is valuable as a fluxing or softening medium for harder and paving asphalts, as varnish, asphalt paint, etc. The other available and practically applied uses for the refined product of the maltha are as a lacquer for iron; as a coating for iron pipe for irrigation, and domestic and public service in cities and country; electric insulating pipe material and coating for wires; waterproofing for cloth and paper; for roofing and roofing paper; as a substitute for rubber, both alone and in combination with rubber and gutta-percha; for the manufacture of printing and lithographing inks; as a ground for the plates of etchers and engravers, and other uses which only a little time has brought about, and to which, year by year, the aptitude and energy of the American manufacturer, engineer or artist will continue to add.

There are also large deposits of sulphur in the same region. Antimony is found in great purity and in considerable quantities throughout the San



A MOUNTAIN SCENE,

Emidio Mountains, near Havilah. Coal occurs in thin seams along the foothills of the Tejon Mountains. Gypsum is abundant in the foothills of the Sierra, and copper, lead, tin, iron, zinc and gold are found in many places in paying quantities.

The ancient sea covering this valley has left behind large beds of shells, fossil bones of large mammals, tapirs or some other pachyderms, probably, and immense beds of sharks' teeth of all sizes up to the unusually large dimensions of five inches long by four inches wide. A fish of this kind must have been a monster indeed when we consider the size (twenty feet or so) to which our present sharks grow, whose teeth do not exceed one inch in length.

Mineral springs, especially sulphur springs, abound. On the ranch of Mr. Barker, about seven miles east of Bakersfield, is a sulphur spring that contains a very large amount of gas which he collects in a tank and uses to light his dining room.

At Bakersfield is located the experimental farm and garden of the Kern County Land Company. In both farming and gardening the value of the work of this garden cannot be overestimated, and the interested visitor will find a few hours spent there a most profitable investment.

In fibre culture, under the direction of Mr. Felix Fremerey, great advance has been made, he having made a machine which most efficiently decorticates the plant and makes its fibre ready for use. Each year America imports leaf fibres to the extent of \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000, the major proportion of which should be raised in this country. The endeavor of the experiments which, so far, have proven uniformly successful, is that these fibres can all be profitably raised in South California.

The visitor to Bakersfield should not fail to drive out to the great ranches of Stockdale, Rosedale and Bellevue, and also see the three growing colonies of





Rosedale, Mountain View and Union Avenue. Of the 13,000 acres that comprise the Rosedale, nearly 7,000 have already been sold and planted with fruit, while the colonists have churches, schools, social organizations, and all the desirable adjuncts of a modern community. Settlers coming to any of these colonies have none of the "backwoods pioneering" to do that is the inevitable concomitant of settling in a new region in the far west or northwest, but on the contrary step at once into a community which in many respects is fully the equal of the best settled regions of the older states. As the farms average only twenty acres each, there is none of the isolation which is regarded as so objectionable a feature in the ordinary farming communities, and in fact nearly all the unpleasant characteristics of those communities are only known by their absence in the California colony of the pattern in those in Kern county.

**Kern City** is a place of some 1,200 population a short distance from Bakersfield. It is the site of the Southern Pacific Railroad shops and is a division headquarters, giving residence to several hundred employes of the company, which are in fact the main dependence of the town. One of the handsomest and most substantial depot buildings in the State is located here, while the schoolhouse is a notable fine brick structure of modern architecture, attesting the enterprise of the community.

Bakersfield and Kern City are practically one city, but in two parts, about a mile distant from each other. In time there is little doubt but that the two towns will grow together, especially if the present rapid rate of progress continues.

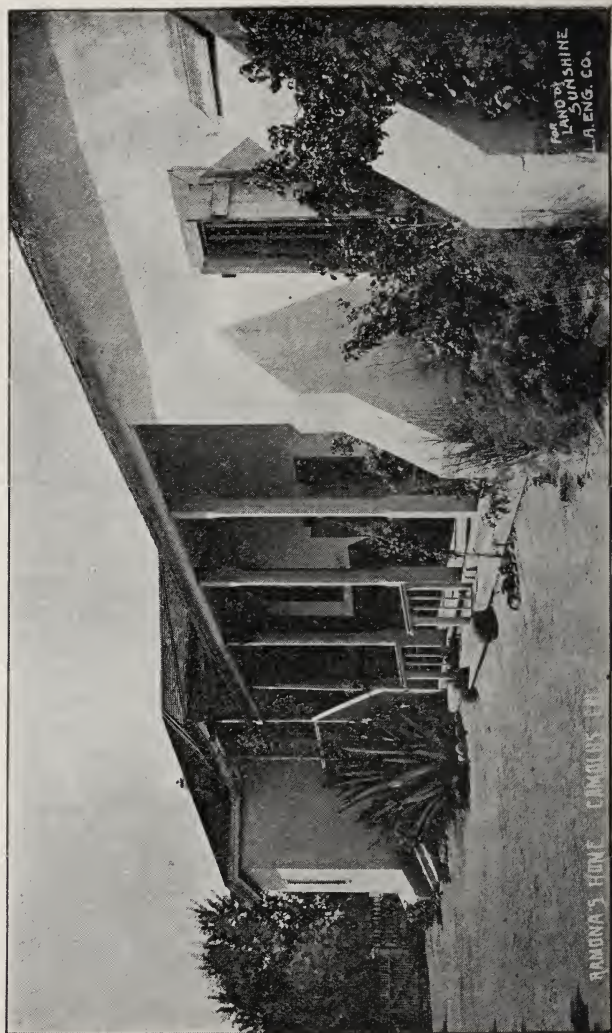
In the mountain valleys east of Bakersfield are the towns of

**Glennville, Kernville, Weldon and Havilah.**—

The latter was once the county seat, but with the decadence of mining it lost its importance, and is now only a shadow of what it once was. The other localities mentioned have large areas of good farming land tributary to them and with better transportation facilities they must become trading centers of considerable importance.

Thirty miles north of Bakersfield is

**Delano**, the second place of importance in Kern county, 200 miles from Los Angeles. This region is largely devoted to wheat growing, which has a direct tendency to retard the rapid increase of population. However, this is gradually being changed by the introduction of small farming through the aid of irrigation, and in time to come the territory about Delano promises to become thickly populated.



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RAMONA'S HOME CAMULOS PA

RAMONA'S HOME. CAMULOS.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### From Los Angeles, via Santa Barbara, to San Luis Obispo on the Southern Pacific R. R.

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The trip from Los Angeles to Saugus is the same as described in the last chapter. Here we take the Santa Barbara branch of the S. P. R. R. The first place of importance reached is

**Camulos**, now made famous as the home of Ramona. "The richly-sculptured San Fernando Mountains hem it in on the south, the foot-hills of the "Sierra de San Rafael" on the north, and through the pleasant little valley between, runs the Santa Clara River. On its margins are clumps of willows and groves of wide-spreading sycamores, and near where its clear waters run by the old homestead, may be seen the "artichoke patch," and the "flat stone washboards, on which was done all the family washing."

"The house, as described by Mrs. Jackson, was 'one of the best specimens to be found in California of



the representative house of the half-barbaric, half-elegant, wholly generous and free-handed life led there by Mexican men and women of degree in the early part of this century." The foot-hill pasture lands, the sheep corrals, the vineyards, olive yards and orchards, the old Chapel, etc., etc., are all to be seen quite as really, as they are described in this interesting



AN INDIAN HOME.

book. Mrs. Jackson's descriptions of South California scenery are exceedingly fine, and it is not a matter of wonder that she chose this beautiful spot as the home of her charming Ramona."

Fifty miles from Los Angeles is

**Piru**, where D. C. Cook, a publisher of Sunday School periodicals, has an extensive fruit ranch. Piru is in the center of a growing horticultural district.

Seven miles further on is

**Fillmore**, a new and prosperous town, well laid out, facing the high crags of the San Fernando Mountains on the south. Fillmore is at the mouth of the Sespe canyon which is fairly lined with oil wells.

**Santa Paula** is 67 miles from Los Angeles, and is situated in the beautiful and fertile Santa Clara valley. The town was laid out in 1875, and has grown rapidly, especially since the development of the oil industry. There are a large number of profitable oil wells in the immediate neighborhood, and pipe lines, storage tanks and refinery are all fully utilized. Much of the oil after being refined, flows through a four-inch pipe to Hueneme wharf, 18 miles distant, where it is received in specially constructed steamers, and thence transported to the San Francisco market.

Leaving Santa Paula we pass through beautiful groves of eucalyptus trees, and fine orange orchards, with here and there extraordinary English walnut orchards. Lemons, limes and apricots also do well, but corn and beans are the chief products. Beans yield from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs. to the acre, and have been known often to give as high as 2,500 lbs. to the acre. Indeed Ventura is the greatest bean-producing county in South California.

**Saticoy**, 7 miles further, 74 miles from Los Angeles, is in the center of a rich agricultural and horticultural district. The valley here opens to about ten miles in width, and is so fertile that grain, corn, potatoes, other vegetables, and all kinds of fruit, except oranges, grow in profusion.

**Hueneme** is an important shipping point in Ventura County, and may be seen, ten miles away to our left, as we journey forward. Here are large oil tanks filled by pipe line from Santa Paula, a long wharf, and a lighthouse with a revolving light. The town is in the midst of an artesian belt, hence there is an abundance of good water, and, as there are over 300,000 acres of land under cultivation, large quantities of grain, fruit and vegetables are shipped to other markets.

Just back of Hueneme is a rich territory of several hundred thousand acres, a great portion of which, until recently was virgin soil, never having been utilized for anything but grazing purposes. One of the largest of these ranches is the Simi ranch of 98,000 acres, which is now subdivided and a large portion sold to settlers. It is the sub-division of these great ranches that is destined to make the whole of South California rich and densely populated.

**Montalvo**, 78 miles from Los Angeles, is a comparatively recent town, and, being well located and with a rich country to back it up, is destined to grow. Nearby is an apricot orchard containing 1,500 acres, and there are many walnut orchards also.

**Ventura**, as the ancient town of San Buenaventura is now termed, is 83 miles from Los Angeles. It is the county seat, and, of late years has aroused itself and begun to improve. New business blocks have been erected, and there are many evidences of increased prosperity on every hand. The town is beautifully situated on the Ventura River, and lies on a slope of the foothills of a mountain ridge, which rises to an elevation of 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the sea. The town faces the ocean towards the west. The sidewalks of the business streets are cemented, and there are good hotels and banks, large warehouses and stores, a good wharf, and excellent churches, schools, Y. M. C. A. and public library. It has one daily and one weekly newspaper. The town is lighted by gas. There are, also, a flour mill, a cannery, two planing mills and a brewery. The water system of the city is good.

The beach affords an enjoyable pleasure resort, and sea-bathing is indulged in all throughout the year. There is also good salt water fishing and trout fishing in the Ventura River. Excursion parties are often

made up to visit the group of the Santa Barbara Islands, which lie in the channel in full view.

**The Ojai Valley.** About fifteen miles inland from the Pacific Ocean, is Nordhoff, the postoffice and trad-



HANGING ROCK AT OJAI HOT SPRINGS.

ing center for this famous valley; the climate of which, being a happy medium between the heavy and often fog-laden air of the immediate coast, and the extreme lightness and dryness of the more interior mountain heights, is to a very great degree beneficial to people afflicted with throat or lung troubles or rheumatism. The Ojai Valley has been rightly called the "Asthmatic's Paradise," because there are few peo-

ple afflicted with this distressing and whimsical ailment, who cannot here take a long, deep breath of good pure air without wheezing.

The Ojai Valley is a general term given to two small hill valleys—the Lower Ojai Valley and the Upper Ojai Valley—the two being connected by a good graded and well kept road. The village of Nordhoff is in about the center of the lower valley, which, in size, is about ten miles long and three miles wide, and has a mean elevation of nearly 1,000 feet. The Upper Ojai is much smaller, and has an altitude of from 1,100 to 1,300 feet; it was first settled up, however and has several large and very rich farms or ranches under thorough cultivation and producing large annual crops of fruits, grains and general dairy and farm products.

The name "Ojai," is of Indian derivation, and while its meaning is not certain, it is presumed to signify "nest." It is not difficult to imagine either of the valleys to be greatly enlarged birds' nests, from their general shape they being mountain-locked. The name spelled "Ojai," is propounded "Oh-hi,—but very good authority on Indian lore says it should be pronounced "Oh-ha-ee," which is certainly more musical than the shorter "Oh-hi."

Besides the wonderfully bracing air, which is of so much benefit to people out of health, the Ojai offers much to pleasure-seekers and to home-seekers. In the valley, and within an hour's or two hours' ride, are some of the choicest bits of scenery enraptured artists ever depicted upon canvas; botanists, geologists, mineralogists, and especially anachasologists, find here a rich field for their labors. The Ojai is a most desirable home place, not alone because the climate and soil combined will grow almost anything the sun shines upon, nor altogether because land is still comparatively cheap and the climate gives one promise of a full life, but very largely because no bet-



ter class of people, who are cosmopolitan, form any community anywhere. The village of

**Nordhoff** is neither large nor pretentious, but is a homelike, pleasant place, built under the protecting branches of kingly live-oak trees, which, being left undisturbed in the streets or wherever they chance to grow, give the place a decidedly distinctive feature. The trees were here first, and the people either go under them or around them. Many of the conveniences of larger places are lacking, it is true, but still there are good stores, carrying surprisingly large stocks, there is a good-sized hotel—the Ojai Inn—which, we are informed, has just passed into the proprietorship of an experienced man from Los Angeles. There is, besides, a first-class boardinghouse, three churches—Congregational, Christian and Holiness—a livery stable, a drug store, meat market, lumber yard, modern laundry, a free library, two blacksmith shops, a bright, clean, literary-newspaper, *The Ojai*, which is working unceasingly for the good of the Ojai Valley; and it is pleasant to write, the Nordhoff school district has just voted to erect a new \$9,000 school-house, work on which will be commenced soon. Nordhoff is supplied with pure water, piped from the mountains on the north side of the valley, and with artesian water, piped from wells a short distance east from the village. About a mile east of Nordhoff, on Ojai avenue on the main thoroughfare through the valley, is the Presbyterian church, and quite near the popular tourists' hotel, Galby's Cottages. An asphaltum sidewalk is now being laid to connect these two places with the village. There are, also, one or two first-class boarding houses in the valley, including Dr. E. Pierpont's Sanitarium, besides several of the ranches which occasionally accommodate boarders.

Located on high ground at the eastern end of Lower Ojai Valley, is Mr. Sherman D. Thacker's Casa Pie-

dra Ranch School, a boarding and day school, where young men, and now young ladies, also, are prepared for any college or university in the United States. The school is one of the institutions of which the Ojai Valley is justly proud.

From Nordhoff one may easily and enjoyably reach the pines of the mountains at an elevation of over 4,500 feet, and within a day's horseback ride is Pine Mountain, a most popular resort.

At the northwestern corner of the Lower Ojai Valley is Natilija Canyon, quite a popular resort, where a number of mineral springs are found.

The Ojai is at present reached by carriage roads from the well known points on the coast branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. From Santa Paula Nordhoff is reached by a pleasant drive up the Santa Paula canyon into the Upper Ojai Valley, and thence down to the center of the Lower Ojai Valley. At Ventura, the mid-day trains from either direction are met by stages, which carry passengers over one of the most charming fifteen-mile drives in California. Ventura is the distributing point for all mails for the Ojai Valley. From Santa Barbara, the "Flower Festival" city, the Ojai Valley is reached by a carriage drive of thirty-seven miles, which can be easily made in the daylight hours of one day, with mid-day rest and refreshment at Shepard's Mountain View House, situated about half way between the two places. The distance of this drive is offset by a charming scenic panorama, which dozens of writers have described in glowing pen-pictures. The famous Montecito and Carpinteria valleys, and the Casitas (little houses) Pass are traversed, and at about twenty-five miles from Santa Barbara the Ventura River is crossed and the road from Ventura to Nordhoff can be made over a choice of two roads—the "grade" road, a fairly good road with pleasant scenery, or the "creek" road, which follows the meanderings of San Antonio creek,

and presents the most charming "wood and water" scenes—the most abrupt and unexpected pictures, of any road the writer is acquainted with.

**New Jerusalem.**—This is another of the ten-year-old settlements, and is situated about seven miles due east from San Buenaventura on the banks of the Santa Clara River. There is a small though growing population with post and express offices, hotel, stables, general merchandise stores, etc. The land around about is exceedingly fertile and profitable.

**Carpenteria.**—And now leaving Ventura, we will proceed on our way to Santa Barbara. Skirting the ocean on one side and high mountains on the other, through cactus, sage brush and grassy nooks, with, now and then, perpendicular cliffs of 1,000 feet height to our left; by numerous Mexican cabins, where we may see wooden plows, old carretas, burros, goats, bare-footed, black-eyed babies. we journey for seventeen miles to Carpenteria, with its 1,000 Spanish-Mexican inhabitants, living happily in the midst of large and thriving fruit orchards.

Here is located the great grapevine which is known, and has been pictured throughout the world. It is 7 feet 6 inches in circumference, and is undoubtedly the largest in the world, outclassing the celebrated English vine at Hampton Court. The branches cover an arbor of over 100 feet square, and which in 1893 bore eight tons of grapes. Mr. Wilson, the owner, has from time to time received flattering offers for this great vine, but being his chief pride it is not for sale. Tourists will enjoy a drive along the old county road and be highly entertained by Mr. Wilson's interesting stories, he having resided in the county many years.

Ten more miles through equally romantic and fascinating scenes, and

**Santa Barbara** is reached, 110 miles from Los Angeles. A full chapter of this Guide Book would not do justice to the legitimate claims it possesses upon the attention of the tourist, hence I must refer my readers to the various local guide books published descriptive of this—"the Mentone of America." The Santa Barbara Mission has already been described and a picture of the harbor given, from Dana's "Two years before the mast."

This is one of the oldest towns in South California. Until August 19, 1887, the date of the arrival of the first railroad train, Santa Barbara was reached only by stage from Newhall, or by steamer from San Francisco. So that, owing to its isolation, up to 1887 its growth was more gradual and healthy than that of many other towns, although the "boom" did twice sweep over the city and cause considerable distress.

The first view of Santa Barbara obtained by the traveler when he enters it by the Southern Pacific Railroad is impressive and pleasing. It is situated on a gentle slope from the ocean on the west, for two miles to the foothills on the east, from which rise the Santa Ynez mountains to an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet. From the slopes and summits of these mountains a view of the city and its surroundings can be had, which is of surpassing loveliness. The old-fashioned adobe houses; the ancient mission, the modern streets, fine hotels, public buildings, churches and schools, the exquisitely beautiful lawns and gardens, the evergreen and flowering shrubs and trees, the verdant valley, the pearly-faced ocean and the far-away islands all combine to make a picture of infinite satisfaction.

The Reverend Selah W. Brown has truthfully and poetically written :

"Dear old Santa Barbara with its majestic mountains rising in rugged grandeur on one hand, and its lovely foothills on the other. With its bend in the

coast, and its Southern outlook on the largest ocean on the earth. With its curving sea shore of wondrous beauty, and its ever rolling surf, sounding day and night like an everlasting anthem. Santa Barbara where blessed Bethesdas bubble up with healing virtue from God's great boiling laboratories, and

'The breath of old ocean comes daily to bless  
The faint and the feeble with healing caress'

"Santa Barbara with its grand mountain 'passes' and its lonely mountain 'trails'; its panoramic visions from Pisgahs as glorious as Nebo to Moses and its wild canyons as desolate as Sinai; its picturesque valleys and delightful groves; its romantic walks and its cosy corners; its golden sunrises and its purple sunsets; its gardens and vineyards; its Italian sky and and its *dolce far niente* climate; its adobe walls and tiled roofs; its floral Carnivals and its battles of flowers; all these combinations of attractions give our city an enchantment rarely seen on earth."

Winter and summer alike Santa Barbara is charming and enjoyable. There are few places in the world, where, all-the-year-round, the climate is neither uncomfortably hot or discomfortingly cold. But in all seasons Santa Barbara is delightful and comforting.

As a health-resort this Flower City by the Sea cannot be too highly spoken of. Its sheltered position, and perfect exposure to the sunny southern ocean, its close proximity to majestic pine-covered mountains, and the general salubrity of South California climate combine to lure the invalid back to health.

"Two voices are there: one is of the sea,  
The other of the mountains;"

And both bid the health seeker gain strength and vigor. The cool nights, the freedom from all miasma, the delicious ocean and mountain breezes, which alternate to temper and purify the atmosphere,—these are the chief influences which are beneficial to the invalid,



the aged and infirm, and the young. Yet it should not be forgotten that at Santa Barbara, in the petroleum and kindred deposits, God has provided a natural disinfectant of incalculable benefit in warding off disease, and destroying miasmatic and other germs which might prove injurious.

Underneath and surrounding the city for many miles is a rich bed of bituminous rock, and several miles from the city, in the bed of the ocean and some points along the shore, are springs of petroleum, the product of which continually rises to the surface and floats upon it over an area of many miles. Thus an additional factor for health is given to this city, which adds to her attractiveness and usefulness.

The society of Santa Barbara is, necessarily, most cultured and refined. Wealthy people coming from the East to escape the rigors of winter, and tourists charmed with its location: these, and similar classes, have made Santa Barbara socially what it now is.

On Carrillo Street, stands the fine, new Public Library building. It is quite an imposing structure and most admirably adapted to its purposes. There are about 6,600 volumes, selected with care, and making a library whose value to the growing community cannot easily be estimated.

The city is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and has a good system of street cars.

The newspapers of Santa Barbara are progressive and enterprising, and its banks are reliable and stable.

But nothing, in late years, has done so much to attract attention to Santa Barbara as the annual "Flower Festivals." At the Centennial celebration of the founding of the Mission there appeared prominently in the procession a large number of carriages charmingly decorated with flowers. That was in 1886. When notice was received of President Harrison's proposed visit to the city, a wide-awake citizen

suggested that there be a "Battle of Flowers" to form part of the festivities in the honor of the President's arrival. This took place on April 25th, 1891, and the success was so great that a demand was made by the people that a like festival be undertaken by the city each season. An association, numbering many leading citizens, was immediately formed for this pur-



AT THE SANTA BARBARA FLOWER FESTIVAL.

pose, and the first regular "Floral Festival" took place in the spring of 1892. Another was equally successful in 1893 and 1894, and henceforth this event is one of the anticipated occurrences of South California. The "Battle of the Flowers" has been, in each festival, one of the leading attractions. Long proces-

sions of carriages, splendidly decorated with flowers, pass up and down the street in front of the judges. At a signal the "battle" begins. In a moment the air is filled with bouquets of all sorts and people are pelted with flowers from all sides. As the action waxes hot the good nature and fun of the participants seems to increase. Indeed it is one of the jolliest times imaginable. There is nothing but mirth and good breeding and all enjoy themselves to the utmost.

Some of the carriages are wondrously beautiful requiring from ten to twenty thousand roses for their decorations and employing many skilled hands for days in their preparation.

A "Flower Festival" in Santa Barbara is something to be remembered.

**Santa Barbara Hot Springs**—A visit to Santa Barbara would be incomplete without a drive out to, and a bath in the Hot Springs,—or rather, in one of the many hot springs found in the head of a deep canyon, about five miles to the northeast of the town, and at an elevation of about 1,450 feet above the level of the sea.

The drive from the city to the springs is a most romantic and picturesque one. After passing beautiful residences, and driving over a good road, the canyon is entered and the upward climb commences. Here, at every turn, new glories and beauties are revealed. By the roadside runs a boisterous and merry brook, which flashes in the brilliant sunshine as it dashes over its pebbly bottom or falls from cascade to pool, and pool to cascade.

The hotel is well conducted and first-class meals are served.

At the springs a bath-house has been erected and here one may enjoy the luxury and benefit of a hot sulphur bath surrounded by all modern conveniences.

Rheumatism, paralysis, various diseases of syphilitic origin, diseases of the kidneys and bladder, and all cutaneous affections are speedily alleviated, if not permanently cured by the proper use of this water, which flows from the crevices of the rocky walls of the canyon. The temperature of the waters vary from 60 to 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and they have already attracted much attention.

**Montecito**—Although this charming and picturesque spot is reached on the railway some three miles before arriving at Santa Barbara, it is, in reality, one of its suburbs. Rev. E. P. Roe, the gifted writer, speaks of Montecito as "a villa region of blossoming gardens and green lawns." Here grew the monster grapevine that was cut down and removed to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. This vine's trunk was eighteen inches in diameter, and its foliage covered an area of equal to 10,000 square feet. It has produced in one year 12,000 pounds of grapes. There is another vine growing here which bids fair to equal the parent vine.

It is one of the enjoyments of tourists, staying for a while in Santa Barbara, to drive to Montecito. Let me suggest that a pleasant way of adding to the enjoyment of the day is to telephone to Messrs. Alfred Jacoutot, Jr., & Co., of the Grove House, and ask them to prepare one of their tasty hot dinners. Then, after driving around the pretty little town, enjoying the private residences, surrounded by orchards, well-kept grounds and flowers galore, and catching new vistas all the time of mountains, valley, ocean and islands, have your driver stop at this cozy little hostelry, where your team will receive the best of attention, and there enjoy a distinctive and pleasant repast.

The Grove House is pleasantly situated, and surrounded by a fine grove of oak trees, affording shelter





GROVE HOUSE.

on the hottest day, and where a cool breeze from the ocean at all times may be enjoyed. The house is modern and everything is first-class.

Another pleasant resting place at Montecito, which has already become well known in the East by reason of the high character of the entertainment afforded, and the cultured affability of its hostess, Mrs. Josiah Doulton, is Miramar. This beautiful home is located in a charming spot, and is embowered in a rose-garden where semi-tropical foliage abounds. On the one hand is the ocean beach, with its innumerable attractions, and where bathers may be seen sporting in the surf almost every day in the year; on the other hand, the glorious Santa Ynez mountains, with the famous





"MIRAMAR"--EL MONTECITO.

Hot Sulphur Springs, only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant. To those who prefer the quietude of a home, Miramar is especially desirable, for not only is there the more public hotel, but several snug, cosy and comfortable cottages, where perfect home privacy may be secured, have been erected. A new and commodious dining room has just been built and equipped, and good food, well and tastily cooked, and daintily served, is always assured.

Residing here, one may make daily drives to new places of interest. Horseback riding is largely indulged in and many other congenial outdoor occupations.

The perfect beauty and comfort of the home, the incomparable charm of its immediate surroundings, and the many places of historic and picturesque interest near by, combine with the efforts of Mrs. Doulton to make Miramar an ideal stopping place for the winter.

**Goleta**—Eight miles from Santa Barbara and 118 miles from Los Angeles is the little town of Goleta. The name is Spanish, and signifies "schooner." The village was set out in 1875, and is located almost in the exact center of the great Goleta rancho, owned by about seventy-five persons, who, with their families reside upon their respective tracts.

Within the district are three schoolhouses, two stores, two blacksmith and wagon shops, one hotel, a creamery, a commodious wharf, two well equipped stations of the S. P. R. R., a postoffice, one boot and shoe store, a butcher shop, two churches—Methodist and Baptist—and a large and elegant public hall.

The S. P. R. R. runs trains on Wednesdays and Saturdays only, but there are two daily stage coaches to and from Santa Barbara. Four miles further along, and 124 miles from Los Angeles, the present terminus of the S. P. R. R. is reached at

**Ellwood**, named in honor of Ellwood Cooper, the veteran olive grower of South California. From this point it is the intention of the S. P. company to extend its lines to San Luis Obispo and there connect with the northern branch of its Coast Line, thus affording a new, picturesque and delightful route from Los Angeles to San Francisco. The route is already marked out and will undoubtedly soon be completed.

In the meantime I must describe to my readers the remaining towns of Santa Barbara County, and also those of San Luis Obispo County.

**Lompoc** is located sixteen miles from Los Alamos, thirty from Santa Maria, twenty-eight from Guadalupe, twenty-five from Santa Ynez, and sixty from Santa Barbara, and is situated some nine miles from the ocean. It is one of the most famous temperance colonies in the world. The population is from 500 to 600 and is growing steadily. At present communica-

tion is effected by stage and by the steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The town boasts of having a daily mail and express, and is connected with the outside world by telegraph. The business wants of the town are supplied by several general merchandise establishments, one drug store, two hotels, two livery stables, blacksmith shops, etc., all of which are supplied with full and complete stock in the line of goods which they respectively carry. Lompoc was settled on a temperance basis, and woe to those who have dared to make any infraction of these principles. Two saloons and one drug store that attempted to violate the rules of the colony found out at the expense of one being blown up and the other torn down, while the drug store was suppressed, that it could not be done with impunity and now Lompoc can boast in the "fullness" of pride that there is no saloon in town.

The soil of this section of Santa Barbara is adapted to the growth of a variety of productions, wheat, barley, corn and beans, vegetables and deciduous fruits of the choicest quality.

**Summerland by the Sea** is located about six miles east of Santa Barbara on the Southern Pacific Railway. It now contains 89 dwellings, one fine hotel, two restaurants, two groceries, a drug store and a candy store. It has also a postoffice, transfer, and livery, an express office, a barber shop, a blacksmith shop and a paint shop.

It is a community of spiritualists, and here the peculiar tenets of this religious body are given free scope, as it is the religion of the major portion of the inhabitants.

Oil has been struck and there is every reason to believe that Summerland is growing rapidly.

**Santa Maria.**—This is the second town in the county, and is situated about midway in the valley of 10

that name. While the town has much improved since the following was written by the Rev. A. W. Jackson, it still applies :

“There is a look of promise about the town, and located in that broad, fertile, valley, it has certainly a future before it. The stores wear a look finer than is usual in towns no larger, and indicate a trade that is more than local. The finest school building in the county is under construction here, and there is a weekly paper better than often receives support from a constituency so small. Best of all—let this be said with emphasis—there are here some men.”

**Los Olivos** is the southern termination of the Pacific Coast Railway and has, within a radius of three miles, over one hundred families. It has two good general stores and two saloons, with a well conducted hotel. There are two churches, large warehouses, and the railway offices, warehouses and engine houses belonging to the railway company.

Los Olivos is the northern end of the Santa Barbara and Los Olivos Stage Line Company's route. The trip to Santa Barbara by way of Wine's mountain route is one of the most lovely and enjoyable rides to be found.

**Ballard** is the oldest town in the Santa Ynez Valley.

Between Los Olivos and Ballard are two olive ranches adjoining each other. The owners realize handsome profits from them, showing that there is money in olive culture if the business is well conducted.

**Santa Ynez.**—A few hours ride from Santa Barbara, over the San Marcus road, brings the traveler to the town of Santa Ynez. Here, a hundred years ago, the Franciscan monks built their mission, Santa Ynez,

and began their labors among the surrounding tribes of Indians. The country in the immediate vicinity is devoted to agriculture. Further back are the grazing lands. On the low river lands, to the south, are several large olive orchards, which yield immense crops of this California delicacy.

**Los Alamos.**—Los Alamos, on the railroad, fourteen miles west of Los Olivos, is just beginning to recover from the effects of a disastrous fire, a year ago. Backed up by a highly productive country, it is again pushing forward and is reaching a state of steadily increasing prosperity.

**Garey.**—Garey, fifteen miles north of Los Alamos, and twenty-five miles from Los Olivos, is quite a thriving little town, though only six years' old. The surrounding country is almost entirely devoted to agriculture. Fifty thousand centals would be a conservative estimate of last year's wheat crop, within a radius of six miles of Garey. The Kaiser orchard two miles above Garey, is one of the largest in the country, containing about two hundred acres. Like many other orchards of this valley, a large percentage is set out to prune trees, which yield excellent returns. Dairying interests are rapidly growing in importance. A new creamery will probably be built this year, either at Garey or Olive.

**San Luis Obispo** is the County seat, and is a progressive, growing city of some 3,000 inhabitants. It is built on the site chosen in 1772 by Padre Serra, and is partly surrounded by hills of singular and diversified beauty. The roads through all the valleys seem to radiate from it as a common center. A mountain stream flows through it, which forms a junction in the lower portion of the city with another coming from the Chorro Valley. At the junction of these streams





VIEW OF SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.

San Luis Peak rises majestically to the height of 1,200 feet, throwing its huge shadow over the city when the sun is sinking toward the western horizon, but leaving the summits of the opposite heights all aglow with violet tints.

In the north and east stretches the high and beautiful Santa Lucia Range, along which, with many a graceful curve and point of observation comes the great Southern Pacific Railway, its long train flashing through light and darkness in and out of many tunnels and winding in and out of canyons and around the ridges, seeking its way from the lofty elevation to the valley and city below.

There is no rigidity in the laying out of the city of San Luis Obispo. Built up around the old mission, one can easily see that modern ideas had not obtained when much of this old town was erected. Still, since the advent of the railway, more than ever before, there are many things that betoken advancement and progression. There are fine public buildings, churches, public schools, banks, a theater and other useful institutions. Every kind of business house is well represented, and the city is well-lighted and has an abundance of pure and good water. Its newspapers are alive and conducted for the best interests of the city and county, especially the *Tribune*, which, under the editorial management of Benj. Brooks, is the leading newspaper in the county.

The government of the town was first organized May, 1859. In March, 1876, it was organized as a city. The population is constantly increasing.

**Port Harford.** In 1873, John Harford opened a wharf and horse railway which he had constructed in order to afford better facilities for the shipping of produce, etc., from San Luis Obispo. In 1875 a company purchased this wharf and railway and making of the latter an ordinary steam railroad extended it to

San Luis Obispo, and finally at periods, extending to 1886, to Los Olivos, a total length of 78 miles. The old wharf was also extended, enlarged and strengthened, until now it has a length of 3,000 feet, is 80 feet wide at the outer end, where there is a warehouse 200 feet long by 40 feet in width, the depth of water being 23 feet at low tide.

**Paso de Robles.** Six years ago this place had only a small frame hotel, four or five small cottages, and a building used for a store. Now the old shanty has given place to a magnificent stone and brick hotel, a \$25,000 bath-house has been built over the far-famed hot sulphur spring, there are three immense warehouses aggregating over a quarter of a mile in length, and with a storage capacity of 12,000 tons of wheat; a large roller mill of 150 barrels daily capacity and a fine planing mill. There is also a city park of 300 x 680 feet, elegantly laid out, and many first-class brick business blocks. The population is rapidly nearing the 2,000 mark, and is steadily increasing. There are a number of fine residences, schools, churches and banks, and its literary interests are well looked after by two live and active newspapers. Near to Paso de Robles is one of the experimental stations of the United States.

**Templeton** is a growing town, founded in 1886 by capitalists who purchased some 75,000 acres of land and laid out the town. In half a dozen years all this land had been sold to actual settlers, so that thousands of people have been added to the population of the county and millions to its land and property values. It has now a good bank, schools, churches, newspapers, grain warehouses, fine business houses and a number of pleasing residences.

**Nipomo** is a thriving little town, 23 miles south of San Luis Obispo and 9 miles from the Coast. The

Pacific Coast Railway affords direct communication with outside markets, connecting with the Southern Pacific Railroad at San Luis Obispo and with the ships at Port Harford. Pismo Landing, fourteen miles distant, is reached by teams, over good, level roads. With a population of about 500 this attractive little town bespeaks a bright future for the enterprising and thrifty class of people who have selected this location for their future homes. The volume of business done here is shown by the shipments from this station for the year 1893, as follows:

Grain, 3,245 tons; beans, 986 tons; dairy produce, 132 tons; fruit, eggs, etc., 252 tons. The business portion of the town consists of three general stores, one commission house, two saloons, two butcher shops, blacksmith shop, planing mill, hotel, restaurant, insurance offices, telegraph, telephone, and express offices, churches—nearly all denominations holding services regularly.

**Santa Margarita** is a small town laid out in the spring of 1889 in the midst of a rich farming and grazing country. For a long time it was the terminus of the Coast Division of the S. P. R. R., ten miles from the county seat of San Luis Obispo. This road was carried through and completed as far as San Luis Obispo in the spring of 1894.

**Los Berros** is a growing little village five miles from the famous Pismo Beach and a few miles distant from Arroyo Grande. It is on the line of the Pacific Coast Railroad and on the proposed line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

**San Simeon** is the most northerly town in the county and has a small population.

**Cambria** is eight miles south of San Simeon on the Santa Rosa Creek, and is one of the chief trading



spots of the northern portion of the county. Fifteen miles further south is

**Cayucos**, very beautifully located on the shores of a bight made by a curvature in the coast line.

**El Morro** is ten miles further south still, and is 7 miles from Goldtree on the main line of the S. P. R. R. It is a small place, but the situation is beautiful and it is doubtless destined to be a prosperous little town.

**Arroyo Grande** is situated on the banks of the creek of that name, about 12 miles south of the city of San Luis Obispo. It is in the midst of an exceedingly fertile district, and is a growing little town. About three miles above the town are Newson's White Sulphur Springs, with a good hotel, much patronized by invalids.

Some of the finest seeds in the world have been grown at Arroyo Grande, and the town has received many prizes for the excellence of its vegetables. It grows as fine apples as are to be found anywhere in the State.

**San Miguel** is the only town in San Luis Obispo county east of the Santa Lucia Mountains. It was founded by the building of the old mission, and since the advent of the S. P. R. R. has been slowly but surely progressing.



## CHAPTER XII.

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### Over the Kite-Shaped Track on the Santa Fe Route.

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After leaving the architecturally unique "La Grande" depot at Los Angeles, with its picturesque and fragrant gardens, we enter upon the less picturesque suburbs. The railroad approach of a city is usually its most uninviting feature, but all must agree that there is a favorable comparison to be made between the wild stretch of dusty primitive adobe road, whose weary length, some years ago, furnished the only highway to the Edenic groves and cultivated haunts now greeting the eye, and the inevitable composite of unmentionable concretes, noises and discords found on the outskirts of most of the larger Eastern cities.

Only a few years ago, the occasional Mexican cluster of houses by the way side, whose dry swept sunbeaten gardens found their only adornment in the dusky litter of small humanity growing up like weeds in uncared for freedom, alone gave fugitive greeting

from time to time. Otherwise *latent* nature held absolute sway. But now we travel over well paved roads, or with all the comfort of the Pullman luxuries, from one station to another, discovering an undreamed of round of resources and wealth of industry that comes with the infusion of art and human thought into nature.

At *Downey Avenue* the train touches the East Los Angeles division of the city, lying on the Eastern side of the Arroyo Seco. This suburb is connected with the city by several arched bridges which are crossed by electric and cable lines. It is provided with its own post office, commercial houses, schools and churches. Its main street, or Downey Avenue, presents quite an arboreal appearance, with its long lining of mature pepper trees, extending their graceful fern tipped branches over the broad walks.

**Morgan** can scarcely be termed a station, being the final outskirt and abounding chiefly in properties suitable for the amateur artist on a sketching tour,—chickens, tin cans, broken pottery, backyards and waddling ducks being arranged in graceful negligee.

Three miles from the city we pass

**Sycamore Grove**, a large group of aged sycamores, affording generous shelter, and occasionally put to the use of picnic grounds. The individuality of these trees is remarkable. There is a fertile range of suggestions in contortions and attitudes so human that they might be styled, "crystallized feelings." There is something tragic in the bearing of these sycamores. Singly or in groups they appeal to the imagination; they fear, hope, implore and writhe in true *Doresque* fashion, like the souls condemned by Dante to tree life. In fact, they all but speak, and a poet's ear might fill in the scene with the whispering tempo of

their leaves and interpret the drama in all its fullness.

Four and one half miles from the city we meet

**Highland Park**, which records a distinct rise, being 530 feet in elevation above the sea. It is still a small settlement inhabited chiefly by live oaks, and rugged trees that march up the broad hillside in caravan, forming a cool shelter for the clus-



tered little houses. Then canyons succeed cerillos (small round hills) in picturesque ascent until

**Garvanza** is reached, a broad plateau about 556 feet elevation above sea level. Here there are several trade houses and a hotel, with a commanding outlook upon the mountains and Pasadena heights. Near sunset, the Raymond hotel from this point looks like a gold emblazoned castle.

The river-bed in this district affords an extensive range of Chinese vegetable gardens which contribute largely to the daily supply of Pasadena tables. Seven and one-half miles from Los Angeles

**South Pasadena**, with an elevation of 674 feet above the sea, follows close upon Garvanza. It is difficult to find the line that separates these fertile suburbs of Pasadena, only that orchard succeeds

orchard in growing profusion and in all directions. Oranges, lemons, walnuts, almonds, pears, olives and peaches rank among the favorites. Washington navels and apricots take the lead in quantity. The largest ranch of this district is that of the Raymond Improvement Company, consisting of 360 acres, largely planted in oranges, walnuts and vineyards. The site of the great Raymond Hotel was originally a part of this land, but was presented by the company for the purpose of establishing an unrivaled site for South Californian tourists. An old adobe still survives this ranch, although supported here and there by some modern additions. It is inhabited by the Zanjero of the ranch and is located near the reservoir at the foot of the Raymond hill.

The soil of South Pasadena is exceedingly rich, being sandy loam, and requires little irrigation. Five and a half acres of land have produced 700 boxes of oranges at \$50 cost, sold for \$1,100.

The season for rain, although usually between November and May, is variable for different years. In 1884 the record was the highest known, amounting to 37 inches, and in 1876 the lowest, being only 5 inches. With a remarkable uniformity of temperature for successive seasons, there is an equally remarkable diversity in the amount of moisture.

South Pasadena has a postoffice, a good school-house, three churches, and one rather pretentious business block. There is also a live and active newspaper called *The Pasadenan* furnishing social news and industrial reports weekly.

Two miles beyond South Pasadena station, after passing through a confusion of fruit-bearing groves that in their ripening season delight the eye of the artist, the palate of the epicure and the purse of the "monopolist" who owns them, we finally halt at an architecturally graceful building of red brick—the station for the famous

**“Raymond”** Hotel that stands out in colossal proportions on the hill to the right of the traveller.

This world-famed hotel, as well as the city of



THE RAYMOND HOTEL.

**Pasadena**, is fully described in the chapter devoted to the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, to which the reader is referred.

Leaving Pasadena with regret we pass several suburban stations, viz., Los Robles Avenue, Olivewood and Fair Oaks, towards

**Lamanda Park.** From station to station we encounter one long series of orchards, citrus and deciduous fruits and berry fields. No one can pass through these regions in swift succession and not wonder at the marvelous productiveness of earth, the magic of chemistry, that from the almost invisible germ produces the vigorous, fruit-dispensing, towering tree, with branches bent to the ground with its generous, life-preserving gift. Here the same soil and moisture woos the northern and southern fruits into ripeness. The deciduous apple, the corraline cherry, the sour lemon and sweet persimmon, all grow in close



neighborhood and fraternal harmony, no one detracting from the flavor, size, or beauty of the other.

We are now in the midst of the live oak region, and at Lamanda Park they are grouped in large masses, beautiful in their ruggedness and irregular strength. At one time there was a great forest of these noble trees, but, little by little, they have been utilized by the tiller of the soil, for fuel. The needs of civilized man do not respect the hoary age of trees. The Indian, more humanely, cuts only the branches of the tree for fuel, but holds the trunk and root sacred. At



**Santa Anita Sta-**  
**tion** six miles from Los Angeles, the tourist lands at the great Baldwin ranch, which maintains hundreds of workmen. Here are groves, orchards, cattle, horses and all the appointments that convert sandy loam and adobe into a prolific and

profitable fruit-bearing region. The entire ranch comprises about 49,000 acres. A favorite drive extends from this homestead to Los Angeles, lined with orchards, vineyards, fertile wheat and barley fields. Race stables and a winery are also drawing features of this ranch and some of the best blood stock of South California may be found among "Lucky Baldwin's."

**Sierra Madre** is a beautiful little little village at the very foot of the mountains bearing the same name. Picturesque for situation, healthful and always invit-

ing, Sierra Madre has long enjoyed a most enviable reputation. It has good schools and churches and is quietly progressive. Here is the studio of the rising young artist, John G. Borglum.

**Sierra Madre Villa** is one of the landmarks of South California. For many years it was the leading tourist and health resort of the State, and while it has lost none of its own attractiveness, it has merely yielded to its more noisy city competitors. Under the management of Mr. Barnard, its present owner, it still attracts the very best class of tourists.

**Arcadia**, immediately adjoining Baldwin's ranch, betrays the occult secret of native prosperity. It is one broad, wholesome nursery, bearing over one hundred thousand trees of citrus and deciduous fruits. There is a hotel of red brick at this point, bearing the name "Baldwin," where generous supplies of cooked viands are served.

All through this section the healthy young sprigs of orange, lemon, peach and apricot border the railroad lands. It is some of the choicest citrus land and is held at high value, both because of its situation and excellent facilities for irrigation.

After leaving Arcadia we meet strong contrasts, long areas of wild land showing strenuous cultivation of weeds and stones, characteristic of the Mexican's indolent love of "nature unadorned." Beyond this the blooming groves of Monrovia come as a new revelation. One spot definitely summarises the capricious neighboring of rugged earth and man's tillage. It is illustrated by an immense wild cactus bed, covering an acre or more, an abode of lizards, serpents and all creeping things, touching close upon a wide velvety expanse of fresh alfalfa, which in its luscious, indescribable wealth of grain shows the most careful cultivation.

A pleasing effect of perspective is gained in looking up towards the foothills on entering

**Monrovia.** Two magnificent avenues stretch from station to foothills in gradual ascent. Handsome houses nestle along the base of the mountains among fertile orchards. The population is about 2,500, and all lines of business are conducted in the thrifty business centre. There are several banks of \$100,000 capital, and an extensive fruit drying establishment.

Should the visitor desire to remain for awhile in Monrovia he cannot do better than take up his quarters at the Grand View Hotel. The rooms are all sunny, bright and cheerful, and the rates are reasonable, and being located on the higher foothills, a magnificent view is presented of the exquisite scenery of the world-famed San Gabriel Valley. The hotel is under the efficient management of Mr. A. W. Etter, and is first-class in its appointments, there being electric bells, baths, gas, etc. It is conducted more on the home plan, than as a formal hostelry, and guests are made to feel at home as soon as they have introduced themselves.

From here the home seeker may drive around amongst the orange and lemon orchards, and, if he is inclined to mountaineering, enjoy rambles into the heart of the majestic mountains which form the northern boundary of the city. He will find the streets of Monrovia clean, dry and well-drained, owing to its sloping, foot-hill location, and that it well deserves its title "the gem of the foot-hills."

**Duarte** is a somewhat smaller town, mainly a fruit raising and farming community. Its oranges are of a superior quality. It is furnished with one hotel, schools and stores. Leaving Duarte we cross the riverbed of the San Gabriel River. In the mountains to our left is the San Antonio Canyon. This canyon

is some 60 miles in length, and is fast becoming a favorite summer haunt. Tents may be seen to dot its rugged breadth for miles during the summer season. There is good fishing and hunting. Here, too, the electric works are stationed, which furnish electric light to Pomona, Ontario and vicinity, as the power supplied by water is uniform the year round.

In the summer this river would answer the definition given by some traveller who declared that California rivers differed from those of the East in that the water was below and the bed on top, but in the rainy season it rushes forth from the canyon in terrific torrents carrying great boulders for miles down into the valley-lands.

On both sides of this riverbed there are stretches of arid land, because of the dangerous might of its winter flow, but three miles beyond Duarte is

**Azusa**, a thriving town. It owns some of the largest orchards, and does more fruit shipping than any other station between Pomona and Los Angeles. Strawberries are a specialty of this region and between March and August of 1893 exports amounted to 425,000 pounds.

There are a number of business blocks, an excellent weekly newspaper called the *Pomo-Tropic*, which in the hands of its able editor, Mr. J. W. Jeffrey, is fast becoming the leading horticultural organ of South California; a bank, an ice and cold storage factory where 30 tons of ice are made every 24 hours, and several hotels. Although Azusa has been practically growing but seven years, having been established in 1887, it has 800 population and promises to be the shipping station for the adjoining settlements of Covina and Vineland.

The history of Azusa is interwoven with the early history of the State. As a fertile and productive part of one of the old Spanish grants, it was some of the

favorite property of Luis Arenas, one of the leaders to obtain land from the new republic of Mexico. In 1844, five years previous to the gold excitement, Henry Dalton—of sad history—purchased the ranch, then including 4,431 acres. It soon became a trading settlement with a small winery and blacksmith shop and "tortilla" foundry. Here Indians and Spaniards plied their trades, the former in spinning, weaving, cart and saddle-making, the latter in hunting, herding and planting. Azusa is therefore one of the most ancient as well as one of the most modern towns and any tourist who chooses may visit a little old adobe that still stands as a pitiful remnant of the old Dalton homestead where the energetic young English merchant lived with the Spanish belle of his choice, Senorita Zamereno, whose parents emigrated from Spain. Little by little the Dalton lands were divided and grazing lands converted to orchards.

The first schoolhouse of Azusa was built in 1865, the ground floor of the establishment being of good mother earth. The walls of this primitive seat of learning were tiers of brush, pinioned between sticks, roofed with shakes and willows, and here the Mexican youth was taught his elements of knowledge in an ample apartment, 12x40 feet. This unique adaptation to circumstances has long served to warm some native hearth and in its place there are now some handsomely equipped buildings, the most stately being the city high school, erected in 1889, at a cost of \$9,000. The valley schools are numerous, but none more important than the Free Kindergarten School of Azusa, where the growing powers of observation are directed into the most useful channels and where the child is taught from nature, rather than from books, the riches and utilities of life. There are also several fraternal societies, and five churches.

Not far away is

**Covina.**—The unfoldment of Covina began in



1887, when a few pioneers realized that the barley field of the Phillips Tract had an excellent soil, and began planting trees. At the center of the citrus belt of this valley, about twenty-five miles northeast of Los Angeles, with unsurpassed thermal conditions, it presents one of the most exuberant and fertile fruit advantages in the country. There are a number of business firms, drug, dry-goods, and hardware stores, carriage shop and livery stables, news stand and jeweler, and a neat restaurant. There resides here a happy and and industrious class of people, rapidly building up its educational opportunities.

Covina has a well conducted school system and two churches. The possibilities of Covina are many, and it impresses one like a wide, boundless garden, with all its blossoms in the bud.

**Vineland**, situated about four miles southwest of Azusa, is another promising settlement. Its progress has been somewhat retarded because of imperfect water facilities, although it has the same excellent climatic uniformity that characterizes Covina and Azusa. Within four years, however, energetic residents have organized under the "Wright Act," voted bonds under the law and proceeded to pipe the district with the underflow of the San Gabriel River, and also to purchasing water in Robert's Canyon.

The next station eastward from Azusa is

**Glendora**, a pretty little village at the very base of the mountains. The locality is totally frostless and vegetables and berries are cultivated in great quantities in winter for eastern trade. Nestling between rising foothills, there is a remarkable mildness which ripens the orange one month earlier than other localities. It has, also, a most complete system of water circulation, pipes being laid over the whole territory. There are two churches and excellent schools; also

hotel and all the business houses essential to the supplies of the town.

**San Dimas**, although only four miles from Glendora, stands 200 feet above it, having an elevation of nearly 9,000 feet above sea level and abounds in healthy young orchards. It stands upon the dividing line, or ridge, between the San Gabriel and Pomona Valleys, with an unequaled view of the lower slopes and horticultural gardens.

The first point entering Pomona Valley promising prosperous station of settlers is

**Lordsburg**, thirty-three miles from Los Angeles, about 1,000 feet above sea level. A handsome, stately building greets the traveler's eye as the most significant pole of enterprise. With its four-storied, admirable architecture it testifies to the optimism prevailing during the boom season of California, when a complete hotel at any geographical point stood for an illustrious town. However the hazardous venture in this case was not in vain, as the building is now utilized as a college by the Brethren, or Dunkards. These people are a thriving and generous sect, establishing missions at various points in South California and not limiting their schools to followers of their own creed.

Leaving this quiet little center, with its chiefly mental interests and pursuits we plunge into quite a different atmosphere, when we come into contact with

**Pomona**, with its population of 5,000 people. The Santa Fe station is located at North Pomona, from whence we take a little electric car line that flies over two miles of golden rose and purple fruit orchards to the heart of the city. This city has already been described in another chapter, (see page 200) but it was there stated that a visit to Pomona would be incomplete without seeing Col., J. G. Howland's olive oil factory



The ripe olives are spread on trays and allowed to dry until they begin to shrivel; they are then put into a large iron basin, within which revolve two vertical iron wheels which work the olives into a pulp without crushing the pits. The pulp is then put into rush sacks, after the Italian method, which are piled up in the press and subjected to a slow pressure. The oil and water from the pulp, as it runs from the press, is collected in tin vessels from which the oil is then skimmed off, put into tin tanks and allowed to stand several weeks to clarify. When ready it is filtered by straining through white filter papers, which are put into funnels, set in the top of tanks, in which the oil is collected. From this receptacle the oil is drawn off, bottled, and is now ready for the market.

**Claremont**—Tearing ourselves reluctantly away from Pomona and its many attractions, each calling for attention and exciting an interest that would cause us to linger too long in this highly favored vicinity, we resume our flight over the kite-shaped track. A mile from North Pomona and Claremont is reached, the site of

**Pomona College**, the pride of its intellectual progenitors. The building itself is another one of those still born hotels of the ephemeral boom, but it is charmingly adapted for school uses. An electric railway is to connect the college, around which the little settlement of Claremont has been gathering, with the city of Pomona that supports and mothers it.

As Pomona is the center of traffic, the spot chosen for the school being remote and quiet, will become popular as a residence site for its people. It occupies a magnificent slope—a locality not to be surpassed at the foothills for breadth of view.

Here the student has a constant panoramic display at his command, as varied as the moods of nature, a synthesis of mountain, vale and sea.

With the donation of \$50,000 a second building was erected, efficiently equipped by competent teachers to render a high standard of education. The college has at present 100 pupils and is steadily growing under the enterprising and wise management of its President, Professor C. G. Baldwin.

**North Ontario** is a station four miles further on, located in the Ontario Colony Tract. This station is connected with the business center of the city of Ontario proper by a street car line which traverses the famed Euclid avenue. This railway is something of a novelty, as the southward trip, a distance of about seven miles, is made by gravity alone.

The next stations and settlements passed have already been described in the chapter on the Southern Pacific R. R., until

**Rialto** is reached, 57 miles from Los Angeles. This is the chief of a group of small settlements engaged in raisin, wine and fruit culture, comprising Rochester, Etiwanda and Rialto.

Rialto is the largest of these, having a population of 1,000. It is distant only four miles from San Bernardino and is the principal town of what is known as the Empire Colony, a tract, of about 30,000 acres of rich soil, situated in the very heart of the silver belt. Here are men and women of energy from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska absorbed in the task of making for themselves and children beautiful and profitable homes.

There are two churches organized here, and each has a building finely furnished and paid for. Rialto has also a \$15,000 hotel, which is conducted in good style, a first-class well-edited weekly newspaper, and several stores. It is a promising town surrounded as it is with fine land, coming rapidly under cultivation, and has bright prospects before it.





A short run of four miles further lands us in San Bernardino, which has already been fully described. This is the crossing point of the Kite Shaped Track, the upper and smaller circle being made from here.

Leaving San Bernardino six miles north,

**Arrowhead Station** is reached. This is the 'getting-off-place' for the world-famed Arrowhead Hot Springs, and the Hotel carriage meets all trains daily, when duly advised, to convey passengers to



ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS

the Hotel. This resort is at an elevation of 2,035 feet.

These springs were famous for their medicinal virtues with the aboriginal tribes, long before the coming of the adventurous pioneers of the white race to the coast. The hot springs burst from the slopes of the

Sierra Madre mountains one thousand feet from their base. A bench of land, or shief-like mesa, projects her from the mountain containing one hundred acres, bounded on the east and west by two enormous canyons. Down the ravine on the east flows a mountain stream of pure cold water, while the one on the west contains a stream from the boiling springs so hot that it fills the air with steam and sulphurous gas. The Hotel is situated near the springs in the plateau between the two canyons. The view and scenery from this point are exquisitely charming and beautiful. An immense scope of country can be seen, including the town of San Bernardino, Riverside, Colton, Redlands and a wide sweep of the valley for many miles.

The hotel is an elegant, costly and commodious structure of three stories with ample room for 150 guests, and affords every convenience and luxury of a first class modern hotel. An analysis of the water of these springs shows their properties to be almost identical with those of the famous Carlsbad.

The mud bath is given here with great success, and it is scarcely to be doubted that they benefit more cases than any other form of bath known.

The general management of both hotel and bath-rooms is under the control of Dr. W. Chapman, an accomplished physician and hotel-manager.

From every point of view a sojourn in this charming and healthful spot is a treat highly desirable. On the face of the mountains just back of the hotel is the figure of an arrowhead 1,360 ft. long and 450 ft. wide, hence the name of this resort.

Three miles from Arrowhead is the

**Asylum**, a structure with considerable architectural pretensions, and which is a model institution of its kind. Then follow in rapid succession, the little stations of Messina, Molino, East Highlands and Aplin.

This part of the valley is known collectively as Highlands, and is similar in every respect to Redlands.

As the train steams up to the pretty little station at

**Highlands**, the tourist alights and looks about him with exclamations of pleasure. Here, again he is greeted by beautiful scenery and vast stretches of orange groves on every hand. In this vicinity the orange attains as great proportions as anywhere in the State. Highlands is, in every sense of the word, a picturesque little town, and the people are ever busy in a matter of fact kind of way, which denotes a sureness of the future and contentment with the past.

The population of East and West Highlands is about 1,000, and constantly increasing. The people are filled with the genuine South California spirit of enterprise, industry and hope. In and near this place are 1,700 acres of oranges and 185 acres of lemons. There are four good schools in Highlands and two churches, with the needful stores to make a self-dependent town.

The next station,

**Mentone**, situated at the extreme point of the smaller ellipse of the Kite Shaped Track; is the pivotal point of our journey. It is situated in orange groves, and has outlooks over beautiful scenes of mountains, foothills and valleys, with thriving groves in every direction. Mentone has a fine hotel, several stores, and a postoffice, and is a rapidly growing little town. William Winter, the author, and the celebrated actor, Richard Mansfield, have homes at Mentone.

After leaving Mentone the journey continues first southward, and then gradually more and more westward describing a part of the smaller loop of the kite-shape track.

Three miles further along and the beautiful and prosperous town of







**Redlands** is reached—Redlands, the aggressive and progressive, known far and wide for the astonishing growth it has made since it was begun, only seven years ago. This little giant of the citrus region bids fair to rival some of our larger cities in a few years.

The elevation of Redlands is 1,300 feet. It has a population of over 4,000, and an assessed valuation of two and one-half millions. It has two street railways, and its manufacturing enterprises are two numerous to mention. Hundreds of acres of oranges are in bearing and the quality is as fine as any in the world. The soil and climate are well adapted to the culture of citrus fruits. There are already nearly 4,000 acres set to oranges in this vicinity, and 169 acres of lemons.

The city was incorporated in 1888, with an area included in the corporate limits of about seventeen square miles. It includes nearly 100 miles of streets, most of them provided with stone and cement gutters and curbing. The sewerage and water systems are excellent, and a superior electric system affords both cheap light and power to the city and private individuals.

There are two street car lines in the city, which reach the suburbs on the southwest. Plans are now under consideration to operate these lines by electricity and to build other electric lines along the main thoroughfares.

The streets in the business part of the city have been paved with vitrified brick, and excellent cement sidewalks provided. The streets are provided with shade trees—pepers, palms, olives, grevillias, eucalyptus and other varieties of a semi-tropic character. The city presents a handsome appearance, and is a most desirable spot for a home.

Redlands has been unusually blessed with progressive men of the right stamp, men who are public benefactors, not only to their own community, but to all

with whom they come in contact. Foremost in this honored rank in Redlands, are the brothers, Messrs. A. K. and A. H. Smiley, who own summer resorts at Lake Mohonk, in New York State. With remarkable foresight, and artistic perception of the keenest character, these gentlemen anticipated the growth of Redlands, and purchased nearly 200 acres of land, about three miles southwest of

the center of the town. This land in the hands of such masters of landscape as the Messrs. Smiley, lent itself at once to the most comprehensive plans for the laying out of as elegant, beautiful and picturesque a park, as perhaps the country affords. Words are utterly inadequate to express the sense of beauty and appropriateness a ride through Canyon Crest Park, as it has been well named, gives to the cultured tourist. Each brother has built for himself a residence, with a superb and comprehensive view, and with a generosity that cannot be too highly commended, and that I wish all private park owners would emulate, the whole is thrown open to the fullest possible extent, for the enjoyment of all who desire.



RESIDENCE OF  
ALFRED H. SMILEY.

Winding drives lead up the steep hillsides; retaining walls have been put in where required; the hillsides have been terraced and walks and bowers and summer houses, with a wide variety of flowers and rare shrubbery and trees of semi-tropical character make the spot seem like an enchanted region.

The prospect from the crest of the hills is grand beyond conception. Away in the north and east the giant mountains present their rugged features, while the lovely valley lies below in sunlit peace, with its



VIEW IN CANYON CREST PARK.

villas and villages and cultivated fields, the silvered course of the river reaching away into the west. Just at the south, down a sheer descent, lies the narrow San Timoteo valley, climbing high up through the mountains to the east like an emerald river. Still beyond lie the broken hills—a wilderness of desolation.

The fame of this park is known to every tourist, and thousands of people visit there each year. People who have traveled over all the world say there

is no spot to equal this—not even under the sunny skies of Italy or the Alpine wonders of Switzerland.

The Messrs. Smiley have lately purchased another large tract of land, several miles south of Canyon Crest, comprising over 200 acres, whose topographical features eminently fit it for a beautiful park. Five miles of road have already been built, and it is the ultimate purpose of these gentlemen to improve this tract, and finally make of it a popular resort for the



VIEW OF SANTA ANA VALLEY FROM "CANYON CREST."

enjoyment of the people of Redlands and surrounding country. The view from "Tremont Park" is superb, though not more picturesque than from Canyon Crest.

I heartily wish these gentlemen long life, and good-health, that they may enjoy their philanthropic labors, and only regret that South California has not more such broad-minded, progressive-spirited men.

There are few places one is so loth to leave as Redlands, but we must return to San Bernardino, and continue our Kite-Shaped-Track journey, on the large loop, back, via Orange, to Los Angeles. Three miles from San Bernardino









**Colton** is reached, which has already been fully described.

Three miles further and

**East Riverside** is reached, where nearly 2,000 acres are already planted to oranges, lemons and other fruits, and the East Riverside Irrigation District has been organized and provision made for an ample supply of water for irrigating land between the Gage canal and the foot-hills. This district embraces over 3,000 acres of choice land of exceptional richness and especially adapted to the culture of citrus fruits.

A public school building, costing in the neighborhood of \$15,000, and many beautiful homes, containing hundreds of intellectual and prosperous people, occupy what was only a few years ago an arid plain.

Three miles further and

**Riverside** presents to our gaze her world-famed orange and lemon groves, and interesting Magnolia Avenue. The fame of this magnificent drive has not been exaggerated. Eight miles of magnolia, pepper, palms, eucalyptus and grevilleas, flanked by ten thousand acres of thriving orange groves stretch before us. It has been called a "garden plat ten miles long." Here are eucalyptus trees sixty feet high, almond trees in bloom, peaches, pears, apricots, figs, etc., and a visit to South California would be incomplete without a drive down this incomparable avenue.

When the tourist learns that a little more than twenty years ago Riverside was but an arid dreary waste covered with cacti and brush, the home of the coyote and jack rabbit, he begins to realize, if not before, something of the wonders that can be accomplished in South California by well-directed efforts in irrigation, for Riverside is the child of irrigation. The city is situated on the left bank of the Santa Ana River and lies at an altitude of 1,000 feet above the



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF RIVERSIDE.

sea. Lofty ranges of mountains seem to loom startlingly near. The atmosphere is pure and dry. The average rainfall is about 8 inches. There are very few rainy days here, even in the rainy season.

The pioneer settlers located Riverside in 1871 and many of these are now wealthy and prominent citizens, reaping the reward amid the delightful scenes around them, of their faith, pluck and enterprise. In



SCENE IN RIVERSIDE.

1883 it was incorporated as a city and has now a population of 7,500 and an assessed valuation to over six millions. It has no city debt and the tax rate is but 55 cents on \$100, which, for such a city, is phenomenally low.

At the great Southern Exposition, at New Orleans, Riverside was awarded three gold medals for her citrus fruits, while at the World's Fair at Chicago she



bore off the first prize for the finest county display in this line. The Riverside navel orange has a deservedly world-wide renown.

The annual picking and packing of an orange crop worth a million and a half dollars furnishes employment for a large number of men, women and children. There are at least a dozen packing houses in the city and vicinity.

In a city so universally visited by tourists as is Riverside, it would but be natural to expect to find comfortable and convenient hotel accommodations,—and in this respect Riverside is not “behind the times.” Among the most prominent must be named The Rowell Hotel, which is a fine, fire-proof, brick structure, fitted up with regard to the comfort and convenience of tourists and their families. It is lighted with gas, and has electric bells in every room. Many of the rooms are en suite and provided with private baths. The rates are reasonable, being from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, and the table service is of a superior order for such figures.

Under the careful management of the proprietor, Mr. E. J. Davis, the Rowell has gained a constantly increasing patronage, which it has richly deserved.

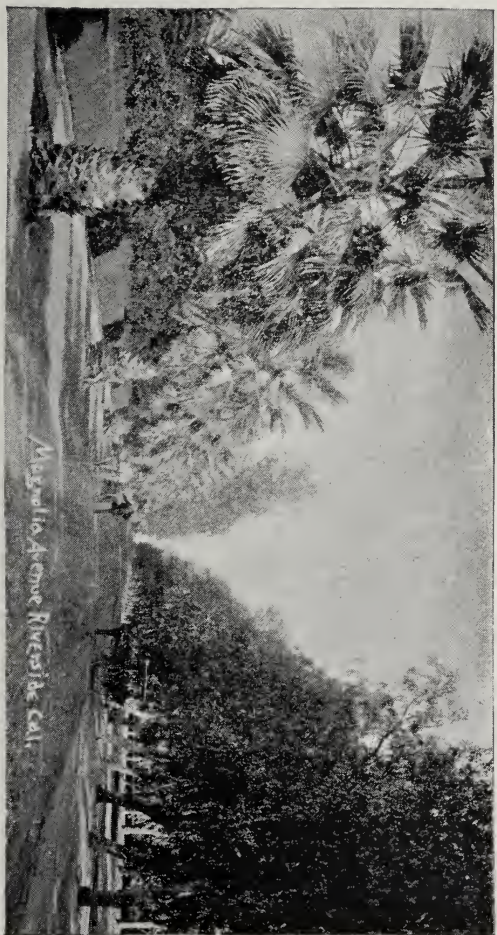
With all her charm of elegance, stateliness, and beauty Riverside is also one of the most progressive cities in the west. Two good daily papers, besides weeklies and a monthly flourish here. The daily *Enterprise* and the *Press* are both highly creditable to the city.

Riverside boasts an excellent public library containing nearly 8,000 volumes.

The public school system of Riverside is most excellent, her High School ranking amongst the foremost in the State.

Nearly every religious denomination has a church, and the Y. M. C. A. a fine \$25,000 building. The “Loring” Opera House was erected





Missionary Avenue Riverside Cal.

at a cost of \$117,000 and is a magnificent structure. The city's latest attraction is a Botanical Garden and Park.

One of the landmarks of Riverside is the well known hotel—The Glenwood Tavern, its proprietor, Mr. Frank A. Miller, being one of the best known hotel men in the State. His brother-in-law, Mr. F. W. Richardson, is the manager, and under the control of two such able men there is no wonder that The Glenwood commands an extensive and superior class of patrons. It is expected that the present Glenwood will give place to a magnificent, modern structure, with 300 rooms, erected on the same site. Riverside is growing rapidly, and a metropolitan hotel of this character has already become a necessity.

The Arlington must also be mentioned among the first-class hotels of Riverside.

The suburbs of Riverside are East Riverside, already described, West Riverside and Arlington Heights. Both of these latter places partake of the general character of the mother city, and are residence and orange-growing sections, picturesquely located. Our railroad runs through and along the Arlington lands for six miles, and there are three stations within the tract on the Santa Fe line.

**South Riverside** is situated on a gently sloping mesa, some fifteen miles southwest of Riverside and about fifty miles from Los Angeles.

South Riverside has many fine acres of citrus fruit and manufacturing interests of some magnitude. It also owns a lively little paper, called the *Bee*, which hums most cheerfully the song of progress and hope for the future of the growing town.

As the land is deemed almost perfect for the growing of the orange and lemon, such fruits are principally planted, although deciduous fruits do well, and the olive and nut-bearing trees are by no means ignored.



A HOME IN RIVERSIDE

The projectors of the colony have from the first appreciated the value of a reliable water system and have acted accordingly. About \$400,000 have been expended in its development and in piping it to the orchard lands and house lots.

If the tourist has leisure to stop off here and visit the famous Temescal Tin mines, which are located 7 miles east, he will find his time well spent. Or, seeking after health or pleasure, he will find a stay in the



SANTA ANA CANYON ON THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK.

cold water canyon full of delightful and healthful enjoyment.

**Rincon**, four miles further along,

**Yorba**, another twelve miles, and

**Olive**, three miles still nearer to Los Angeles, are all shipping points for local produce, and where alfalfa and grain are grown in large quantities. Olive has an extensive flouring-mill.



Following the windings of the Santa Ana river, .

**Orange** is reached, the junction point of the Surf Line.

**Anaheim** follows. It is described in another part of this book.

Twenty-four miles from the city we reach

**Fullerton**, a widely settled, rich farm district. It has its own newspaper, several hotels and stores. The soil is very productive and the industrious are rewarded by immense crops of grain, fruits and vegetables of all varieties. A drive of two and one half miles east will land the tourist at an Ostrich Farm, where are to be found about one-hundred birds. Eggs and feathers are displayed in profusion and the unique individuality of the bird attracts many visitors.

**Northam**, twenty miles from Los Angeles, is a small station as yet, surrounded by a farming settlement. Several industrial branches make of it a good shipping centre. To the north of it, near the foothills, are located the Puente Oil Wells, and the Pacific Condensed Milk, Coffee and Canning Company also has erected a large factory. In addition to these there is a starch manufactory for which the farmer's potatoes are utilized.

Seven miles nearer to Los Angeles and

**Santa Fe Springs** is passed which is briefly described elsewhere. One espies a beautiful view from this point, of

**Whittier**, sloping up the side of the foot-hills. Especially conspicuous is the State School. Santa Fe Springs is surrounded by many fine orange and lemon groves and miles of olive trees that promise heavy bearing.



**Los Nietos** lies twelve miles from Los Angeles and consists mainly of farming country.

Ten miles from Los Angeles,

**Rivera** is encountered, a productive walnut section with orchard chasing orchard, of regal massive trees. There are also some citrus and deciduous fruits and a recent annual shipment, on record, mentions fifty carloads of oranges. The soil is rich and the site is one of the most easily developed.

The walnut shipments from Rivera exceed those of any other section in South California, the peculiar soil of this region being especially adapted for the successful growing of walnuts.

Rivera has good schools, churches and stores and is a thriving little town.

And now, but three miles from Los Angeles we come to

**Manhattan.** This little village is of recent birth and the population, as yet, small, but with two railway lines, connecting it with Los Angeles, its prospects are equal to those of all South California towns, both in farming and horticulture.

Thus, after a most delightful trip, with a wonderful variety of scenery, all of which is full of charm and interest, our ride over the famous Kite Shaped Track is ended.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### On the Surf Line from Los Angeles to San Diego.

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The famous surf line, on the Southern California Railway, (Santa Fe route) runs from Los Angeles to National City, a distance of one hundred and thirty-one miles. Work on this branch of the Santa Fe System was first begun as early as 1883, but was not carried through until in August, 1888.

In the charm of varied and manifold views, with flowery and beautiful valleys, interlaced by great gorges, fugitive canyons, mountains and the white-capped azure of the sea, this line has no equal on the Western Coast.

After leaving Los Angeles, the tourist passes through a perfect maze of rich orchards of orange, walnut, prune, apple, peach as well as fertile grain fields, and low, moist grazing lands. Station after station presents its flowering or fruit-bearing trees according to season.

From Los Angeles to Santa Ana the ride has already been described in the chapter on the Kite-shaped Track. After leaving Santa Ana,

**Irvine**, forty-two miles from Los Angeles is reached. This is a town still in embryo, thinly populated and mainly devoted to stock raising. It has a large warehouse, however, and ships considerable grain. Some seasons of the year this section is beautiful, with its sloping green hills, where vast herds of horses, cattle and sheep are left to graze.

**Modjeska**, forty-six miles, on the road, has much the same character as Irvine. It was named after the great Polish actress, because she has invested in a large ranch, near this station, and built a summer home, in a charming nook of the Santiago Canyon. Here she camps several months in the year in true American fashion, gives tea-parties, rides and drives to the beach, and rests from her arduous work on the stage. She loves the retirement but welcomes her friends heartily, and extols the beauty of the climate, which has drawn many health—and home-seekers into this vicinity.

The next settlement,

**El Toro** is forty-seven miles from Los Angeles, a highly fertile location, and one of the most prosperous towns of Orange County. It lies in one of the moist belts, where irrigation is not a necessity to profuse horticultural growth. It was first settled in 1891 by an English colony of about one dozen families, who were induced to locate there by a young English Capitalist, Dewitt Whiting. He has purchased eleven thousand acres of the El Toro district, which he began at once to put into cultivation. Another large single ranch is that of E. D. Cook, consisting of one thousand acres mainly in vineyards and farming land. There are now orchards of prunes apples and apricots in rich annual bearing.

El Toro is entirely without frost and sheltered from the north winds by the Santa Ana range of

mountains. It lies four hundred feet above the sea, but its winters are tempered and summers are cooled by the proximity of the Pacific Ocean, which lies eight miles to the west. Two stages daily meet trains at El Toro to carry passengers to the seaside, a charming drive, over hills and through a canyon, to Laguna Beach and Arch Beach.

One may be accommodated with lodgings at a little hotel near the station. The settlement is still immature as a commercial center, as there is only one church of Presbyterian denomination, and two or three stores. The mountain canyons east of El Toro are of interest to hunters, as they abound in deer, mountain lions, and smaller game. At

**San Juan Capistrano**, about fifty-eight miles from Los Angeles, one passes within a stone's throw of the famous old Mission, after which the town is named. It was founded by Father Junipero Serra, in 1776. The sad, weird history of the tragic death of forty people in this building is given more in detail in the chapter on the Missions. Although its massive walls were never wholly rebuilt, they still reveal much architectural beauty, and artists find a profitable income in sketching these crumbling remains of one of the historical landmarks of South California's pioneers.

The new depot, built after the Mission style, was opened in the fall of 1894. The town of Capistrano is populated largely by Spaniards and Mexicans, between two or three hundred in number. Bull-fights were continued as an entertaining sport, with all their barbaric equipment, until very recently, the last having taken place in 1889.

There is now a spirit of age and repose about Capistrano, perhaps a reflection of the Mexican, whose life is mainly spent in loitering about, herding sheep and imbibing sunshine. Still, there is some appearance

of industry in horticulture and stock raising, especially in horses, which are their passion, and which they mount and treat like Turks. There are also some cornfields which attain the mammoth height often of eighteen feet. Some of the olive and pear trees planted by the trifty Franciscans are still bearing, and are a source of large revenue. There is a comfortable and well conducted hotel at Capistrano.

Branching out, the road leads directly to

**San Juan by the Sea**, the point where the ocean first reveals itself. It is a dreary, uninhabited, quiet site, yet having many heroic traditions dating back over a century. It is characterized by a wide, sandy beach, with a long reef projectuig out into the sea on the north. The cliffs here are precipitous and imposing. Within a few hundred feet rises Dana's point, to the height of nearly three hundred feet. This was once a popular trading point with the Indians, but the only modern improvements, so far, are a pavilion for day excursionists and a little bath house.

A drive, up through an adjacent valley, has many charms, and lands one at the thermal baths of

**San Juan Hot Springs.**—To the tourist, en route to San Diego, the concentrated palpable beauty of the surf line begins at San Juan. The serpentine road is tantalizing in its serial touches of the ocean, and return to the inland curves, for the rippling lights on the waves, on a clear day, hold the eye like the glow of a magic mirror. There is an unnamable something about the Pacific shore that soothes and pacifies and expresses the full quality of its name. It steals like a silent influence over the Land of the Sun Down Sea and rejuvenates the wasted energies in the friction of the ambitious industrial world. From the azure singing dawn to the rambling rose and gold of sunset it reaches out to caress mother and revive the warm



earth. Hence the fame of the scenic surf line, with its salt sea atmosphere, its occasional glimpses of fair, if not fairy isles of Catalina and Clemente, and its transit through fertile, aromatic valleys and over lofty foothills.

Six miles beyond San Juan lies

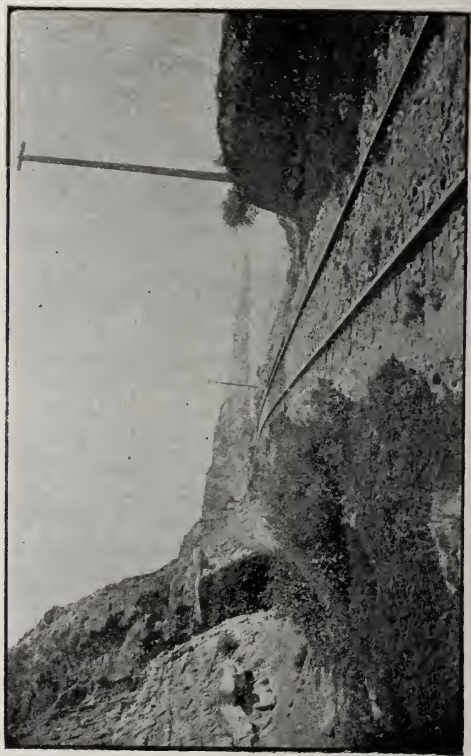
**Oceanside**, an ambitious little town with several hotels, a lively beach and a wharf. There is also a flouring mill and a planing mill. It is built upon a high bluff, and has well graded roads that afford attractive drives into the surrounding valleys. Of chief interest is the four mile ride to San Luis Rey Mission. In Oceanside there are well filled stables, and various trades are represented.

The South Pacific Hotel, managed by M. Pieper, is the most conspicuous building in Oceanside. It accommodates 150 people.

From Oceanside a branch line, 22 miles long, reaches out to

**Escondido**, 100 miles from Los Angeles. This branch passes through the San Marcos and Escondido Valleys. The name Escondido signifies "the hidden one." The ride from Oceanside is most enjoyable, the land adjoining the railway being low rolling mesa, and though only a part is under cultivation, the whole valley has the appearance of well kept farms in the State of New York, being almost free from sage brush and the rough, uneven surface of nearly all wild land in this county. The San Marcus and Escondido Valleys are old Mexican grants.

The City of Escondido contains a population of about 1,200, or city and valley combined about 2,500. Brick predominates as a building material, and gives the place a substantial aspect. There are four good hotels, no saloons, a bank, one of the Colleges of the University of Southern California, six churches and



ON THE SURF LINE.

five school buildings, waterworks and fair grounds. The chief products of the valley are grapes, grain, oranges and lemons. Bounding Escondido on the north are steep cliff like hills that separate the main valley from a number of small pocket valleys, each containing four or five large farms. There is therefore much territory directly tributary to Escondido not included in the main valley.

A large flouring mill is just constructed, and electric light, and extensive irrigation systems will soon be in operation. The people of Escondido are a well-to-do cultured class, mainly from the Eastern and Middle States.

Returning now to Oceanside we continue our journey until

**Carlsbad** is reached, 88 miles from Los Angeles. Carlsbad stands upon a commanding bluff, with a broad smooth beach one hundred feet below. It furnishes several valuable mineral springs and, with true Californian sanguineness, hopes to rival its German predecessor in fame. It has a commodious hotel that will accommodate 125 people. Accommodations for families are excellent, and camping on the bluff is freely invited at all seasons.

**Los Costa** and **Leucadia** are still but small flag stations.

**Encenitas**, 97 miles from Los Angeles, is a rapidly growing seaside resort, and has a very picturesque shore line. There are many pretty cottages, general improvements and several hotels. The Encinitas House has capacity for thirty people.

The Derby House can serve twenty tourists with comfort. Camping in this vicinity is free, with excellent water.

On the same pleasant little strip of Coast, running between Oceanside and San Diego, on which Encinitas is located, lies

**Del Mar**, 104 miles from Los Angeles. It offers accommodations to tourists in a private boarding house. It is equipped with all the needs of a traveling community, and has well-kept country roads that travers the interior through Poway, Bernarda and Escondido.

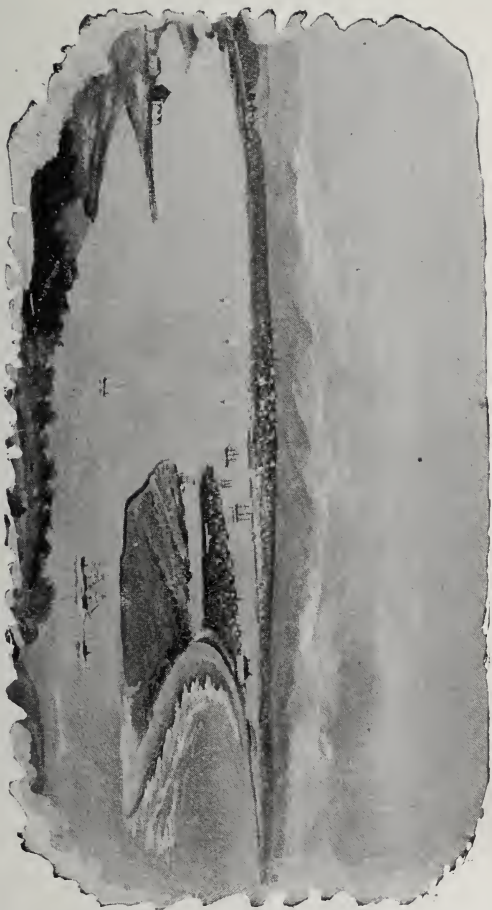
**Sorrento, Linda Vista, Selwyn and Ladrillo** are all small flag stations where the Santa Fe line turns inland and skilfully mounts the Soledad Summit, an abrupt range of hills 400 feet in height.

**Morena**, 121 miles from Los Angeles, gives a royal view from its height, of the waters of the San Diego Bay and the first glimpse of the pride of our Southern Coast, the Hotel Del Coronado, San Diego Bay and the cloud-piercing light-house on Point Loma.

**Old Town** was the ancient site of San Diego. It was the first spot chosen for a permanent town by the Spanish missionaries. The Indians named it Cosay. In those early days it offered many advantages, including fresh water, shelter, a place for defense and embarkation. Leaving Old Town we enter

**San Diego** proper, 127 miles from Los Angeles, the second city in magnitude and industrial probabilities of South California. This city deserves and will receive its own chapter, immediately following this one, to which the reader is referred.

VIEW OF SAN DIEGO, BAY AND CORONADO FROM POINT LOMA.







## CHAPTER XIV.

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### San Diego and Its Surroundings.

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If South California be justly entitled to the cognomen "Our Italy," and Los Angeles be its Rome, Pasadena its Florence, then is San Diego its Venice, Genoa and Naples combined. Of natural beauties this trio of Italian attractives is not more profuse than San Diego. It has no guardian volcano as has Naples, but Vesuvius, as a mountain, is not more imposing or more impressive than is San Miguel, and the volcano effects are more than counterbalanced by the fear they necessarily excite in the bosoms of the timid and nervous. The Genoa sea view is more extended and wide-sweeping, but the harbor effects of San Diego with Point Loma and Coronado peninsula relieving the near forefront of old ocean's stormy or (as the case may be) placid face, gives an impression of rich fringing beauty which neither Genoa nor Naples possesses. San Diego does not, as does Venice, sit "enthroned on her hundred isles," but the gently undulating hills which form her suburban residence district, up and down which the swift electric cars glide along with easy, unruffled motion, more



SHIPPING SCENE. SAN DIEGO.

than compensate for the lack of the Grand Canal and the other gondola-ways of the Queen of the Adriatic.

It is located upon high mesas, bounded on the west and south by the waters of San Diego Bay.

This Bay has all the virtues of a fair, calm lake, as it is protected by the great curve of Point Loma around the north, and on the south of this, by Coronado Beach.

The length of the Bay is 13 miles. Available anchorage 6 square miles, and average width of channel 800 yards. This land-locked harbor is one of the chief features of San Diego's development. Steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company stop here on their way to Mexico and Central America. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company sends its steamers twice a week to the same port and its extensive wharves and warehouses render prolific service. Spreckles Bros. Commercial Company's wharf is 3,500 feet long and cost \$90,000.

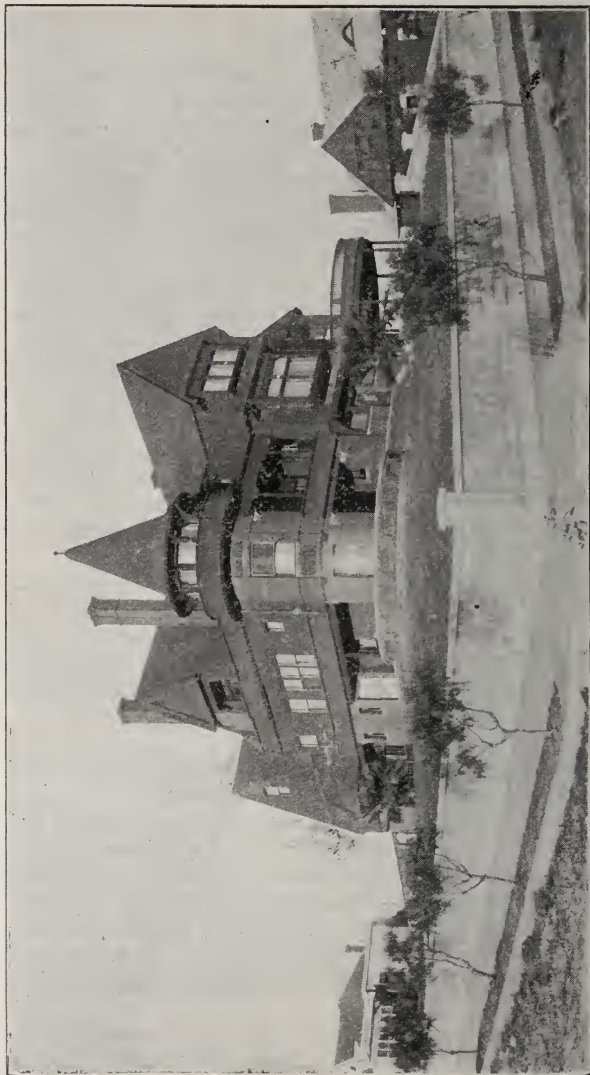
San Diego is undergoing quick growth and new homes spring up with magical rapidity.

It has an excellent library of 9,000 volumes, an elegant opera house built at the cost of \$100,000, more than five miles of paved streets and 45 miles of graded streets.

Its sewer system is perfect.

San Diego has the honor of possessing the first olive grove ever planted in North America. In 1774 it was laid out at the foot of the hill upon which the first church of San Diego was erected and it still yields a large produce. The mission fathers also planted grapes and wheat, but their especial medium of trade was in hides, as many as 50,000 being shipped to Boston at one time. The first shipment of grain was made in 1817, which was an eventful time for this harbor.

The earliest newspaper was the *San Diego Herald*, established by J. Judson Ames, May 29th, 1851.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. U. S. GRANT, SAN DIEGO.



Although there were many obstacles in the way of its immediate success, it bravely survived them all and became a powerful local organ.

The present townsite of San Diego was founded by A. E. Horton, a capitalist, who made a survey, built a wharf and a hotel, the Horton House, and fostered the development of the locality in all directions. Upon the wharf alone he expended \$45,000, and upon the hotel, with furnishings, \$150,000.

Like all California cities, San Diego had its infantile disease—a "boom."

San Diego's first boom came in 1872, and in four years it grew from a village of a few hundreds to a city of nearly 5,000 inhabitants. It was the proposed Texas & Pacific railroad which caused this influx, but when it failed, reaction came and the population rapidly decreased to less than 2,000. This lasted until 1886, when a new impetus to growth swept over the country. In a comparatively short time the population grew to 18,000, and all the great improvements of the city began.

Streets were paved, the electrical and gas works were reinforced by a new plant, residences and business blocks rose with mushroom-like rapidity, and the Great Coronado was built. This second impulse had all the qualities of the permanent, and while many came and went, many remained to build up their ideal homes in ideal groves in a very substantial and realistic way. Fortunes were made and lost in the time occupied in signing a contract and hotels were crowded to overflow, but finally a normal balance was once more established and San Diego survived the "boom" a living, thriving city.

Its public library ranks second only to that of Los Angeles. There are twenty-three churches, five banks and two first-class daily and several weekly newspapers. In this latter class is the *Seaport News*, a fearless, independent and well edited journal, which, in

all that means the highest welfare of San Diego, is always to be found on the right, though not always the popular side.

For a city park there is a reservation of fourteen hundred acres, which it is the intention speedily to improve and make the most attractive semi-tropic park in the world.

For those who desire to stay in San Diego, in a hotel "handy to everywhere," and yet just far enough away from the noise of street cars and street traffic generally,

**The Hotel Brewster** is an ideal stopping place. It has street cars one block away in every direction, so that while remarkably convenient, their noise never penetrates the sleeping apartments of the weary tourist.

Under the management of J. E. O'Brien, the Hotel Brewster has become more and more popular each year of its existence. Mr. O'Brien is a gentleman of large experience, of superior ability and matchless tact in the management of his hotel. He knows instinctively just what a visitor needs and wants, and sees that he gets it. "The greatest comfort to all my guests," is the motto under which his business is conducted, and the result is that he has surrounded himself with a select corps of employees whose courtesy and kindness are unfailing, and whose every endeavor is to promote the happiness and comfort of those who favor this hotel with their presence.

The hotel itself both in architecture and interior appointments is a model city structure, it is a well built and substantial brick block four stories high, fire proof and an adornment to the streets in which it is located and to the city of San Diego.

Indoors, the office is large, commodious and comfortable; the parlors, reception rooms and writing rooms are elegant, tasty and convenient. The three

# HOTEL BREWSTER San Diego Calif.

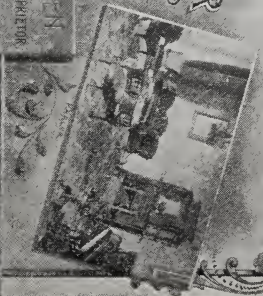
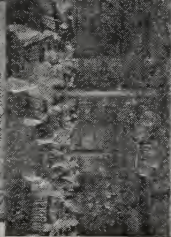
JEORBUEN  
PROPRIETOR



17000, 17010, 17020, 17030



17040, 17050, 17060



BEST  
Equipped Hotel  
in  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



UNIVERSALLY LIKED BY  
Tourists and  
Commercial Travelers

bridal suites are conceded to be the finest and elaborately finished apartments in any hotel in the State. The dining room is cosy and bright, and cheerful music rendered by a first class orchestra aids digestion of excellent food, well cooked by a first class chef, and served in a dainty and prompt manner. This department of the Hotel Brewster has become famous and is a great factor in maintaining the enviable reputation the hotel has established.

The sleeping apartments are in keeping with the delightful and elegant surroundings, and such comfortable beds and snowy linens are seldom found in hotels. The ventilation of the house is perfect and in cool weather a complete steam heating system warms the halls and the public rooms not reached by the sun.

There are also, the refreshment buffet, the baths and barber shop, news stand and curiosity shop, telegraph and carriage office such as are found in a first class hotel.

These are the interior comforts the Brewster provides for its patrons.

Added to these, its many other advantages and conveniences and it becomes apparent that it is especially adapted to attract and retain patronage of the best class of tourists and travelers as well as those who desire a home for a lengthened stay.

Other leading hotels in San Diego are the Horton House, the pioneer hotel of the city, built by A. E. Horton, the founder of the modern San Diego, and now owned and managed by W. E. Hadley, a man well and favorably known throughout the hotel fraternity; and

**The Florence**, beautifully situated on the Florence Heights, overlooking city, bay, peninsula, ocean and islands. There are few places where the tourist is better entertained than at The Florence,



where George W. Lynch, President of the Southern California Hotel Association, is the manager.

Mr. A. E. Nutt, the proprietor of The Florence, is one of San Diego's leading men. He is President of the Board of Aldermen, and is well known to be an ardent advocate of everything that promotes the welfare of his chosen city. The Florence is conducted on that same broad, liberal plan that has made Mr. Nutt so useful to the city. The table is more than usually good, the service prompt, willing and effective, and



THE FLORENCE.

the rooms are all large, airy, sunny and designed for the healthful comfort of the guests.

I have stayed a number of times at The Florence, for I enjoy the Heights, the superb outlook, the pure, fresh, invigorating yet balmy, air, the sense of exuberance and freedom that comes from pure and wholesome surroundings,—and one has all these at The Florence. Then the glass enclosed front verandah, the inner lawn-tennis court, the parlors, the writing-room, the office, all have an air of warmth and welcome about them, and, when, conjoined to these, your



hand is taken in the hearty grip of the accomplished manager, and you hear his cheery tones welcoming you to The Florence, you feel instinctively that you are at home, and not in an atmosphere where "you care for nobody, and nobody cares for you." It is that complete "home-ness" that comes over you in The Florence, combined with the perfection of hotel service that has made this one of the most popular hotels, not simply in South California, but on the whole Pacific Coast.

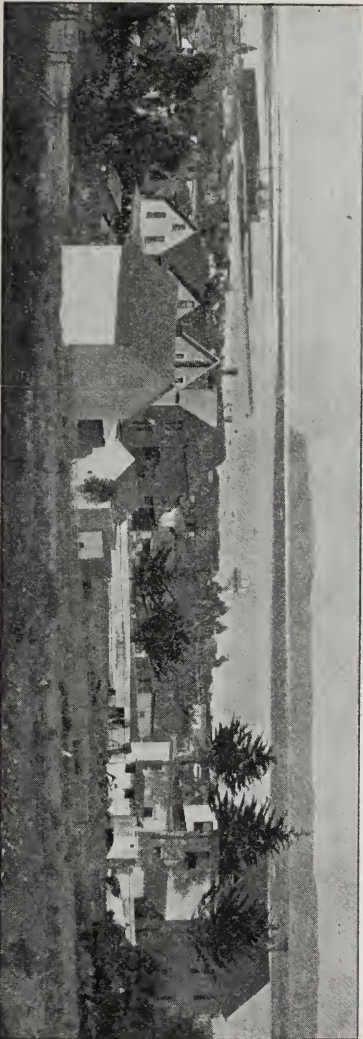
The electric cars run directly by the hotel, or within half a block, and it is therefore easy of access. It stands in its own grounds, and is befronted with semi-tropical luxuriance. It runs its own bus to and from all trains and in every possible way seeks for,—and successfully, too,—the comfort of its guests.

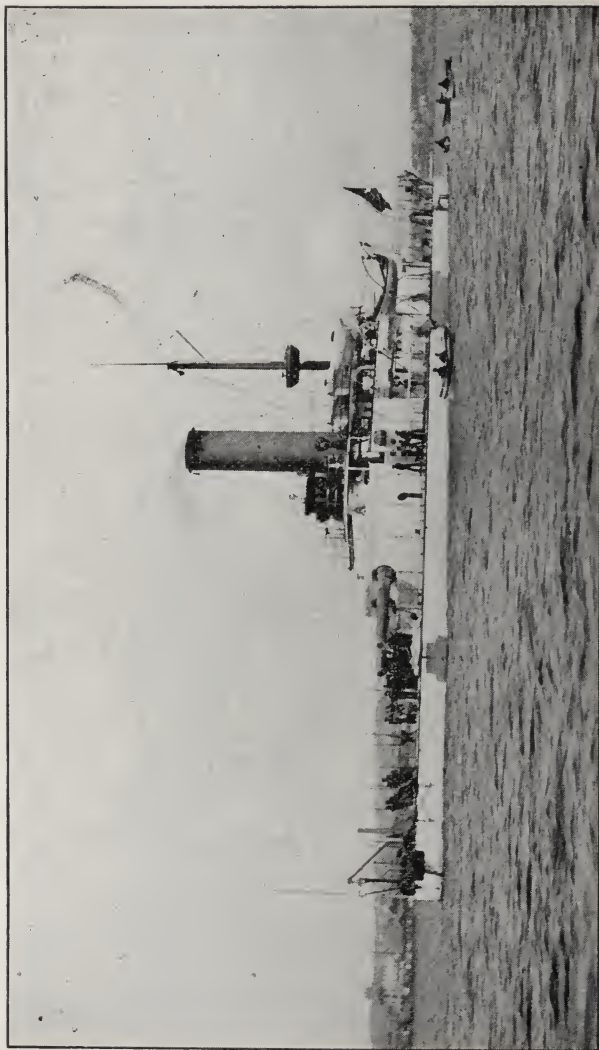
One of the first things about the City of San Diego the visitor will notice is its excellent system of electric street railways. This system is the pride of San Diego, and worthily so, for it is most excellent. The total cost of the system was \$350,000, the capital stock \$500,000, and the officers of the company are such well known men as A. B. Spreckles, president; E. S. Babcock, vice president, and Joseph A. Flint, secretary, treasurer and manager. The company employs sixty men, has fifteen miles of track, twelve electric cars and two horse cars. Two of the electric cars are elegant double-decked observation cars, which afford to visitors the best possible views of ocean, bay, islands, mountains, valley and surrounding country.

The whole of the street railway lines of San Diego are owned and controlled by this company, so that one fare takes the visitor to any part of the city, a system of transfers having been arranged whereby this great convenience is secured.

The power-house and car-houses are located directly opposite the Santa Fe depot, at the foot of D

A GLIMPSE OF THE HARBOR FROM "THE FLORENCE"





THE U. S. SHIP OF WAR "MONTEREY" IN THE SAN DIEGO HARBOR

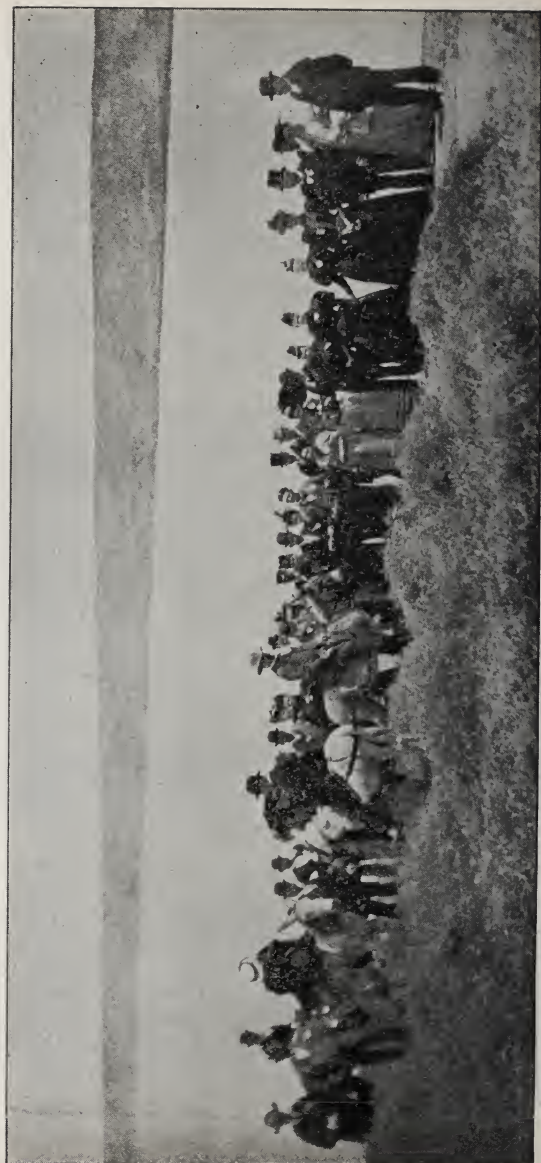
street, and here all the work of handling and repairing of the cars is done. Here are paint shop, machine shop, blacksmith shops, stables, etc., with offices for the General Manager, Superintendent, Bookkeeper and Dispatcher, and rooms for the Conductors, all fitted up neatly and conveniently arranged under the one roof.

The lines pass through the business portion of the city, and also reach all the select and populated residence sections. The company has the exclusive priv-



SCENE IN BUSINESS SECTION, SAN DIEGO, SHOWING DOUBLE-DECK  
ELECTRIC CARS.

ilege of a connection with the Coronado Ferry system and Santa Fe wharf. At the foot of Fifth street this system connects with the Coronado Railroad Company's lines, which form a belt around the bay of San Diego, through National City, a distance of 25 miles, to the world-famed Hotel del Coronado and the other Coronado properties, all owned and controlled by the same stockholders.



EXCURSIONISTS ON THE SHORES OF SAN DIEGO BAY



At this same place it connects with the National City and Otay Company's trains to Tia Juana and Old Mexico, and with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's steamers for Los Angeles, San Francisco and the north.

At the foot of D street connection is made with the trains of the Santa Fe, and also the San Diego, Old Town and La Jolla Railway for Pacific Beach and La Jolla Park.

At the foot of H street, on the Santa Fe wharf, connections are made with the Coronado Ferry, which runs every twenty minutes, and the steamers for Mexico and the South.

To see San Diego well, the visitor cannot do better than to take several rides on this electric car system. From any of the leading hotels he may obtain a car, and thence visit in succession University Heights, the Santa Fe wharf, and other interesting points. Such rides are the most inexpensive he can take, and afford the best possible opportunity for a general survey of the city and its incomparable surrounding scenery.

Within a league of the spot where the old mission fathers began their devoted labor for the Indians in South California, stands another institution for the benefit of mankind. This, however, is under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy of that same great church which sent out the padres 125 years ago. I refer to the

**St. Joseph's Hospital and Sanitarium** situated on University Heights. No location could be better for the purposes of such an institution than this. On the one side the placid face of the ocean, sending forth its health-giving ozone, and on the other the purple peaks of the mountains which promise fragrant and invigorating snow-kissed breezes, breathing of the pine, fir and other life-giving trees and shrubs.

Surrounded by the palm, magnolia, orange, lemon

and fig, with roses, rare plants and semi-tropical shrubs in bloom throughout the year, blessed by the searching, disease-destroying South California sunlight, in rooms sunny and pleasant by day, and well lighted by gas at night, with the medical attendance of a first-class resident physician, and the opportunity



ST JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL AND SANITARIUM

of consulting a special staff of seventeen of the leading medical men of the city, under the skillful and tender nursing of the gentle and patient Sisters of Mercy, in the climate of all others adapted to aid man in regaining his health, nourished by the abundant variety of food this semi-tropical land affords, well cooked and served—where could an invalid better direct his steps than to this chosen place?

## RIDES OUT FROM SAN DIEGO.

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One of the most interesting trips the tourist can make while in San Diego, is on the cars of the San Diego, Pacific Beach & La Jolla Railway, through

**San Diego and Old Town** to La Jolla. We passed through Old Town on our way down, on the Surf line, but to go out and enjoy it leisurely, this is the better way. It is situated at the mouth of the San Diego River, and was the seat of the hide houses in the remote days of prolific hide trade.

It was here, also, in 1769, that Father Serra ordered the dedication of the first of California Missions, baptizing the place "San Diego," and thus cutting short Cabrillo's name of San Miguel.

To the visitor interested in the antiquities of this new country there are several objects which will hold his attention, chief of which are the old adobe structure, made by Helen Hunt Jackson, the scene of the marriage of Ramona; the ruins of the old presidio, now named Fort Stockton, and the old Mission Chapel. There are to be seen some antique paintings, statuary and bells, remnants of the old accessories that survived the general ruin. The bells have a low sweet tone mellowed with age, since they were brought from Spain over a century and a quarter ago.

Many of the old and noted Spanish families still reside at Old Town, and fortunate indeed is that visitor who is invited to share their genuine and open-hearted hospitality.

Near to Old Town is "False Bay," which was discovered by Cabrillo's men in 1542. They were returning from a hunt after water, and late in the day lost their path and marched towards False Bay, while the main party, with Cabrillo, were reposing at San Diego Bay.



FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA

They camped there at night and were found by a searching party the next morning.

In memory of the event it was called "False Bay," which name it bears down to modern times.

A pleasant ride from Old Town, passing Pacific Beach, where fine lemon orchards attract the eye wh

the sweet delicacy of both odor and coloring, until the shore of the Pacific is touched, along which the railroad runs until

**La Jolla**, (pronounced *La-hoy-eh*), is reached, twelve miles from San Diego. It is almost wholly surrounded by hills. There is an air of rugged grandeur and zest of danger about the place with its mammoth caves of sand stone, which fascinates and attracts all who once come within their influence. There are seven in all, some of which are four hundred feet broad



LA JOLLA

and two hundred feet high, with a depth extending back under the hills, of four hundred to six hundred feet.

Carved out by the resistless action of the restless waves, through centuries of energy, they suggest a gothic temple erected for the worship of the giant mermaids and mermen.

The western cave is most accessible, its entrance being piled level with the sea with huge boulders worn into odd and singular shapes by the constant



action of the water. The roof of the mammoth cavern is dome shaped, while the sand stone walls and roof is wonderfully and fantastically frescoed in nature's prettiest hues. Farther down the interior, where the walls narrow, a passage is discovered leading to the adjoining cavern, through which the waters rush and return to the sea. The surf breaking upon the walls of these caves and the rocks at their portals sounds like the distant roar of cannons.

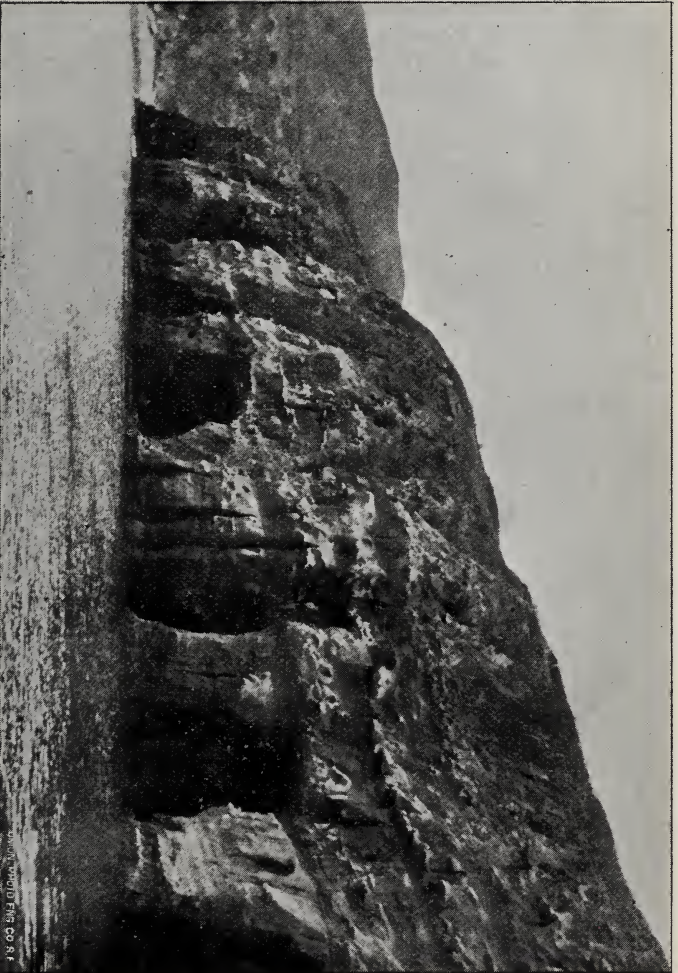
Cathedral Rock, Alligator Head, and Seal Rock Point, other masses of sea carved sand stone, are of interest, while for children, Gold Fish Point has a thousand charms. Numberless Gold Fish flit in and out among the kelp and mosses, little monarchs of a submarine world.

The kelp beds are very extensive and form a break water for the shore. The coast of La Jolla is entirely unique with its clean white sand, mysterious caves and cozy beaches.

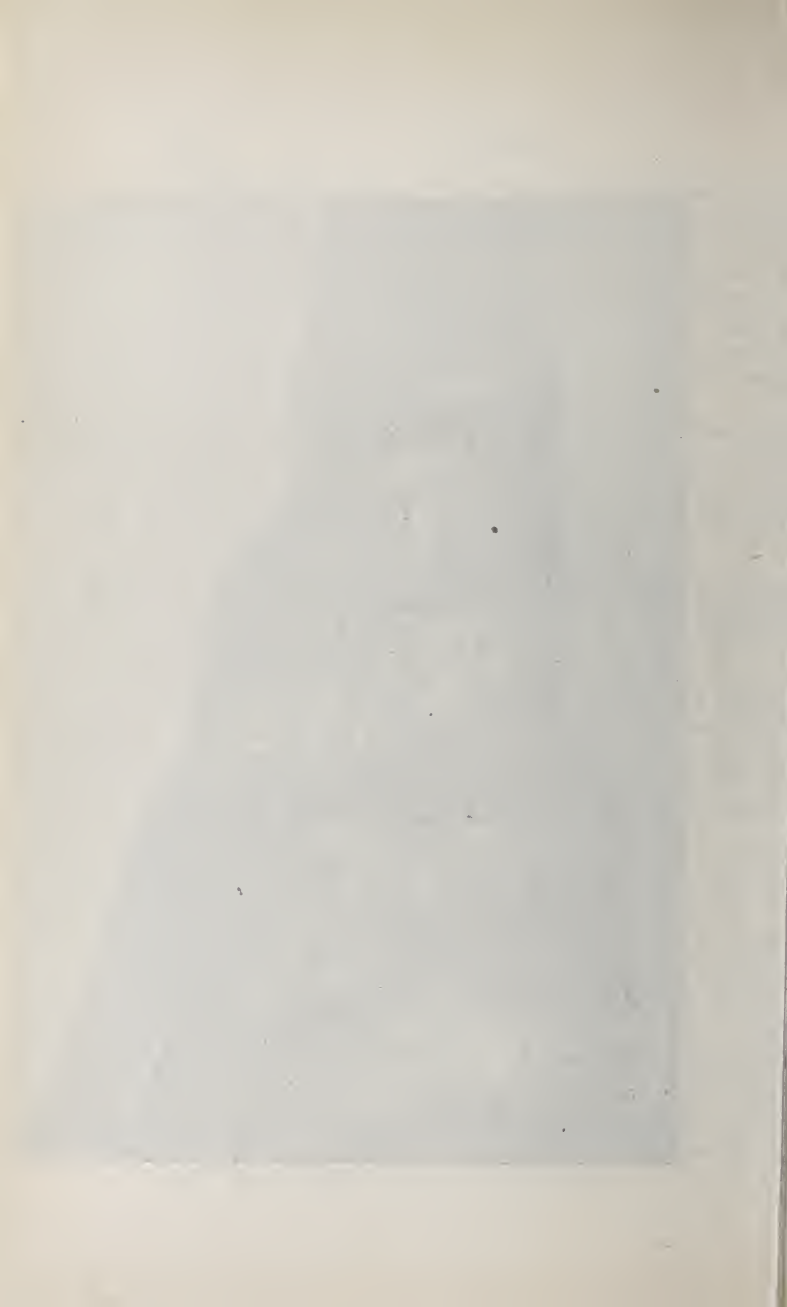
To gather sea mosses at La Jolla is one of the chief delights of the traveler. The varieties found are so rarely and delicately beautiful, with tints so exquisite and charming, that it is no wonder that many who never dreamed of enjoying sea-moss gathering become enamoured of it.

For the accommodation of tourists a handsome three story hotel has been erected, which is under the able management of Messrs. Johnson and Ritchie. Its rates are two dollars per day and ten dollars per week.

Every Sunday during the season the celebrated Strauss Club renders an excellent musical program in the pavilion. Those who enjoy good fishing or trolling can find plenty of barracuda, mackerel and yellow tail, which abound here. A visit to La Jolla is not complete without going for a ride in the hotel's four in-hand to the "Torrey Pines," the only grove of its kind in the United States. The ride is through the most picturesque valley in California.



THE CAVES AT LA JOLLA



After this trip you will come back to La Jolla with increased zest for the enjoyment of the schools of whales and porpoises which are often seen, and the peculiar antics of the seal, which also, is a constant visitor.

For the climate of La Jolla is so equable and delightful that it has no "closed" season. It is an all-the-year-round place of surpassed sea-side enjoyment, and no visitor to South California should miss seeing its charms and reveling in its romantic delights.

Not far from the Tia Juana River, which is near to the boundary between Mexico and the United States, is the small, but picturesquely located town of

**Oneonta.** Here is to be found the

**Brewster Sanitarium**, which has already gained quite a reputation by its conscientious and painstaking care of those invalids who have placed themselves under its shelter. It is reached daily by train from San Diego. Twelve miles from the city, and yet only one mile from the bay and the ocean, it is located in one of the most charming spots in the region. Mountains, mesa, valley, bay and ocean combine to give charm and attractiveness to the hotel, which has 600 feet of veranda, eight feet wide, surrounded by attractive grounds with flowers, lawn and walks, where all this panoramic display may be enjoyed.

Within doors are magnificent reception halls and parlors, large, airy, sunny rooms, single or en suite, library, and rooms devoted to indoor amusements.

The water used is the renowned Coronado Mineral Water, and the baths given are of all kinds. Electricity in various forms, massage, mechanical movements, out-door games, gymnasium and a solarium with two apartments afford that physical recuperation and occupation so needful for the invalid, while the table is plenteously supplied with nutritious, wholesome food. Dr. A. A. Leonard, the physician in



BREWSTER SANITARIUM

charge, gives, personal attendance to all cases, and he has a good corps of trained nurses. Those who desire further information of a sanitarium, which is also a cheerful home, had better send for circular to Dr. Leonard, Oneonta, Cal.

The sight-seer and home-seeker should not fail when in San Diego, to take a ride over the San Diego Cuyamaca and Eastern Railway, through the famous El Cajon Valley, to Lakeside.

Leaving San Diego at the depot, foot of Tent street, the North Chollas is crossed, and then into and through the South Chollas Valleys, where there are several hundred acres in lemon and orange orchards and vines, in view from the train. Skirting Spring Valley, ten miles from San Diego, through La Mesa and into El Cajon Valley, parallel with the San Diego Flume—which supplies San Diego with pure soft water, brought from the Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles distant—then nine miles through the Cajon



where you may see from the car windows, over three thousand acres in vines and over five thousand acres in fruit trees. The shipment from the vines in this valley alone in 1893 was 1,000,000 pounds of grapes and over 3,000,000 pounds of raisins, all of which were forwarded to the Eastern cities.

The views as you journey along are exquisitely beautiful and picturesque. The wide expanse of valley, clothed in its rich garment of different-hued verdure, divided into suitable sized ranches, where nestle the comfortable homes, evidently the abode of peace and plenty, the signs of restless activity which must improve and beautify,—the whole scene gazed upon by giant mountain peaks, which in sovereign benignity look down over so pleasing an aspect,—this is what the onward traveler enjoys until and after he reaches Lakeside, at the upper end of El Cajon Valley, and 20 miles northeast from San Diego.

The railway was built in 1888 and 1889, and opened April 1, 1889. Its principal office and terminus are at the foot of Tenth and N streets, San Diego. The total length of the road is 25.37 miles. Its route we have seen, and the El Cajon Valley, which is the chief valley passed, contains some 5,000 acres. The general manager of the road is Mr. Waldo S. Waterman, a gentleman much interested in the growth of the country, and who will gladly furnish any desired information to those who wish to visit the region reached by his railway.

**The Lakeside Hotel**, the largest and best appointed hotel in the county outside of San Diego, is a modern built structure of sixty rooms, with spacious verandas, gas, electric bells, etc. The house has telephone connection direct with San Diego and is supplied with pure mountain water from the San Diego flume.

Ten and twenty-acre ranches surround the hotel, and reach out into the valley on every hand. Wealthy, cultured and refined people from the East, seeking a resting place for the enjoyment of their well-earned competences, have settled here, and made slope, valley, foothill and even mountain side glow with rich beauty, which gives financial profit as well as esthetic enjoyment.



LAKESIDE HOTEL

What hotel could have a more suitable and delightful location than this? Being distant from the ocean and protected by the intervening range of hills from the fresh, harsh ocean winds its climate is milder, dryer and from ten to fifteen degrees warmer than that of points immediately on the Coast. For invalids desiring such a climate and for others who also find the fresh, harsh, damp winds of the coast objec-

tionable, no more convenient and desirable point can be found in South California.

To the sportsman this region is especially attractive, for the lake furnishes good duck shooting, and in the foot-hills near to the hotel, quail abound.

The hotel is under good management and pleasure-seekers, tourists, and home-seekers alike will find their desire for comforts satisfactorily ministered to, and their satisfaction insured.

There are many other interesting places around San Diego and in the county which are well worth visiting, but the narrowing limits of our space forbid more than the briefest mention.

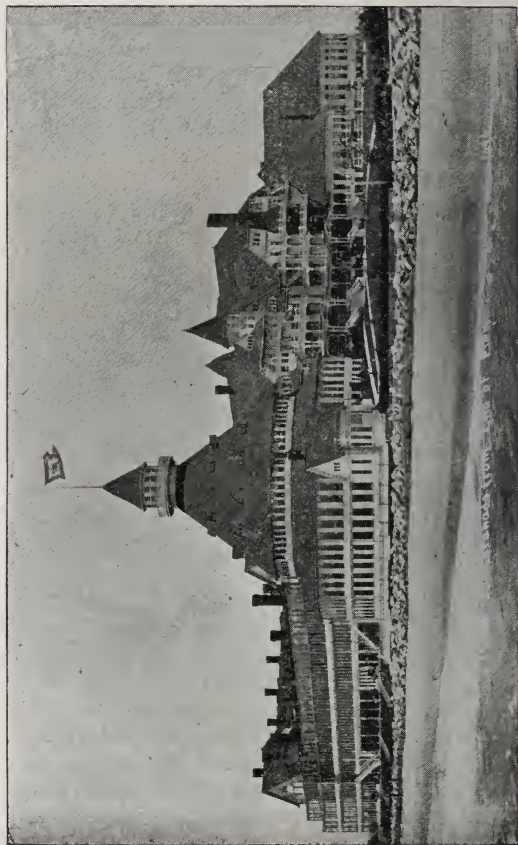
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## CORONADO.

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**Coronado Beach** is the peninsula that forms the Bay of San Diego. Its entire area covers about 1,100 acres. The soil consists of decomposed shells and disintegrated granite, and is therefore very fertile. rare tropical trees, shrubs and plants from all climes thrive and luxuriate on this point, among them, Monterey cypresses, fan and cocoa palms, tea, coffee and date trees, banana, guava, lime, prune, quince, Japanese persimmon, pomegranate and pineapple. Twenty thousand trees are planted along its avenues. The peninsula has the Bay on nearly the entire of three sides and the Pacific Ocean on the fourth, hence still water bathing as well as surf-bathing may be enjoyed all the year.

As an annual seaside resort it has no equal on the Coast. Only a few hours' ride from Los Angeles, and one mile from San Diego, no more fortuitous site could have been chosen for the colossal and romantic



HOTEL DEL CORONADO



DEL CORONADO FROM THE NORTHWEST

**Hotel del Coronado.** Few hotels in the United States or elsewhere have attained such enviable notoriety in so short a space of time as has the Hotel del Coronado. Ten years ago Coronado Beach was a neglected, desolate and houseless waste. To-day it is the site of the largest and most complete hotel in South California, and the chosen location of a small, though growing and select community, with several fine churches, school accommodations, stores and the most complete historical and scientific museum on the Pacific Coast.

And all this change has been effected by the Coronado Beach Company under the efficient and able management and direction of Mr. E. S. Babcock, the President.

The site of Coronado Hotel is as striking as that of the sacred temples of Philae. Like those, it is so arranged, that no matter from which direction the traveler approaches, it presents a charming appearance. Whether coming in from the Pacific Ocean, or from





COURTYARD--DEL CORONADO

the Bay of San Diego ; whether on the heights above the city of San Diego, or on Point Loma, it stands outlined against ocean and sky, a modern temple, devoted to the pleasure, healthfulness and comfort of man.

I have traveled largely in Europe, and have visited most of the large hotels of this country, and yet I can recall but a single one that in any way equals the Coronado. And that is a winter hotel. In summer it is closed, for its malarial surroundings and tropical heat render it an unfit place for summer residence. But at Coronado there is not only the charm of an unequalled location, the Pacific Ocean on the one side, the land-locked bay on the other, but it offers isolation enough to afford freedom from the worry and bustle of a city, and yet is within twenty minutes of an active, progressive city. It is a cosmopolitan and metropolitan hotel, where all the varied tastes, needs and requirements of a world-wide clientage are satisfactorily met.

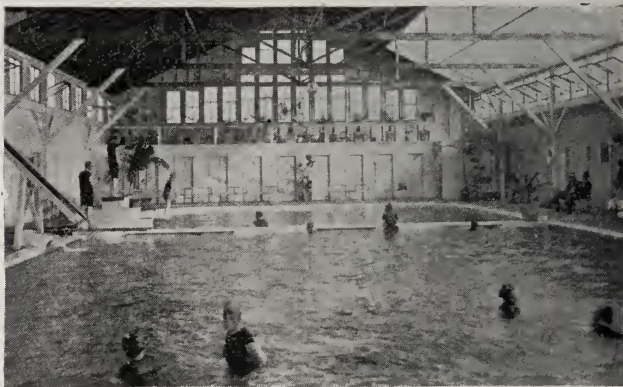


MAIN ENTRANCE--DEL CORONADO

Its prices are reasonable though its appointments are so elaborate, and, withal, it is endowed with a climate of which the great Agassiz exclaimed: "You have a great capital in your climate. It will be worth millions to you. This is one of the favored spots of earth, and the people will come to you from all quarters to live in your genial and healthful atmosphere."

It is never hot, and never cold. There is not a place of more steady and equal temperature in the known world. The official records, made for many years, attest the truth of this statement. The child, the infirm, the invalid may alike be out of doors almost every day in the year, and, when rain or other causes prevent, a beautiful glass encased corridor, with a southern and eastern exposure to the sun and the ocean, affords a warm, cheerful and healthful walking, lounging, reading, writing or resting place. And few healthy people fully recognize the importance of this fact, viz., that the place best fitted to give back health to the sick, to give comfort to the infirm and aged, is, of all places, the very best for the healthy man to come

to for rest, recuperation, holiday and pleasure. These he finds in abundance at Coronado. It is so independent, so self-centered, that there is no dullness, no *ennui*, no being bored. What, with ocean sailing, yachting or rowing on the bay, fishing, hunting, coursing, duck and other gamebird-shooting, polo, both on horseback and in the water, the museum, the beach, the ocean, the old missions of San Diego, La Jolla Caves, the mountains, the Sweetwater Dam, the Chula Vista orange and olive groves, Tia Juana in



THE PLUNGE--DEL CORONADO

Old Mexico, Point Loma, Old Town, Ramona's Home and a hundred other places and objects of interest, on and near Coronado, the most exacting person will here find his varied and diverse wants all fully met.

**Point Loma and the Light House**, a drive of nine miles, affords a view that is seldom seen, and scarcely surpassed by any similar kind of view in the world.

**Tia Juana.** A railway connects San Diego with this quaint little town on the Mexican border, where



POINT LOMA

"Ruben the Guide" makes things very interesting for his visitors.

**Interior Points.** East of the Otay, and from 18 to 20 miles from San Diego, are the valleys called

**Janal and Jamul.** The soil is rich, and the situation is especially favorable for vine and fruit growing. Sixty miles southeast of San Diego, and near the Mexican boundary, is

**Campo,** with a tributary population of over 500. The principal interests of the section are stock, cattle, hogs, horses and bee-keeping.

About thirty-five miles east of San Diego in the Valle de las Viejas, is

**Viejas,** where is one of the best grain-growing sections of the county.

In the Santa Maria Valley, thirty miles northeast of San Diego, is

**Nuevo,** with a growing population of over 500. This is a superior farming country, where the grain crop never fails.

**San Vicente,** has a population of from 75 to 100. Eighteen miles north of San Diego is the famous

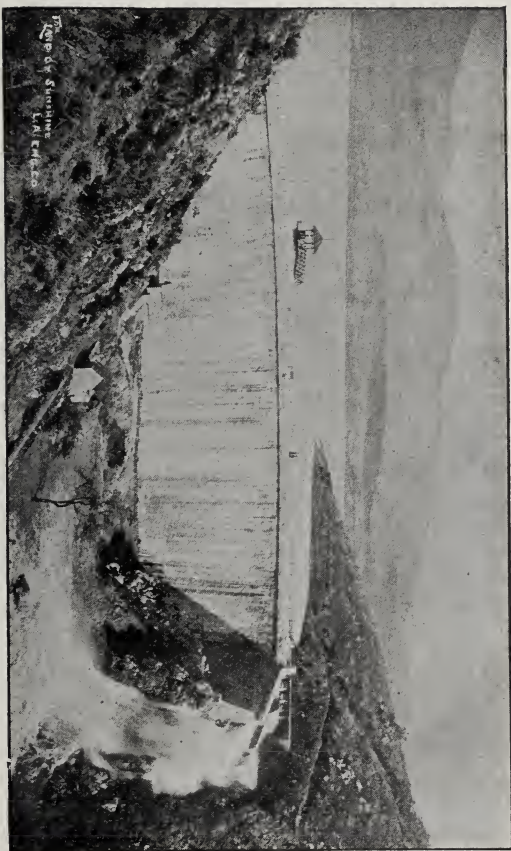
**Poway Valley,** has a population of from 1,000 to 1,500 people. There is quite a town, with churches, stores, postoffice and other necessary appointments.

The Rancho **San Diegnito** gives its name to a large tract of land surrounding it, and the post-office, school, stores, etc., are located about 20 miles west of San Diego. Industries are diversified, but the people generally are prosperous.

Twenty-eight miles north of San Diego is

**Bernardo,** with a valley population of nearly 1,000. It is in the center of a large area of fertile country





The  
L. A. Engineering  
Company

SWEET WATER DAM

with all the needful buildings, etc., of a growing country town.

East of Bernardo, and thirty miles from San Diego is the

**San Pasqual Valley**, noted for being the scene of the battle between General Kearney and the Mexican forces. Alfalfa grows here to perfection.

**San Marcos** is about 30 miles north of San Diego, and is in a good grain and stock-raising section.

**The Julian Country** is the general name by which the largest mountain settlements in the county of San Diego are known. There are a number of rich and profitable mines, and several little mining-towns are scattered throughout the region. Stages run regularly from San Diego, and thus the country is made easy of access. Its elevation is about 4,000, and the distance is about 60 miles, although in an air line the distance is only  $43\frac{1}{3}$  miles.

**Warner's Ranch** is 16 miles further away and is a most interesting region, gaining its name from Col. J. J. Warner, who owned it long before the Mexican flag was changed in California for that of the United States. There are a number of the Indian tribes located on various sections of land upon and nearby this ranch.

## CHAPTER XV.

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### The Temecula and San Jacinto Branches of the Santa Fe Route.

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This is a portion of the first line of the Santa Fe System in California, and originally extended from East Riverside, through the Temecula Canyon to Oceanside and San Diego. Heavy rains have several times destroyed the tracks in the Canyon and it was finally abandoned after the floods of 1890. The line now reaches Temecula 50 miles south of San Bernardino.

Leaving East Riverside, which has already been described in a former chapter,

**Bon Springs**, 13 miles from San Bernardino is reached. This is a small point from which grain, etc. is shipped. It is situated in the Moreno-Alessandro Valley which has an altitude ranging from 1,400 to 1,800 feet above the sea, and, protected by the great mountain ranges and the rugged surrounding foothills, has a climate unexcelled. It has long been known as a section whose fertile soil, under proper cultivation, furnished abundantly of grain, the yield of the entire valley averaging thirteen sacks of wheat

and barley to the acre before the development of the irrigation system brought its transformation from a dry and dusty plain into what is to be another duplication of Riverside.

The entire tract, comprising 26,000 acres, was subdivided into ten-acre lots in December, 1891, water from the Bear Valley system having been introduced the previous year. In 1891 the planting of trees was begun, over 1,000 acres being planted the first year. The total acreage now under cultivation is 4,500, about two-thirds being citrus fruits, the remainder deciduous fruits of various kinds. The soil is very similar to that of Riverside, the best for citrus fruits, being decomposed granite. Such rapid change from the desert condition has not been exceeded even in the early history of Riverside, Redlands or Ontario.

**Moreno**, the principal town and the center of the most extensive improvements, is located at the intersection of Alessandro and Redlands boulevards—fine highways a hundred and twenty feet wide. The land here is very level and well sheltered by the San Timoteo hills on the north and east, and Mt. Russell on the south. Water having first been delivered to this side of the valley, the settlement was naturally more rapid than in any other portion, and the young orange groves stretch away as far as one can see in nearly every direction. At the center are four brick buildings, occupied as stores and offices, a fine school building and the Hotel de Moreno, the latter a three-story edifice of tasteful design, and managed in a manner not excelled elsewhere in the county. The young town has its due proportion of business concerns, blacksmiths, contractors, etc.

The school system is excellent, and there is a Congregational church. There are several literary and fraternal societies, all having large memberships. The private residences are neat and tasteful in design.

**The Cloverdale District** lies northerly from Moreno, among the foothills, and is being rapidly settled. There is a commodious school house, with a good attendance, and religious and fraternal societies are well represented.

To the westward of town, across Brown's Hills, is the rich section known as

**Midlands**, set apart as a separate school district. Here are some of the finest and best kept orchards. A new school house, the finest in the valley, has just been erected, and literary and social organizations are numerous. Midland is not yet a township, but has aspirations in that direction. The people are justly proud of their pretty homes and are characterized by that love of their own section which has been so great a factor in the upbuilding of this beautiful valley.

**Alessandro**, seventeen miles from San Bernardino, in the western portion of the tract, has been laid out in a unique manner. It contains the Santa Fe railroad station, a well kept hotel, school house, freight depot, lumber yards, general merchandise store, post-office, and several neat dwellings. It has great natural advantages and only needs the carrying out of the plans made for its development to make it the superior of many of its more advanced neighbors.

**Lakeview.** This is the name given to a new tract of land, containing about ten thousand acres, separated from Moreno and Alessandro by a range of low, picturesque hills. It lies in a beautiful valley, eight miles in length, and ranging from two to four miles in width. The locality has been occupied for years by farmers, who cultivated large areas in grain by a system of dry farming. But now, artesian wells afford an abundant supply of flowing water, and a growing and prosperous little community is the result.



**Perris**, twenty-four miles from San Bernardino, is a growing town, situated in the Perris Valley. This valley is located midway between the ocean and the peak of San Jacinto, being forty miles from both. This valley contains upwards of forty thousand acres of tillable land, surrounded by low, broken hills on the eastern and western sides, and open on the north and south, leading to continuous valleys, which, altogether, encircle over 300,000 acres and form the San Jacinto plateau.

The town of Perris and its vicinity contains about one thousand people. It supports three churches, one bank, a postoffice, several solid business houses, a school of one hundred and fifty pupils, with four teachers and contains many neat and attractive homes. It is rapidly being settled by people of culture and means.

Perris is also the center of a rich section of mining country. At the Bernasconi Hot Springs, six miles east of Perris are bath houses and a hotel.

**Elsinore** is situated about two miles from the station of that name on the shores of Elsinore Lake, which is about five miles long by two and one-half broad.

No tourist can afford to miss a visit to this attractive place. The sailing and rowing is a recreation in which the consumptive or invalid can indulge to the extent of his desire, for here the air is dry and pure, with an elevation of nearly 1,300 feet, a combination not found at any other place in South California.

Countless numbers of wild ducks, geese and other aquatic birds frequent the lake, affording the hunter unlimited opportunity for sport, and large quantities of quail, rabbits and larger game are to be found in the immediate vicinity.

Elsinore is an incorporated town of the sixth class, and is situated some twenty-five miles south of River-



side, with which it is connected by rail over a branch of the Santa Fe. It has excellent public schools, churches, a bank and postoffice, besides, three hotels—the “Lake View,” the “Hot Springs” and the “Elsinore”—whose guests can be pleasantly accommodated at rates from \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day. In the *Elsinore Press* it has a well conducted weekly newspaper to advertise its advantages, and several business houses supply the demands of the local trade.

**Wildomar.** Seven miles south of Elsinore, 46 miles from San Bernardino, is the pretty and thriving young settlement known as Wildomar. It is seven years since the tract was first located upon, by the people from Iowa and other Eastern States. The new comers being of a religious and temperate class, the church and school have from the first had hearty support. Wildomar is a “no saloon” colony, the deeds to all the property containing a prohibition clause. A hotel and general merchandise store supply the business needs of the place.

**Murrieta,** 46 miles from San Bernardino, is a small town named for a famous character in the early history of California, the Mexican bandit, Joaquin Murrieta. Happily there it nothing about Murrieta and its surroundings suggestive of that roving person age beyond the name.

It is a prettily located little town and was laid out half a dozen years ago. There is a good hotel, depot, school house, church and many business buildings.

**Temecula.** Six miles down the valley from Murrieta, and at an altitude of 1,000 feet, lies this little town. About a mile south of Temecula station the level valley is first seen and is a sight to gladden the eyes and heart of any man. The valley is nearly level. Some large ranches are in this neighborhood,

among which may be named the "Pauba Rancho," containing 27,000 acres, and the great Santa Rosa rancho, containing 48,000 acres, devoted to cattle raising. There is also the Wolf rancho, of 4,400 acres, and the Little Temecula, of 2,500 acres.

Temecula is the site of an old Indian village, the history of which H. H. nas made immortal in her "Ramona." The canyon south of Temecula is vividly described in that great novel and the visitor will find it enjoyable in the extreme to see its wonders.

**The San Jacinto Branch** of the Santa Fe, leaves what is now known as the Temecula Branch at Perris, and runs easterly to the city of San Jacinto, tapping the greatest grain producing section of Southern California. This line is about twenty miles long. After leaving Perris the first place is

**Menifee**, a small shipping station for grain and other agricultural products.

Midway between Perris and San Jacinto is

**Winchester**, a typical South California, inland-valley town. Winchester has churches, schools, a bright weekly newspaper, and is a lively, go-ahead place. It is the headquarters of the San Jacinto and Pleasant Valley Irrigation District, and is one of the largest grain shipping points in South California, being surrounded by a very rich and productive country.

All that section of the great San Jacinto valley lying on the "mesa" is now known as

**Hemet.** The town of Hemet is just now the scene of the greatest building activity in Riverside County.

The location is unique. It lies on the very crown of a broad, gently sloping mesa and is central to up-

wards of 60,000 acres of choice deciduous fruit lands. It also lies on the line between two of the most successful water companies in the county, viz., the great Lake Hemet Water Co., with the highest cement dam on the American continent, and the San Jacinto and Pleasant Valley Irrigation District. These, combined, can furnish water for 60,000 acres of land.

**San Jacinto**, 44 miles from San Bernardino, is the second city in the county in population, and is the oldest of the towns in the large valley which bears its name. It is situated near the foot of the beautiful San Jacinto mountain, and is surrounded by a tract of semi-moist land admirably adapted for general farming and the growing of deciduous fruits.

The town has a population of some 300, and is incorporated as a city of the sixth class, and is excellently and cheaply governed. It has thirty-six business firms of all kinds, some of whom occupy fine brick blocks. It has a good progressive newspaper in the *Register*, and a bank with \$100,000 capital. The churches are substantial edifices, and the schools numerous and well conducted.

Its export is largely grain, baled hay—both alfalfa and wheat—wood, fresh and dried fruit and honey. Fine horses and stock are raised here in large quantities.

Hot springs and mud baths near the city attract many infirm and suffering people who find relief in the healing qualities of the baths.



## CHAPTER XVI.

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### From Santa Monica and Los Angeles to Redondo on the Santa Fe.

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The Santa Fe from Chicago has a continuous line of its own to the Pacific Coast at three points, viz., San Diego, Redondo and Santa Monica. Owing to the interest attached to the "Kite-Shaped Track," that portion of the main line embraced in that interesting trip was ignored in its proper place. But to read the route aright the tourist should follow the Guide Book from the Needles to San Bernardino, and then, taking the chapter on the Kite-Shaped Track, follow the towns in backward order from San Bernardino to Los Angeles. From that point we now continue the journey to Redondo. The road passes through a beautiful section, open to the ocean, and well watered, where beautiful homes abound, until

**Inglewood** is reached, 12 miles from Los Angeles. This is an attractive little town in the center of the fertile Centinela Ranch of 13,000 acres, with some handsome business structures and a number of pretty homes. There are five avenues shaded by immense eucalyptus trees. Much fruit is grown around here,

there being nearly a thousand acres of citrus and other trees. All products except citrus fruits are raised without irrigation. A large brick-making establishment turns out a superior quality of brick, which is in great demand. The soil is very fertile, and the supply of water for irrigation—which is already large—is about to be greatly increased from the Los Angeles River, thus making possible the planting of a much larger area to valuable horticultural products.

Here the road diverges, one portion going to Santa Monica, which has already been fully described in its own special chapter, and the other to Redondo. South of Inglewood, toward Redondo Beach, is a high mesa, upon which many persons of moderate means have made productive homes. The chief settlements are Gardena, Moneta and Howard's Summit.

**Redondo Beach** is 22 miles from Los Angeles, and is one of the chief haunts of the pleasure seeker. It has a wide sandy slope with a terraced ascent to the town site and hotel.

Redondo was established by the co-operation of Captain J. C. Ainsworth and Mr. R. R. Thompson.

It is cosily sheltered from winds by Point Vincent, Palos Verdes and other hills.

It may be reached directly from San Francisco by steamer and also by several railway lines.

The most eminent architectural feature of Redondo is its Hotel, a handsome structure of four stories, erected on a high terrace that grants a magnificent visual sweep of the sea.

A richly cultivated garden of choice flowers and trees, extending down near the very lips of the surf, enhances the exterior effect. The hotel is built in the shape of the capital letter Y, which arrangement brings the sunkissed air into every one of its 225 rooms. The court is provided with rare plants and is a charming spot for invalids. The rooms are all well

ventilated and heated according to the demands of the season and the individual. The entire building is furnished with both gas and incandescent lights and every room has the luxury of a grate, while the halls and lobby are thoroughly heated by steam.

There is the inevitable ball room, with a handsome inlaid floor, where waves of the dance compete with waves of the sea; also a billiard parlor and a barber shop.

The spacious dining-room is exceptionally beautiful, with its wide, panoramic water views, blue and gray at noon and rainbow-hued at sunset. This dining parlor accommodates about three hundred guests and its service cannot be excelled. The company possesses a farm which supplies the hotel with fresh cream, butter and eggs, poultry and vegetables.

Being an annual resort, many tourists come out from the bleak East in December, to taste the salt spray and breathe the rose fragrance of Redondo in winter. Surf bathing may be enjoyed here all the year through, and as there is less rainfall than in the interior country, fishing and bathing may be indulged in without restriction at all seasons.

For the accommodation of those who are weary of surf bathing there is a large bath house, with plunges for both adults and children.

It has one of the largest hot salt water tanks on our coast, measuring 50x100 feet. It is concrete, and has a depth varying from 3 feet to 10½ feet. It is surrounded by bathers' dressing rooms and a supply of porcelain bath tubs for all varieties of immersion. There are also trapeze and other appliances to tax the ingenuity of the swimmer.

For those who prefer a drier exercise there is the lawn tennis court, a commodious arrangement lending space for three simultaneous games. It is enclosed by a high fence and accommodates spectators by high tiers of seats.

Then there is also a marine promenade of over 1,600 feet in length and a pebble beach, unequaled in beauty anywhere on this coast. This beach is one of the distinctive features of this resort, and the pebbles, with their almost satiny polish, under the rushing receding waters, present an opaline glow, and the friction of their myriads with the splashing breaker is much like the rippling music of a stream. A handfull of these pebbles has proven a most characteristic souvenir of Redondo to many a curio-gathering traveler. Another felicitous possession of Redondo is its sweet, pure water, which is drawn from wells and carried in a reservoir having a capacity of one-half million gallons.

Aside from the Hotel there are a number of elegant residences built by wealthy South Californians, who prefer the sea to the metropolis. There are also several lodging and boarding houses.

Redondo's commercial importance cannot be ignored, as statistics show that there are annually shipped over 80,000,000 pounds of merchandise by way of this port, and last year about 20,000,000 feet of lumber. Its wharf is rendering good service and as there is no undertow it is one of the most easily approached. An average of forty-five vessels arrive and depart from it each month, some of them being deep sea vessels.

Shipping facilities are augmented by a brick railway depot, car shops, round house, pumping works, stables and a warehouse. Although the population of Redondo is only a variable two thousand, it has an excellent public school, almost every kind of business house and a newspaper.

Some petroleum deposits have been found and are being developed, and there is much diatomaceous earth, of interest to the scientist and the amateur microscopist.

The soil is fertile and plastic to all a gardener's

wiles, and in the local nursery comprising five acres, oriental and occidental bloom sheds its fragrance all the year through.

One of the customs which adds to the popularity of this place is the celebration of the "Salt Water Day," an aquatic festival for May, July and September of each year. Some appointed incognito, signing himself "Neptune," sends out a proclamation of the coming event, inviting great numbers to join the God of the Seas in his fete. An excellent and hilarious program is arranged with a procession of grotesque monsters and impossible denizens of the great deep. This is accompanied by music, fireworks and various vents of pleasure such as only a pleasure-loving people, like the South Californians, can evolve.



# The Redondo Hotel



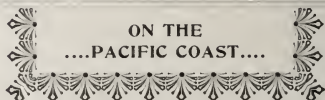
.....CALIFORNIA

**Eighteen Miles from Los Angeles**

Reached by trains of the Southern California or  
Redondo R. R. in forty minutes



❁ **SUMMER OR WINTER RESORT** ❁



Every modern convenience. Hot Salt Water  
Swimming and Plunge Baths near the hotel. Tennis  
Court. Dancing and Music Hall. Free transportation on the Redondo R. R. accorded to guests stopping by the week or month.

For illustrated book and rate sheet apply to City  
Office, Bradbury Block, or address,

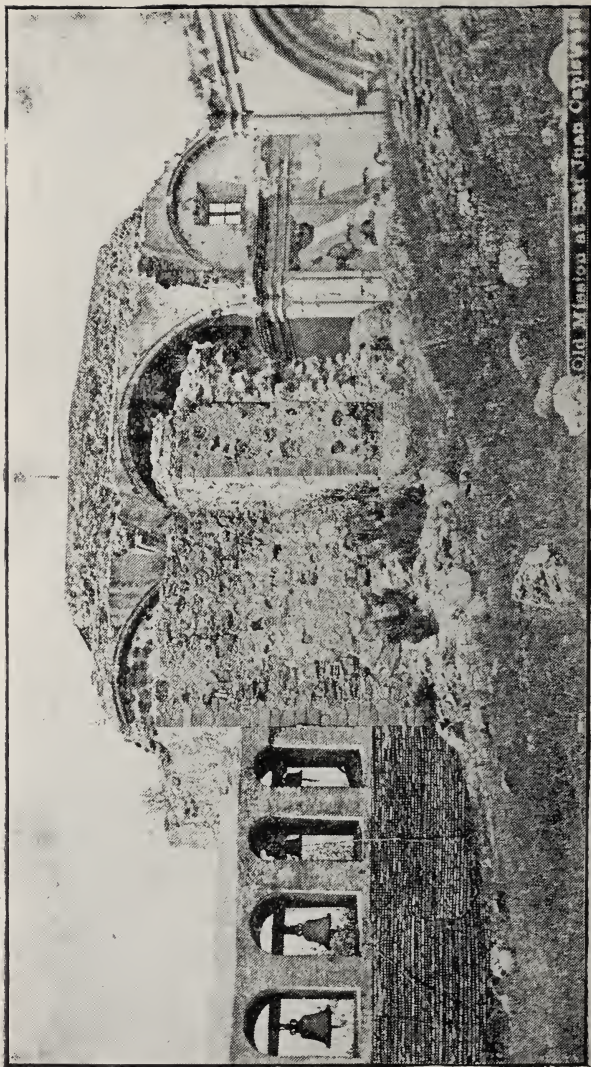
**D. O'NEILL,**

**Redondo Hotel, Redondo Beach.**



REDONDO HOTEL.

M. S. WILSON



Old Mission at San Juan Capistrano

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### The Los Angeles Terminal Railway to Glendale, Long Beach, San Pedro and Pasadena.

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This popular railway diverges from Los Angeles in three divisions, viz., to Long Beach and San Pedro, to Pasadena and to Glendale.

From Los Angeles to San Pedro the country traversed is a rich agricultural and fruit raising section. The first place of interest reached is the

**County Farm.**—Here a fine and well erected series of brick buildings have been established for the care of the county's poor. The station overlooks some of the grounds, which are kept by the inmates, and under efficient supervision, excellent work is accomplished. A few miles further along

**Clearwater** is reached. This is a small agricultural settlement, which gains its name from the clear water flowing out of a number of artesian wells recently developed. This region is well watered and needs no irrigation.

**Signal Hill** is near to Long Beach and is so named because it has often been used by both Indians and whites as a place for beacon fires. The view of the Los Angeles Valley and the Pacific Ocean and the Islands, from this hill, is exceedingly interesting.

**Alamitos** is a growing town, situated one mile from Long Beach, on the shores of the Pacific, and, since the advent of the Terminal Railway, has added quite a number of thrifty, industrious people to its already numerous population.

**Long Beach** is one mile further along, and is twenty-two miles from Los Angeles. Its chief attraction is that from which it takes its name—a smooth, level stretch of sand, which extends seven miles in front of the town, and is good for riding, walking and driving. The sands slope gradually, about one foot in thirty feet, so that from high to low tide, a width of over two hundred feet or more is uncovered, entirely free from stones, and so solid that carriage wheels scarcely leave a mark upon the smooth and solidly packed sand.

The town is about twelve years old, and it was organized for the purpose of keeping out the saloon element, and providing a quiet and orderly seaside resort, where the more religious element of the near-by cities might come and enjoy summer recreation.

Long Beach has a good water system, graded streets, many miles of cement sidewalks, two well edited weekly newspapers, excellent public schools and four churches, which are well attended. Its stores are large and well stocked with goods. The most important improvement made during the past few years is the building of a substantial wharf, 1,760 feet long, with an L, 200 feet broad, and it reaches a depth of twenty-eight feet of water at low tide.

An attraction of Long Beach is the permanent location there of the Chatauqua Assembly of South Cali-



fornia, many thousands of people attending the annual meetings, lectures, etc., in the months of July and August. There are also campmeetings of the Methodists, and a number of other religious bodies frequently meet here during the summer.

Long Beach is also reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad, so that it is well provided with train accommodations.

Leaving Long Beach the railway runs alongside the ocean for five miles to

**San Pedro Harbor**, where connections are made with steamers for all points north and south, and also for Santa Catalina Island. At Terminal Island (East San Pedro) there is a fine Bath House and Pavilion, open all the year. The beach is full of fine and interesting shells, and still-water, as well surf bathing, boating, sailing, fishing and yachting to one's heart's content.



"THE RAYMOND"

**The Pasadena Division** conveys the passenger over practically the same route as that described in the ride from Los Angeles to Pasadena, on the Kite Shaped Track.

One of the most important and imposing objects on the way is the world famous

### **Raymond Hotel.**

It is not necessary that one should say the Raymond Hotel. "The Raymond" is enough. Everyone



PART OF GROUNDS--"THE RAYMOND"

knows what you mean. There is but one Notre Dame, but one Acropolis, but one Colossus, and so there is but one "Raymond," when South California is mentioned.

The charms of Pasadena have before been described ;—indeed a thousand pens have vied, one with another, to express in words the emotions of pleasure and delight this beautiful "Crown of the Valley" city has awakened. But many are not aware that had it not been for "The Raymond" many of these "tribute-

writers'' would never have seen the glories of Pasadena,—might never have heard of the delights of the protecting "mother mountains,"—might never have seen the Land of the Sun-Down Sea, for Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb, when they decided to bring their thousands of cultured, refined and traveled tourists to South California, determined to make a home for them whilst here. A careful survey of the land was made, and the San Gabriel Valley chosen. In



A DRIVE-- "THE RAYMOND"

this valley no point seemed to them to offer so suitable a vantage ground as the hill upon which "the Raymond" now proudly stands. Its elevation ensures absolutely perfect drainage. Pure breezes from both ocean and mountain constantly circle around it, and give healthfulness as well as comfort. Every provision that modern architectural services, and home-furnishing skill could suggest for luxury, comfort and restfulness has been provided, and the result is a first-class, modern, luxurious Eastern home, transferred to

a land where God smiles perpetually through a cobalt sky, upon perpetually blooming flowers, exquisite exotic shrubs and plants, where fly and warble sweet singing birds, and where children and invalids, old and young, well and weak, may, alike, be out-of-doors in invigorating sunshine, almost every day in the year.

The wisdom of Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb's choice has been made more and more apparent year after year. Each season the tourist travel has in-



A GLIMPSE OF "THE RAYMOND"

creased, until last year, a metropolitan hotel could well have been filled by the overflow. To obviate the same difficulty for the future a large addition of rooms capable of accommodating many more guests, has been made, and already, a large and influential patronage has secured accommodations for the winter in this most charming of South California's hotels.

About a mile from "The Raymond" and nine miles from Los Angeles, the Athens of South California is reached, 900 feet above the level of the sea.



## PASADENA

Is an Algonquin word meaning both "key of the valley" and "crown of the valley." As it is located mainly on high points the interpretation "crown of the valley" was chosen as the most fitting, and hence it is universally used to-day by all who come to criticise their romancing friends, only to remain and worship at the same shrine of beauty. For the beauty of Pasadena is undeniable. Materially, socially and morally its standard leads all southern cities.

The total history of Pasadena covers a period of twenty-one years, in which time the sheep pasture of 1873, once purchased by a few capitalists of Indiana for six dollars per acre has blossomed into a city of the fifth class and is now one great cluster of beautiful homes, quite suggestive of gems in a crown.

Like all buoyant cities of the south, Pasadena has gone through three stages of development—the pastoral, the agricultural and the horticultural.

But towering above the surrounding towns in population as in point of altitude it is, in its rapid growth, taking the lead in disrobing of vineyard and orchard, for finding sites for its homes, only to put the perennial green of its mantle upon the surrounding lands of this fertile valley.

From a little horticultural town it has grown within seven years to a prosperous city, with manifold industries, and offering pre-eminent facilities for the education of its youth.

There is, first of all, a fine public library, whose average annual circulation of books has been 52,000 volumes, but with a recent purchase its shelves hold now about 72,000 volumes. All appointments are modern and the systems used are up to date with cataloguing according to Cutter's rules and classification according to Dewey. This library occupies its own



home in a charming little gothic building of pale green sandstone with reddish gray trimmings. It is centrally situated on Raymond avenue, and its well lighted and roomy interior presents all facilities for comfortable mental research. There are altogether eight rooms in the building, comprising a large reading room, reference room, book storage room and the librarian's and director's rooms. Total cost, about \$80,000. The nucleus for this library was first established ten years ago by a stock company as a private circulating library, but in 1887 it was purchased by the city, having at this time about 4,000 books. It is now supported in the most popular form by a tax levy of five cents on one hundred dollars worth of property.

The grounds around the building include about 300 square feet, the gift of Mr. Charles Legge, and are appropriately ornamented by walnut, pepper and palm trees.

To the constancy and zeal of Mrs. S. E. Merritt, the pioneer librarian, much of the success of this educational enterprise is due.

**Hotel Green** is one of the four greatest caravan-saries of the State, ranking second to neither the Coronado, the Raymond or the Hotel Del Monte in the excellence of accommodations. While it is one of the oldest of local houses it is also the newest, having been enlarged and almost totally rebuilt in 1893, at a cost of \$300,000. Its architectural charm is produced by a very harmonious blending of the Spanish and Moorish styles, and its massive fire-proof construction of iron, stuccoed brick and stone carried to the height of five stories, makes the most imposing, as well as the handsomest of Pasadena's public buildings. Its many balconies, observatories, supporting pillars and broad arches, with the roof tilting suggestive of the Missions, gives it an *ensemble* wholly native and characteristic of South California.

The building covers 301 by 91 feet. It faces a park of several acres, supplied with a music stand, and prolific in oriental trees and flowers, and at one end it opens out into another parterre, profuse with choice roses, from which bounty the hotel is daily supplied. There is also a lawn tennis ground, and from the Mexican hammocks on the broad veranda, the agile grace of Pasadena's youth may be seen dexterously hitting and missing the object of their game.

The interior of this building is in accord with its exterior, finished with oriental elegance. The great court in the center admits of lighting up cheerfully its 250 chambers, the system of ventilation and heating being perfect and the rooms all supplied with both gas and electric light.

No one has looked with greater circumspection to the comfort of tourists than Colonel Green, the proprietor of this house, and its genial and accomplished manager, Mr. Holmes, whose success in hotel management has demonstrated that the men who successfully control the destinies of a large tourist hotel are born and not made. Under Mr. Holmes' management the continued popularity and prosperity of Hotel Green is assured.

In public buildings Pasadena is far in advance of any other city of the same size in South California. New blocks are going up constantly, and there is an air of metropolitan life in the business streets.

In its educational facilities Pasadena is unequalled. Not only has it an excellent public school system, with High Schools and kindergartens, but it also has the Throop Polytechnic Institute, founded in 1891 by the Hon. Amos G. Throop, formerly an honored citizen of Chicago, who came to spend the remaining years of his life in the sun-lit precincts of Pasadena. Soon after his arrival he made known his plans, and set apart \$200,000 for the purpose of founding an Institute that should give manual training to both sexes.

The Throop Polytechnic is the educational pride, as "Father Throop," as he was familiarly called, was the beloved of Pasadena. His death in the earlier part of 1894 was universally lamented.

There are two buildings erected, fully equipped with everything necessary for the manual training of the young. No such school in the United States, has better and more improved machinery, and the accomplished president, Charles H. Keyes, working with his capable faculty and board of trustees, is making of it an institution of which South California should universally be proud.

Pasadena is essentially a city of homes and churches. No saloon, gambling den or brothel finds place within its carefully guarded precincts, so that its homes are undisturbed, and the education of its youth unperturbed. To ride down Marengo Avenue, Colorado Street, the world-famed Orange Grove Avenue and a score of other exquisitely beautiful shaded avenues, streets and drives is a treat that the most stolid and indifferent would enjoy. Few cities, in internal arrangements, are so beautiful, and the close proximity to the rugged Arroyo Seco, the delectable Sierra Madre, the dimpling San Rafael Hills, and the far-reaching Valley of the San Gabriel, render the effect of city and surroundings æsthetically irresistible.

Fruit drying, canning and crystallizing are carried on extensively in Pasadena, and there are also several extensive and important manufacturing establishments.

**North Pasadena** is independent of the main centre having its own water supply, a school house at the cost of \$20,000 supporting 300 children, and a fair share of handsome homes. The highest point of the entire city lies back of the Painter hotel, a knoll rising between Raymond and Fair Oaks avenues. From this point one may view the entire city and nearly all of

La Canyda, a wide verdant slope to the northwest of the city. It has a mild sunny exposure and is framed away from winds by the Verdugo, Sierra Madre and San Rafael ranges. Some of the cultivated fruit lands number hundreds of acres. There are many lovely homes surrounded by orchards of oranges, lemons, prunes, apricots, olives, berries, almonds, besides all varieties of vegetables raised without irrigation.



"THE PAINTER"

### "The Painter."

There are few hotels in South California that can boast such a location as can "The Painter." Situated on the heights above Pasadena, so that the whole of that beautiful, earthly "Saint's Rest" is spread out, at its feet,—surrounded by the San Rafael Hills, the majestic Sierra Madre, and in the distance the Mission and the Puente Hills, it is absolutely sheltered from any storms or fierce winds. The beauty of the San Gabriel Valley, I have before described. From the verandas of The Painter this exquisite vista is clearly

seen. In its appointments The Painter ranks as one of the first-class tourist hotels of South California. Its reputation has always been good from its first season, and the fact that refined and cultured people return to it each year, and send their friends to it, is proof sufficient that it more than holds its own.

The surroundings of The Painter make it especially to be desired. The scenery is incomparable,—



VERANDAH OF "THE PAINTER"

Pasadena, with its many exquisite homes, open air conservatories of semi-tropical shrubs, plants and flowers, the romantic Devil's Gate, the bewitching Arroyo Seco, the rambles on the San Raphael Hills and into the Verdugo canyons and valleys, the lovely Los Cascitas, the charming Crescenta Canyada, La Canyada herself in her ever vernal robe of beauty, the Sierra Madre foothills, Wilson's Peak, and the ever wonderful Mount Lowe Railway,—all these, with Los Angeles half an hour away, by three lines of railway the ocean, a little over an hour, with its beaches



and bluffs and islands, are what The Painter has to offer to its patrons to interest, attract and entertain them, in addition to the homelike and perfect comforts its interior appointments afford. The proprietor of this hotel is Mr. M. D. Painter, a most popular and well known hotel man.

**The Glendale Division** runs through a fine citrus and deciduous fruit valley to



A "PAINTER" HOTEL TOURIST TURNOUT

**Glendale**, founded in 1886, a picturesque, healthful and beautiful little town, with churches, schoolhouses, stores, etc. There are numerous orange and lemon groves and vineyards, and one of the largest peach orchards in the State. A little further on is

**Verdugo Park and Canyon**, one of the most popular picnic places of the Los Angeles people. The canyon is rugged, grand and picturesque, and a most enjoyable day may be spent in botanizing, gathering ferns, mosses, etc., and climbing the steep and rocky sides of the precipitous canyon.

# HOTEL GREEN.....

The Newest and Finest of the great Pleasure  
Resorts of California.

Fine Large Tennis Court and Billiard Room.

Finest Private Theatre on the Pacific Coast.

Two Elevators. Steam Heat.

300 Sunny and Spacious Rooms with Private Parlors and  
Bath Rooms.



Conservatory, Hungarian Orchestra, Promenade.

Three large Reading and Writing Rooms for ladies and gentlemen. Electric Lights. Private Garden.

## A MAGNIFICENT MORESQUE PALACE

From the hundreds of windows one looks upon a scene of enchanting loveliness of which the eye never tires.

Large Private Parks with shady walks.

To miss a sojourn at this caravansary is to miss Southern California's chief charm.

G. G. GREEN,  
OWNER.

J. H. HOLMES,  
MANAGER.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### The Mount Lowe Railway.

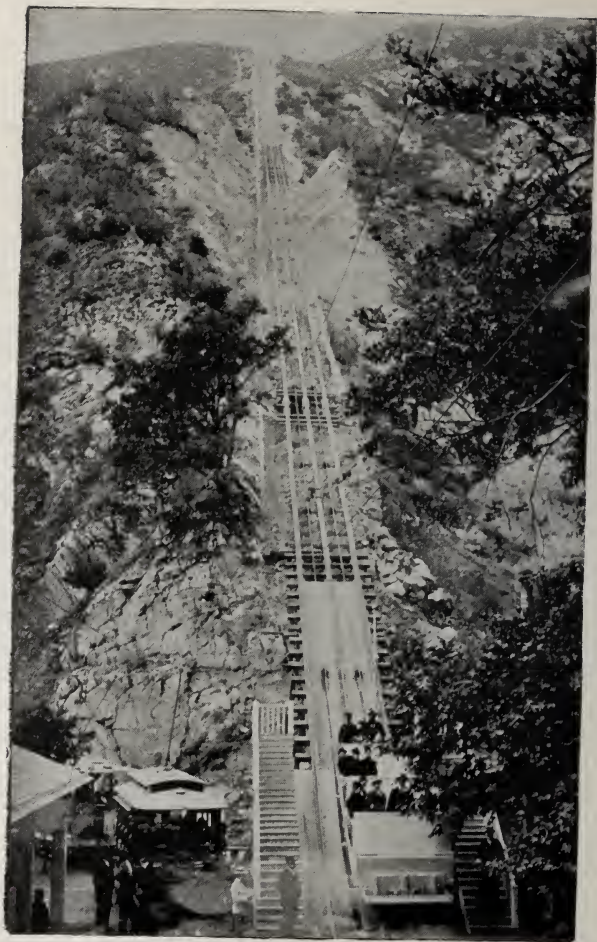
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It is a duty every tourist owes to himself to ride over this, "the most wonderful mountain railway in the world."

South California owes much to her mountains. From thence flows her water supply, without which she would be but a barren desert. Her mineral wealth is also due to them, and they serve as a mighty barrier to the siroccos of summer and the blizzards of winter, which scour the tramontane country. Last, but not least, to them belongs some of the grandest scenery in the world, and also some of the most charming.

Unfortunately for the average tourist they are among the most inaccessible mountains in the country, and few there are who ever get to know them intimately.

During boom days several companies were organized to build a railroad up their slopes, but this was too visionary a scheme even for the unwary and excited speculator, and the scheme invariably died out at an early age. One day, however, an energetic



GREAT CABLE INCLINE--MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

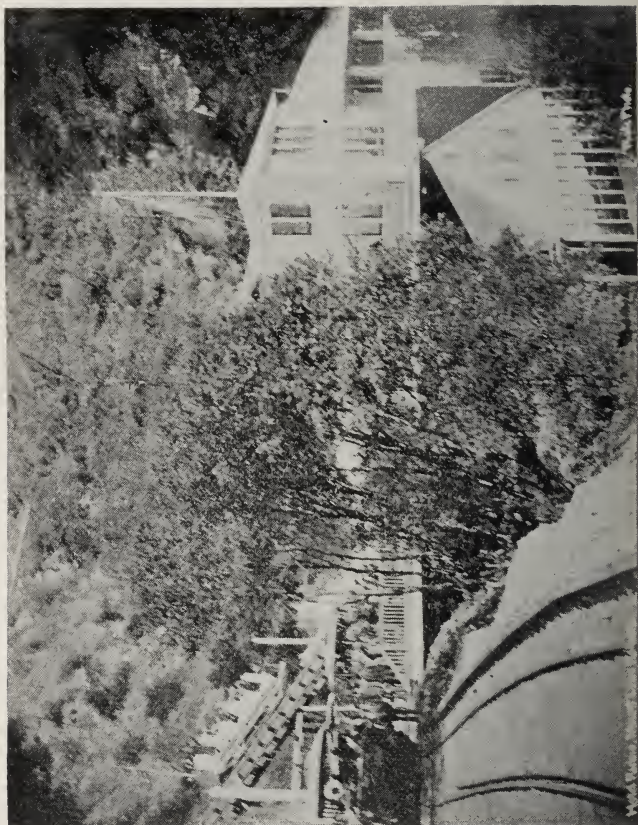
Easterner, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, came to Pasadena, and not satisfied with seeing the mountains at a distance, made many an exploration of their hidden recesses. As an immediate result of these investigations it was formally announced that he would build an electric and cable road combined, up one of the ruggedest spurs of the range directly behind Pasadena, the Sierra Madre. Believers were few, doubters many, and the necessary delays, while plans were being perfected, gave encouragement to the conservative element. At last, work began in earnest, and soon everyone was convinced of the determined design of the projector of the road, but a majority believed success impossible under the existing conditions.

The methods adopted to overcome the obstacles in the way make the railroad to-day one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the world.

From Los Angeles to Altadena Junction, the traveler journeys over the Los Angeles Terminal Railway. At Altadena Junction the change is made to the electric cars of the Mount Lowe Railway. The two large gas engines in the power house, near the depot, begin to puff vigorously, converting their power by means of a dynamo, into electricity. The electric car heads directly for the mountains, up Lake Avenue for about a mile, then, crossing the high mesa upon which the poppies—the *Copa de Ora* of the Spaniards—grow in profusion, enters Rubio Canyon. This mesa is an historic spot having been named by the sailors of the pioneer navigator, Cabrillo, Cape Floral. It is now known as Cabrillo Heights. The flaming and gorgeous poppies, reflecting the brilliant sunlight, made a spectacle of dazzling gold, which was clearly seen sixty miles out at sea,—hence the name.

Rubio Canyon, so named after Father Rubio, one of the later Misson Padres, is a profound gash in the granite rocks, which compose the mountains. Its





RUBIO PAVILION--MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

entrance is quite broad, although it soon narrows to a tortuous, precipiced defile. The road crosses numerous substantially built bridges, winds around sudden curves, and runs through deep cuts, one of which it was necessary to quarry out of the sheer walls by men suspended in baskets by ropes.

Finally, just as all further ingress seems to be rendered impossible, from the proximity of the two walls, a sharper turn than usual reveals Rubio Pavilion and the beginning of the Great Cable Incline.

Rubio Pavilion has no counterpart in the world. Built over the bed of the mountain stream, extending from one side to the other of the Canyon, the main entrance at the roof, it is in itself worth the journey to see.

The Canyon has other attractions besides the Pavilion, for it is one of the wildest and weirdest of all the wild and weird canyons on the face of the globe. The stream writhes its way through it in a headlong race for the valley below. Numberless falls, from the tiniest of plunges to towering, rock-girt cascades, which engulf themselves in emerald-hued, foam-flecked pools of profound depth, meet the eye at every turn. Overhanging escapements of fern-clad rock, shut out the sunlight and impart a feeling of insecurity and insignificance to the beholder. A series of staircases connected by plank walks now render this gorge easy of access. Every stick of lumber used in their construction was carried by hand to the spot. At night a myriad Japanese lanterns cast a mellow light upon the rocks, trees, flowers and falls and mirror themselves in the pellucid pools which are scattered through the gorge.

The "White Chariot" awaits us, with its seats arranged in tiers, and the signal to start being given, we move, very, gently at first, but with a gradually accelerating speed, until the limit of 6 miles an hour is reached, up the steepest railway in the world, the



ECHO MOUNTAIN CHALET AND 48 PER CENT. GRADE OF GREAT CABLE INCLINE.

grade varying from 48 per cent. to 62 per cent. The large steel cable, tested to 100 tons strain, slips noiselessly over the pulleys, placed at frequent intervals along the road-bed, and after the first moment of curiosity is over, we concentrate our gaze upon the panorama which unrolls beneath us.

The horizon literally runs away from us, and valley upon valley, dotted with hamlets, towns and cities, checkered with fertile fields; range upon range of tawny, brush-clad hills and mountains, rise successively into view. Beyond them to the south and west lies the ocean, its white surf distinctly visible, beating eternally upon the sandy shore. To the south and east the San Gabriel Valley extends its fertile fields and orchards, and——

But the car has stopped and we find ourselves on the summit of Echo Mountain, 3,500 feet above sea-level, just 1,300 feet higher than we were only 8 minutes ago at Rubio Pavilion. Right in front of us, rises the great Echo Mountain House, occupying the whole summit of Echo Mountain. It comprises a large rotunda, surrounded by an elegant plated dome, with wings extending at a slight angle, right and left, and the great dining hall, kitchens, etc., forming other extensions in the rear. No mountain hotel in the world surpasses it in architecture, equipment or location.

It is a first-class hotel and is metropolitan in its style, management, equipment and service. It is steam-heated throughout, lighted by electricity, and, for special comfort, provided with open gas fires in many of the rooms.

There is a first-class Curio bazaar, telegraph, telephone and express office.

To the right is the Swiss Chalet, an annex to Echo Mountain House, so that ample accommodations are provided for about 300 guests.

Nearby is the Zoological Gardens where a number



of native birds and animals interest the visitors. This exhibit alone is enough to make Echo Mountain a place of great attraction.

A little further on is the Power House and the printing office, where the Mount Lowe *Echo*, a hand-



ECHO MOUNTAIN HOUSE

somely illustrated publication, is issued daily during the first four months and weekly throughout the rest of the year.

The Incline Power House, at the summit of the great incline, is well worthy a visit, for there is to be seen in operation the machinery that operates the "White Chariots." The power for this is transmitted by large copper conductors, supplying current to the 100-horsepower electric motor, which makes 800 revolutions per minute. Then by a series of gears the



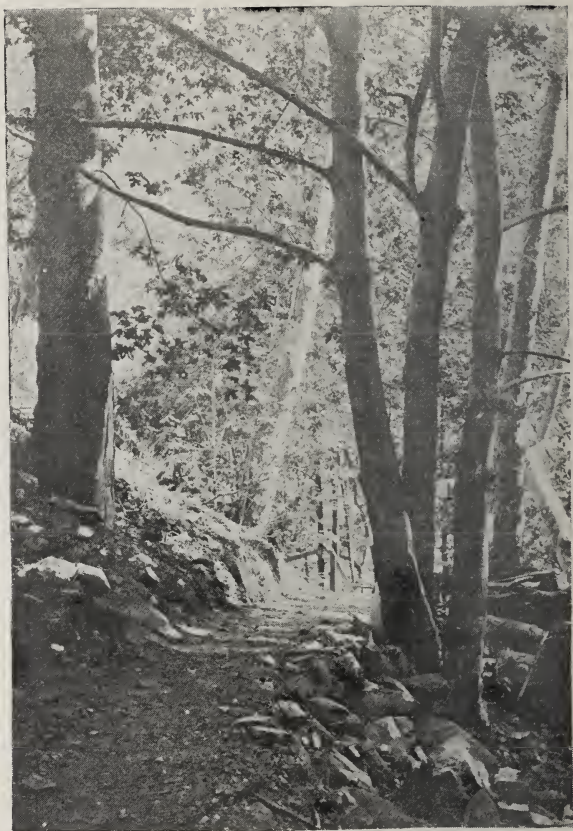
revolutions are reduced from 800 to 17 per minute, which is the speed at which the massive grip-sheave turns. The grip-sheave consists of a tremendously heavy wheel, on which about 70 automatic steel jaws are affixed. As the wheel revolves, these jaws close and grip the endless cable, to which the cars are permanently attached, and thus are they raised and lowered as occasion requires.

Every safety device and appliance of known utility that could be here used has been placed upon the machinery and thoroughly tested, so that the unanimous verdict of the many eminent engineers who have scientifically examined in detail the machinery and its working is a deserved tribute to the foresight of Professor Lowe and his engineers. That verdict is, that "it is the safest railroad ever constructed; the possibility of accident is reduced to a lower minimum than on any cable, electric or steam system in the world."

Standing on the hotel veranda at the power house on Echo Mountain one can look directly down upon the electric cars leaving Altadena Junction on their way to Rubio Canyon. One portion of Lake avenue, up which they pass, is the steepest part of the whole electric trolley system, having a grade of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., whilst in no other portion of the line, even that now being graded—and which will be in operation soon after the first publication of this Guide,—from Echo Mountain to the summit of Mount Lowe, does it exceed  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

Just below Echo Mountain House is the Great World's Fair Searchlight. It is of 3,000,000 candle power and was made by the General Electric Company to demonstrate that America was as capable as Germany in the manufacture of these great "electric eyes of light."

After being used at the World's Fair it was moved to San Francisco, for the Midwinter Fair, and for six months it delighted and entranced thousands, as it



AMONG THE MAPLES AND SYCAMORES--MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

shed forth its far-reaching rays from the summit of the Bonet Electric Tower, 264 feet high. When the Midwinter Fair was over, Professor Lowe purchased it, and now, for the first time, it occupies a high situation, where it commands a wide and unobstructed sweep in almost every direction.

On the mountain slope, about a quarter of a mile north of Echo Mountain is the Lowe Observatory, where Dr. Lewis Swift, the eminent astronomer, with his great sixteen inch equatorial telescope, made by Alvan Clark, is engaged in his astronomical researches, and who is ably seconded by his son, Edward, who, in individual research, stellar photography and general assistance is most valuable in the work of the Lowe Observatory. The observatory is a handsome and convenient structure, having three other rooms besides the dome-crowned observing room. Here the many valuable books and scientific instruments of the astronomer are kept, maps, charts, diagrams and descriptions innumerable. One room will be used as a sleeping apartment, so that, on special occasions, when a few hours' sleep may be obtained without interfering with the observations, everything is suitably arranged for that purpose. Near his bedside Dr. Swift has an ingenious electric arrangement, by means of which he is awaked as soon as the moon sets each night, the instrument astronomically adjusting itself to the change of time each night.

Below the observatory is the dark room, where the photographs taken are developed. The roof of this dark room is used for the comet-seeker. Here the astronomer sweeps the heavens, and if any unusual object is discovered he immediately steps into the observatory and determines what it is by the large telescope.

Both the observatory and the searchlight are ultimately destined to be placed upon the summit of Mount Lowe, 3,000 feet above their present location.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON THE MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

Echo Mountain derives its name from the echoes one may call forth from the stupendous cliffs that rise directly east of the hotel.

Between us and it lies a deep, shadowy canyon, full of the sound of falling water and rustling leaves. From one sheer precipice opposite us a delicate rill of water slides down a couple of hundred feet into a natural amphitheater of maiden-hair concealed rocks. Two entirely different bridle-roads lead to the summit of Mount Lowe, and as they touch each other at a point about half way there, the round trip has been very appropriately termed the "Mount Lowe Eight," so that one may make the journey of twelve miles on entirely different roads and viewing entirely different scenery every foot of the way.

The bridle-road is by way of Castle Canyon, so called from its natural turret-like rock formations which are marvelous imitations of some of the half ruined Rhine castles.

Zig-zagging up the canyon we are soon at the summit of the first range. The view from here is wondrously grand, and no pen can do it justice. Grand Canyon lies below us on the north and west and its profound depths at present are only accessible by means of ropes.

Crossing on a knife edge which divides the head of Grand Canyon from the Grand Basin (of which more hereafter) we dive into the depths of a narrow canyon rising on the slopes of Mount Lowe.

Crystal Springs is reached almost immediately, and it does not belie its name. A father, nay a grandfather of pines, thrusts its 21 feet of girth out of the steep sides, and from the bottom arise two noble trees, one a huge maple and the other a sycamore. Their leafy branches are filled with birds, whose musical chatterings mingle harmoniously with the singing of the stream. The water is very cold and clear as crystal.



On and up the boulder strewn bed, and then we circle around Mount Lowe on a gentle gradient, through clumps of live oaks to the summit, which is soon to be crowned with buildings devoted to the advancement of science, and the comfort of travelers and sight-seers. All below is a sea of canyons and verdure-clothed mountains. To the north, east and south nothing but mountains meets the gaze. To the



GREAT BEAR CANYON--MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY

south a great bowl, aptly called the Grand Basin, drains a vast area of mountain region, and to the north sinks the Great Bear Canyon, whose wooded depths are alive with game, happily preserved from extermination by Professor Lowe's emphatic order.

The view from this culminating point is never just the same. It changes every minute, as the sun brings into relief some dark spot, or shadows others. On

days when a "high" fog exists in the valley, an ocean, not described on any chart ever made, lies beneath you, its stormy, rolling crests tossing uneasily and dashing impotently yet silently against the mountain flanks. The sun wages a relentless war against it, and more and more frequent glimpses of the valley below are obtained, till all that remains of it are a few silvery bits of cloud which idly drift away.

Here, on this spot, another large hotel, of granite, is to be built, and the completed Lowe observatory will throw light upon many of the astronomical enigmas, and aided by the absolutely pure atmosphere, will doubtlessly solve many of them to the gratification of the thoughtful throughout the world.

The railway from Echo Mountain to the summit is now being rapidly pushed forward. A large force of men is at work. Two miles of the seven and a half are already graded and ready for the track, so that speedily the tourist may enjoy this most delightful and wonderful mountain trip without effort or fatigue.

The world owes this great scenic railroad to the individual enterprise, financial ability, engineering faculty, and brilliant genius of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, known throughout the civilized world for his organization of the U. S. Army Balloon Corps, his invention of the Ice Machine, and Water Gas for heating and illuminating purposes, and for the fact that, owing to his researches, observations and recommendations, the present Science of Meteorology has so firm a foothold among the advanced nations of the earth.



## CHAPTER XIX.

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### From Los Angeles to San Pedro and Long Beach, on the Southern Pacific Railroad

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The towns on the San Pedro and Long Beach branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad to be here described are Florence, Lynwood, Compton, Long Beach, Wilmington and San Pedro. Five miles from Los Angeles

**Florence** is reached. This growing little village is situated in the heart of a rich agricultural country, and used to be one of the finest wine-growing regions in South California. It comprised, among the large ranches, Nadeau's Vineyard of 3,000 acres, one of the largest in the world. It has good schools, a church, stores etc., and an excellent water supply.

**Lynwood** is a small way station, nine miles from Los Angeles, where there are large agricultural and dairy interests.

**Compton**, ten miles from Los Angeles, has fine school houses, well attended churches, good stores and all the needful shops, etc., which make up an in-

dependent town. A cheese factory, large dairies and a paper mill, all doing a large business, are in full operation. The principal soil is alluvial. There are fine artesian wells, and good crops are generally assured. The apples grown here are of fine flavor and large size. The population of the town is about six hundred.

**Wilmington** is twenty miles from Los Angeles and two miles northeast of San Pedro. This town was founded by the late General Phineas Banning, in 1858, who was so intimately connected with the development of Los Angeles County. It has a population of upwards of one thousand people, with several churches, schools, stores of every kind, and is a lively and progressive little town.

**San Pedro** is twenty-two miles from Los Angeles, and, until the great wharf was built at Santa Monica, was regarded as the Pacific Coast terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad. San Pedro is a city of the sixth class, and a large amount of shipping and freighting is done. Readers of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," will remember his interesting descriptions of this place. The first steamer to enter the harbor was "The Gold Hunter," in 1849. Pacific Coast steamers, plying up and down the coast, land passengers and freight at San Pedro, and, while it is not the most popular sea-side resort, there are still large numbers of Los Angeles and other city families, who prefer it to any other place. The hotel accommodations, however, for this purpose, are far from satisfactory, but, if a cottage is rented, a most delightful visit may be enjoyed. The town is well provided with stores, a weekly newspaper, public school, churches and large lumber yards. Yachts are to be found in the harbor and much boating is indulged in.

A mile out from San Pedro, on the peninsula, is



**Point Firmin Lighthouse**, where a pleasant afternoon may be spent. The lighthouse is in charge of most courteous attendants who find pleasure in describing the manipulation of the lights to visitors.

The S. P. R. R. divides into two parts at Thenard Junction, four miles from San Pedro, one portion reaching that port and the other making a curve to the left, and in four miles reaching

**Long Beach**, at a distance of 22 miles from Los Angeles. This pretty little town is fully described in the chapter on the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, which also has a line to Long Beach.

## CHAPTER XX.

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### From Los Angeles to Whittier, Santa Ana and Tustin on the S. P. R. R.

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There is little of anything new to describe on the line of the S. P. R. R. to Whittier, until

**Downey** is reached, eleven miles from Los Angeles. This town was first laid out in 1873, when the S. P. R. R. was built to Santa Ana. It has a small but growing population, largely agricultural. The soil is mostly of a moist character, so that no irrigation is needed. The products are chiefly walnuts, apricots, vegetables, with quantities of butter and eggs.

The whole region is peculiarly adapted to the growth of walnuts, and the tourist, driving through the country, will be astonished at the large number of walnut groves in excellent condition to be found.

The town has schools, churches and stores, and two hotels.

**Studebaker**, 14 miles from Los Angeles, is a new settlement, named after the great carriage builders of Indiana, who have bought considerable property in the neighborhood.

**Fulton Wells** and Santa Fe Springs are practically the same. The name was given to the springs because the wells were bored by Dr. Fulton, who organized and conducted the sanitarium built for the benefit of invalids. Comfortable cottages, a large hotel and an excellent bath house have been erected.

**Los Nietos**, 17 miles from Los Angeles, is in the midst of a farming and dairy region, and large quantities of walnuts are shipped.

**Whittier**, 20 miles from Los Angeles, is a beautifully located little town, growing rapidly, started a few years ago by a body of Quakers from Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, who own large quantities of the land around the town. It is on the southwestern slope and end of the Puente Hills, at an elevation of about 1,500 feet. Whittier has several churches, good stores, a live and well conducted newspaper, a Friend's College, and is the location of the State School, one of the most beneficent institutions of the whole State. It was founded largely through the humane spirit and indefatigable efforts of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, who were its organizers and its first superintendent and matron. Had I the space at my disposal, twenty pages of this work would not suffice to allow me to say that which I should like to say of the noble and heroic work of Dr. and Mrs. Lindley. Taking the ill-born, ill-bred, unmanageable boys and girls into her motherly care, Mrs. Lindley won their warm affection and ardent admiration, and by her wise and loving methods guided them into a life of usefulness and integrity. South California owes a larger debt of gratitude to the memory of Mrs. Lindley than it can ever repay.

The view from the Puente Hills behind Whittier, is especially beautiful.

Returning now to Studebaker, the road here branches to Santa Ana, and

**Norwalk**, 15 miles from Los Angeles, is the first town reached. This is a small village with its usual quota of churches and schoolhouses, where numerous artesian wells supply water for irrigating alfalfa and corn quite extensively. Thoroughbred stock is largely raised, and butter, milk, eggs and cheese largely exported. It has good stores, livery stable and lumber yard.

**Buena Park**, 21 miles from Los Angeles, is another of the newer towns, made necessary by the settling up of the surrounding agricultural region. The soil here is damp and well adapted to all agricultural purposes. Whatever the farmer may desire to grow can be produced here.

**Anaheim**, 25 miles from Los Angeles, is the northern colony of this county. It is the oldest settlement in Orange county, and is now second in population and commercial importance. It was laid out by wealthy Germans from San Francisco in 1857, for the purpose of testing its wine-growing power, and for thirty-five years or more it was one of the largest wine-producing sections in the State. A large tract of land was purchased, planted out, and divided into lots of twenty acres each. These were eventually distributed, the stockholders drawing lots in order to decide the location, each person receiving a town lot in addition to his own lot, leaving fourteen for public purposes.

The residents of Anaheim have been, and are, an industrious, hard-working class of people. They have erected beautiful and comfortable homes, embowered them in flowers, planted avenues of pepper trees, acacias, sycamores and eucalyptus, but they have not sought or desired a great "boom," which would disturb their quiet and peaceful village life. But the advent of two railroads has made a great change, and

now, by the infusion of new blood, the city is more modernly progressive, and its population is growing rapidly.

**At Miraflores**, 27 miles from Los Angeles, the road again branches, one portion going on to Santa Ana, the other to Tustin. Taking the direction of Santa Ana, the first town reached is

**Orange**, 30 miles from Los Angeles. It is an incorporated town full of beautiful homes, surrounded by orange and lemon groves, which yield their fortunate owners a bountiful income. The orange grows here to perfection. Peanuts also are a large and profitable crop, and potatoes, being grown on the same ground in the same year, make the land yield heavy returns. Most of the land is divided into farms of from five to forty acres, and, as on each one of these farms is a beautiful or homelike residence, the country round about looks more like a vast park than a farming region. The town itself is well laid out, has first-class stores, churches, schools and banks. Its hotels are good, and it has a growing public library, as well as two well-edited newspapers. The water systems are good. A street-car line connects Orange with Santa Ana, Tustin and El Madena. Two miles from Orange is

**Santa Ana**, the county seat of Orange county, removed thirty-four miles from Los Angeles. It is an incorporated city and has a population of 6,000. The station lays siege to the tourists' artistic sense by a rich parterre of flowers kept refreshed and blooming the year through. This spot is characteristic of the entire town which abounds in wide thoroughfares bordered by lofty and graceful trees of various climes.

Santa Ana is a great trading town, being the centre of numberless orange orchards and vineyards. There



are three street railway lines, several hotels, two banks and an opera house. One great source of industry is the peat lands which are used as fertilizing material in gardens and orchards.

The city is lighted by electricity, and there are several churches, all well supported and attended. There are packing-houses, a planing-mill, small gas-works and other institutions that demonstrate the progressive spirit of the place.

A railway is projected from Santa Ana to Newport Beach, which will undoubtedly be built to afford the citizens of this populous region an opportunity to easily and readily reach the seashore.

The town of Santa Ana was laid out in 1869, by Mr. W. H. Spurgeon, and it has continued to grow ever since. Its advantages are well set forth by three weekly and one daily newspaper. It has a good-sized public library, and is, in all respects, a progressing and growing city.

Returning now to Miraflores, we take the Tustin branch of the Southern Pacific Railway, passing through a rich agricultural and fruit-growing country, to McPherson, Villa Park, Wanda and El Modena.

**Wanda** is a small station, thirty-five miles from Los Angeles. I do not know whether the great novelist, Ouida, had anything to do with naming this place, one of her novels bearing the same name, but I do know that no pen other than hers could do full justice to the charm and beauty of one of the ranches not far away. It is one of the largest orange orchards in Orange County, and, as such, is more thoroughly described than any of the others. It comprises forty acres, and is owned by Mr. J. Erwin Hoy. It was planted fifteen years ago, and as soon as it came into full bearing began to produce from 7,500 to 11,000 boxes of marketable oranges per year, which is now its regular output. The whole orchard is of Medi-

terranean Sweets, of fine size, excellent color and good flavor. As they do not ripen until late they do not come into competition with the Florida oranges and are, therefore, a good paying crop. On one side of the ranch is an avenue of pepper trees, and from the avenue the ranch obtains the name of "The Peppers." It is an ideal ranch for irrigating purposes. The grade is such that when the water is turned on at night it needs no



HOUSE ON J. ERWIN HOY'S RANCH.

further attention, and the whole orchard is found completely and thoroughly irrigated in the morning. Under the able supervision of its owner it is in excellent condition, not a weed daring to obtrude its unwelcome presence, and every tree looking healthful and vigorous. The house, while not large, is a model ranch structure, strong and substantial and, withal, most homelike. A number of bull terriers, in the neighborhood of half a score, are generally to be seen on the place, as well as quite a number of finely bred

horses. The owner is both a dog fancier and a horseman, with the means to gratify his taste, and his dogs and horses are a great source of attraction to visitors, as well as pleasure to himself.

The ranch is in the settlement known as Villa Park, in close proximity to the thriving cities of Santa Ana and Tustin, which are within a distance of four miles, and of Orange, two and one-half miles away.



ORANGE GROVE OF J. ERWIN HOY

Villa Park is a growing and progressive little settlement, there being excellent schools and the nucleus of an ideal South California colony.

While situated in the valley there cannot be a more beautiful location for an ideal ranch home. The home-like house, surrounded by the rich green lawns, upon which frolic in happy carelessness the bull-terriers before described, the avenue of exquisitely drooping pepper-trees and the full, round-shaped orange trees with their delicious green leaves, the one

set off with the brilliant red of its berries, and the other with the dazzling gold of the orange, indicate thrift and prosperity on every hand. The Puente Hills and the Mission Hills are in full sight, whilst beyond, filling up the horizon are the majestic Sierra Madre, the snow-clad San Antonio and other mountain peaks. Nearer by, to the East is Mount Santiago, crowning the Sierra Santa Ana, and looking down with gladness upon the valley of peaceful content nestling at his feet.

Three miles further, and thirty-eight from Los Angeles,

**Tustin** is reached. This is one of the finest orange regions in all the sunny southland. The groves are numerous and excellent. Stretching for miles in every direction the land rolls gently, and is supplied with abundance of water from irrigating ditches. The town is in the center of a community, whose inhabitants are known for their cultured industry. Here are broad, shaded avenues, leading to beautiful residences, surrounded by all that wealth, refinement and culture could provide and desire.

Tustin has good schools churches, stores and a well-conducted hotel. Few places can be better for those who wish to enjoy country life with city advantages, and the opportunity of studying the various methods of irrigation used in Orange County.





OLD TOWN, SAN DIEGO--OLDEST PALMS IN SOUTH CALIFORNIA



## CHAPTER XXI.

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### From The Needles to San Bernardino on the Santa Fe Railway.

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**The Needles.** Just before reaching this place on the trans-continental trip on the Santa Fe System—the largest railway system in the world, and which owns its own tracks from Chicago, via Kansas City, to the Pacific Ocean—the traveler crosses the elegant, new cantilever bridge over the slow Colorado River, which, at this point, gives no suggestion of the “cribb’d, cabin’d, confin’d” turbulence which dashes with roar and splash and turmoil through the crystal-line mica schists of the great canyon in Arizona. Here it sleeps after its exhaustive race of five hundred miles, chased by demons and fiends, and tossed from underneath, to and fro, by giants and strong.

It is as dirty and slow as the Mojave Indians who live in their wickins along the river, and who congregate at the Needles to greet us and wheedle from us what small coins we can spare. The remnant of a once powerful and warlike tribe, we see only the most degraded and filthy of them. Their naked papposes sitting astride their hips, or engaged in drawing nourishment from the maternal fount, are often picturesque

enough, and, to see a dozen more youngsters of both sexes scampering through the bushes, clothed with not even a smile, gives us a singular feeling of immediate contact with "the heathen" we always imagine to live somewhere else than in our own country.

If odors strong and overpowering and insect life obnoxious do not appeal to you, go into some of their wickinsps. In one, not far from the depot, you will find four generations. The old grand dame appears as if she could count over a hundred years, and her semi-nude form is certainly of tanned leather or elephant skin. Her once rounded breasts are flat, flabby and filthy and give her an absolutely hideous appearance, while her eyes squint horribly through suppurated lids.

Their wickinsps are made of wicker work, willows, cottonwood poles and rawhide, and are abodes of squalor, filth and degradation. These Indians were bad enough in the two former particulars ere the worse fate befell them of meeting with white men who degraded them. And yet those who have studied them and lived in contact with them know that there are as true and noble hearts, even yet, to be found amongst them as amongst any people.

Contact with the whites has demoralized their men and debased their women, and now they are drunkards, sensualists of the lowest type, and beggars who would discount Irish and Italian professionals, both in cunning and persistence,

Their papposes are made into sources of revenue. Strapped to and wrapped up in their "pabeeches," swung on to the mother's back, their faces are covered up, and only on the gift of a "neekle" or a dime can you get a glimpse of the fat, podgy, clay-smeared youngster beneath.

Some of the squaws have bows and arrows, crude (and rude) pottery, necklaces of agate, obsidian and petrified wood, and various nick-nacks for sale,

but they have learned of some white men to ask all they can get for articles, their value being determined solely by the length of purse of the buyer.

One hideous old squaw seems as if she had always been on the spot. A friend of mine thus writes of her :

“From the usual indications accompanying old age, I should judge her to be about two hundred years old, but these Indians are deceptive in that regard, and I will not undertake to say she is not five hundred. Her dress consisted of a short skirt, reaching to her knees, and above the waste her costume was about the size of a pocket handkerchief. A score or two of strings of beads and trinkets, a few streaks, or daubs of various colors of mud, and a frowsy mass of dirty, gray, fibrous substance, which, I suppose, must be designated as hair. In addition to this dress, when you gave her a dime or some tobacco, she wore a fearful smile.”

Only occasionally will you see the best of the men. Some of them are gigantic in size, robust and muscular, and are noted for their speed and staying qualities as runners. I have known two or three of them to make from sixty to eighty miles in one day of twenty-four hours, on foot, and over the hot desert.

The Needles themselves ought not to be overlooked. Seen by the clear moonlight, which here sheds a soft, more mellow radiance than ever seen in the East, the seductive, twinkling stars in the far away distance, hanging as glory spots over them, the perfectly clear sky forming a delicious background for them, they stand out with a clear boldness as if a whole race of cathedral spires—Milan and Cologne cathedrals, Santa Sophia's minarets, Kremlin's towers, St. Peter's domes, with here and there an Egyptian obelisk, a fair temple, or a Japanese kiosk—were on exhibition awaiting the choice of the gods.

From The Needles onwards, perhaps it is not to be wondered at that to most travelers it is not inter-

esting. Yet a friend of mine once remarked, as we entered the lava bed region, "The only way to contemplate this desolate and barren region is with an eye to the wonderful dispensation of things." You ask yourself why it is thus? Thousands of square miles of arid land. My friend afterwards wrote in his diary: "I have said there is no beauty in this country. The casual observer would turn from it in disgust, as I am now tempted to do, though, if circumstances permitted, I could write a book on the feelings inspired by this same desolate region, especially when they are whetted by the conversation of a man who has made a study of the geological conditions and can carry you from effect to cause and explain the why and wherefore of present appearances."

And, indeed, who can look upon these numberless extinct volcanos, with their adjacent beds of black lava, which have flowed out in every direction, covering hundreds of square miles; these miles of Sahara, where wind storms, fiercer than Arabian simoons, carry the desert sand with such force, and in such quantities as to stop the express trains and even carve the sandstone and igneous rock into strange and weird shapes to afford scope to the pencils of generations yet to see them as to how they were there carved; upon the dried up beds of alkali lakes, and beaches, upon which the waves of long extinct inland seas restlessly tossed; upon the acres of shells left there when the final upheaval of the mountain chains of the Pacific Slope shut off this section from the great ocean outside; upon these fantastic desert trees—the cacti—some shaped like barrels, others like giant candelabra, sixty or more feet high, or, when seen at night time, like hideous forms of the past, reaching out towards you, and following you, as if they would seize and tear you from the happy present. I say, who can gaze upon all this and not feel a deep and profound interest in the working forces of Nature and a desire

to comprehend the processes by which worlds are made.

Here the wonderful *mirage* can be studied, as probably nowhere else in the world. The frenzied prospector or traveler, perishing with thirst and afterwards discovered and saved, will willingly describe to you the horrors of his approaching death and the ecstatic joy he felt to see in the near distance a silvery stream, lined with waving trees and rich grass. Cool and delicious it seemed, and he hastened on toward it, his tongue black and thick, lolling out of his mouth, his lips cracked and baked, frenzied for water, only to find a burning alkali desert in the place of his long sought oasis.

But now, untroubled by a single care, whirled along in the comfortable Pullman cars of the greatest railroad system in the world, we can gaze upon it all and wonder, and wonder, and wonder and never cease wondering at the marvel of it all. Speaking of its wonders, Charles F. Lummis, in his "Strange Corners of Our Country," says:

"The intensely dry air is so clear that distance seems annihilated, and the eye loses its reckoning. Objects twenty miles away look to be within an easy half-hour's walk. There are constant dry beds of prehistoric and accursed lakes—some of them of great extent—in whose alkaline dust no plant can grow, and upon which a puddle of rainwater becomes an almost deadly poison. In the mountain passes are trails, where the pattering feet of mangy and starveling coyotes for thousands of years, have worn a path six inches deep in the solid limestone. Gaunt ravens sail staring over the wan plains; and hairy tarantulas hop; and the side-winder—the deadly horned rattlesnake of the desert, which gets its nickname from its peculiar sideling motion—crawls across the burning sands or basks in the terrific sun which only he and the lizards, of all created things, can enjoy."

Right in the heart of the desert is the

**Calico Mining District**, so named from the singular coloring and general appearance of the hills, which appear more as if they had been dropped upon the



sand than heaved through it. The hills are exceedingly rich in gold and silver, and countless victims have been lured from safety to terrible death by the fascinations these singular hills possess. In their rich grays, browns, reds, purples and greens, they remind us of the old-fashioned calicoes worn by long past generations, but that quaint and picturesque figure of the west,—the prospector,—roamed over them, digged and scraped, hammered and picked with no thought of his maternal ancestry. All his desire was centered on present wealth, and with feverish anxiety he sought for traces of the gold bearing rock which alone could quench the burning fever of that desire.

The distance from The Needles to

**Barstow** is 169 miles, and here we are 142 miles from Los Angeles. The stations passed on the way are Blake, Fenner, Bagdad and Daggett, the latter being the shipping point for the Calico Mines and also for many other interesting inland points.

Barstow itself is an unimportant town on the southern border of the Mojave desert. It is a distributing point for a large section of mining country, but has no agricultural or manufacturing interests. Its chief claim to notice, lies in the fact that it is the initial station on the line of the Southern California Railway and the junction point of that line with the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, also a part of the Santa Fe System, which is thus divided for convenience and efficiency in operation. There are round-houses here and small repair shops belonging to the railroad, also a fine eating-house.

Bye and bye the Mojave river comes in sight, and how delightful, refreshing and consoling it is. For quite a distance the cars follow its winding towards its source in the San Bernardino mountains, then, just about where it branches off to the southeast and the Railroad to the southwest, the traveler reaches the station of

**Victor**, and a little further on,

**Hesperia.** These two towns are on the northern water shed of the San Bernardino range, at an altitude of 3,200 feet, overlooking the vast Mojave desert, and lie in a peculiar semi-basin or valley, which has received the name of Hesperia Valley. The San Bernardino range on the south, and the Hesperia mountains on the north, both snow-clad for several months in the year on one side, and the great Mojave desert on the other, give a local peculiarity to the climate of Hesperia seldom found in South California. Here the air warm and dry from the desert, laden with the odor of the pine and fir from the mountains and cooled by contact with the snow-banks, and bathed in ozone from the ocean, meet and eddy and circle and mix together thus forming a region, which for some kinds of disease, is unequalled. Nearly all throat and lung diseases readily succumb to Hesperia climate without any extraneous medication whatever, and for asthma there are few places on the continent equal to it. The coolness from the mountains and ocean prevents the atmosphere from becoming heated by proximity to the desert, and yet, the desert air, dries and makes aseptic the moisture-laden air it comes in contact with. Therefore it is healthful and invigorating under almost all circumstances.

Both settlements are small, but growing constantly, and are especially worthy the consideration of those seeking health.

Here the tourist sees vast areas of monster cacti, like gigantic trees, covered with rough velvet, which has been frayed by the rains and storms until it looks dilapidated and tattered.

The two towns of Victor and Hesperia are on the thirty-three thousand acre tract of the Hesperia Land and Water Company. This tract is divided into ten and twenty acre lots, which are well supplied with

water, and a large portion of it is already under cultivation.

Vines, especially, do well here, and the dry air so facilitates the curing of the grapes, that Hesperia raisins are becoming famous for their richness and general good quality.

Here is where South California—as we would have people know it—really begins. Ascending the San Bernardino Mountains, with the land of flowers and orange groves before, and the wide sandy desert behind, this is the dividing line, and still, before leaving the desert, it is only fair to say that its winter climate is one of the most delightful en route. The traveler who cares not for cities, and crowds, and the companionship of men, but who loves to know nature, will find here a delicious, equable atmosphere, seldom below 60 deg. Fahr., with a constant, bright, beautiful sunshine, never hot and never cold. The desert becomes carpeted over with flowers, as rich and rare as any garden ever boasted, and no one would dream, at such a time that this was the great American Sahara.

**Summit** is fifty-six miles from Barstow, on the road to Los Angeles, and six miles further along

**Cajon** is reached. These are both small stations, containing nothing of special interest to the tourist. The observant traveler will notice, however, between Summit and Cajon, a curious bit of engineering. For several years, during the rainy season, traffic has been interrupted by land slides in the Cajon Pass. The earthen sides of deep cuts, softened by the torrents poured from the mountain-side falling on the track, sometime block it for miles. The present general manager of the Southern California Railway, Mr. K. H. Wade, has overcome this difficulty by an ingenious contrivance, consisting of a series of roofed terraces on the sides of deep gorges, arranged laterally

with the track so as to carry the accumulated water away in several streams to the end of the cut, instead of allowing it to fall perpendicularly from the high banks.

**Irvington**, seventy-three miles from Barstow, and sixty-nine miles from Los Angeles, is a small station, but it is interesting here to note the bee ranches and deciduous fruit orchards, tucked away in little nooks and corners on the mountain side.

After passing through Highland Junction

**San Bernardino** is reached, the county seat, with its population of upwards of 10,000. Since the extension of the city limits San Bernardino takes on quite a metropolitan air. It is also reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad, via Colton.

It is one of the oldest of California towns, as it was settled in 1851, by Mormon colonists. It was not, however, placed in direct railroad connection with the East until 1886, when the Santa Fe System was extended to the Coast. This city is the divisional headquarters of the Southern California Railway, and contains round house, car shops, machine shops and storehouses of the Company. The offices of Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Machinery are also located here.

The city has three banks, which do a prosperous business, canning factories, large lumber yards, a flour mill, foundry, carriage works, and numerous other growing industries.

**New St. Charles Hotel**, the leading hotel in San Bernardino is situated on the main street of the city, and easy of access to the depots, public buildings, etc. It is a commercial and family hotel and has, also, a large tourist patronage. There are one hundred and sixty rooms in the house, with sample rooms for travelers, and the rates are \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. A bus meets all trains and conveys passengers to and from the hotel, free of charge. The New St. Charles

is lighted with incandescent electric lights, and every room is fitted with electric bells.

San Bernardino is at an elevation of 1,025 feet, and is well supplied with good water. Pure artesian water springs from about six hundred wells in the city and vicinity. The ordinary depth of these wells is about two hundred feet, and they range from two to seven inches in diameter. The average rainfall in San Bernardino Valley, for twenty years, exceeds seventeen inches annually. It falls at a temperature of 50 degrees. At an elevation of 6,800 feet is Bear Valley Lake, which is the first and foremost of the water reservoirs, not only in San Bernardino County, but in California. Having been, originally a mountain lake, the narrow mouth of which became cut out by floods, it was again damed, ten years ago, by solid masonry. Three other storage systems for this section are now being constructed. The Arrowhead Reservoir Company has expended, already, an aggregate of more than \$350,000 for reservoir sites, tunnels, grading, etc.

In short, after spending a few days in the city and vicinity, and becoming acquainted with all the devices for providing irrigation, and viewing the immense quantities of water at hand for that purpose, the visitor would be in no great measure astonished to hear that San Bernardino proposed the reclamation of the Colorado Desert.

San Bernardino is to a considerable extent, headquarters for prospectors and mining operations generally. The *Times-Index*, one of the best dailies of South California, makes a speciality of reporting the mining news. This county possesses varied and extensive deposits of mineral wealth. The vast desert wastes, with their rugged mountains, gulches and rocky ravines contain untold millions of treasure, in gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, manganese, borax, salt, soda, baryta, gypsum, sulphur, marble, etc.



Prior to January 1st, 1893, the Calico Mining District alone, yielded as high as \$4,000,000 per annum of silver. Then there are the Vanderbilt, the Ibex, the Morongo, and other districts, which are yielding gold in paying quantities, some specimens running high in the hundreds of dollars per ton. Persistent prospecting is carried on all the time, and on some of the street corners, occupied all the time by animated groups of prospectors, the uninitiated passer-by catches fragments of, to him, an unknown language as the conversation waxes warm on the subject of mining, prospecting, crushing and smelting of ores.

San Bernardino County has over two million orange trees within her border, many of them are young trees as yet, but what a promise for the future in this one industry.

The city has many fine buildings worthy of note, too numerous to dwell upon in detail, and is growing in this respect every day. There are five handsome churches, at least ten fine hotels and a high school building, erected at a cost of \$75,000. The city is well equipped for educational purposes, employing thirty-three teachers and possessing numerous handsome school houses. Four good newspapers are published in the city, two of which are dailies. The Chamber of Commerce is now soliciting the co-operation of capitalists, with a view to the establishment of several new enterprises which are needed and warranted by the prosperous conditions of the city.

The scenery around San Bernardino is indescribably grand. Range after range of mountains are in view, with a view as far as the horizon of the verdant San Gabriel Valley, San Bernardino, San Gorgonio, Santiago, San Antonio, the Cucamonga Peaks are all in sight, and during the winter, when clothed in their robe of purest white, they present a scene not surpassed by any view in the Alps, when taken into consideration with the richly green valleys at their feet.



A MOUNTAIN DRIVE

## CHAPTER XXII.

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### On Mountain Trails.

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It had been the intention to present a most interesting description of a variety of the best mountain trails in South California, but the confined limits of this book prevent.

There are several important trails, however, two of which must receive brief mention. One of these is the

**Seven Oaks Trail**, leading up from Tyler's Ranch, which is reached by stage from Redlands to Seven Oaks, a most delightful, healthful and popular summer resort on the Santa Ana River, in the heart of the San Bernardino mountains. It is kept by a skillful fisherman, hunter, horseman, and, better still, accomplished hotel man, Mr. A. H. Pratt, whose literature will be forwarded to anyone addressing him at Redlands. The other is

**Wilson's Trail**, which leads to what has aptly been designated "A South California Yosemite."

One of the oldest historical landmarks in South California is the old Wilson Trail that winds up the

lofty peak of that name from Pasadena. It was originally made by the Mission Fathers, then B. D. Wilson enlarged it, and finally the Mount Wilson Toll Road Company has built one of the finest roads in the country, which carries the rider up an easy grade, eight miles, to Camp Wilson and Mount Wilson, over one mile above the sea that shimmers in the sunlight thirty miles away. The trail begins at Eton Canyon,



CAMP WILSON--5500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

on the borders of Pasadena and at once takes the tourist into a veritable wonderland, rising above the San Gabriel Valley, each step revealing new marvels. In winter the low land appears a crazy quilt of color, red, yellow, green and various tints and hues adding to the splendors of the scene. Half way up is a broad expanse known as Henneger's Flats and from here on

the trail leads in and out of deep canyons and pine forests. Now we are in the deep Canyon Del Noche, where the road widens and the big trees create a gloom like night ; a turn, and the trail leads out on the face of the mountain, with hundreds of square miles of the San Gabriel Valley at our feet and views incomparable stretching away in the distance. Higher up we go, passing deep gorges, through forests of pine and



EN ROUTE TO CAMP WILSON

manzanita, to finally reach Camp Wilson, the famed sanitarium of South California.

Here is an ideal mountain settlement, with tents, tent houses and camps arranged about in artistic confusion. Here one has all the accommodations of the low land with the addition of the pure mountain air, that blows over forty square miles of pine and fir trees.



Here invalids, sportsmen and lovers of fine scenery and marked contrasts congregate the year around. The climate is dry and bracing and has a peculiar tonic and curative quality that has attracted the attention of students of medical science everywhere. The water is a mineral spring of rare quality that gushes from the solid rock.

Camp Wilson is the center of this picturesque wonderland of South California and is the rendezvous of



A HALT ON THE TRAIL--MOUNT WILSON

sportsmen who frequent the rivers and streams and who follow the mountain sheep, bear and quail that abound. On the summit is the finest natural park in South California, abounding in gigantic pines and rolling land, carpeted with pine needles. From this spot, where there is a log cabin, one of the finest views in America can be seen, embracing the gorge

of the north fork of the San Gabriel River, with the lofty peaks of San Antonio and many other majestic ranges.

A well known European traveler said, "There is nothing in Europe to compare with this in its grandeur and majesty." Here is the Yosemite of South California, and this single view, which is but one of many, repays a trip across the continent. The Camp and Mount Wilson abound in beautiful trails and walks and embody in perfection that desideratum, the perfect all-the-year-round climate. From the summit of Mount Wilson or at Mount Harvard, one may look upon the grandest and most remarkable scene on the American Continent. While resting the eye on groves of oranges and flaming fields of golden poppy, the snows of an eternal winter may be seen across the deep canyon, rolling up the peak of San Antonio and rising into the air 11,000 feet to settle and become lost in the warm winds that rise from the semi-tropic lands below.

Mount Wilson is 6,000 feet in the air, or the altitude of Denver, yet it has the average climate that partakes strongly of that of the low land. In short, it has all the benefits of altitude without the rigors of an arctic winter, found at the same elevations in the East.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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### How to Reach South California.

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It is not my intention, in this chapter, to give lengthy descriptions of the routes leading to South California, as the literature of the various railway companies is so explicit and voluminous on the subject. I merely desire to write a suggestive chapter, which may be of help to those who desire to visit our "Land of the Sun-Down Sea."

The first railway to reach South California was the Southern Pacific. This great system has three routes by which tourists may enter the State.

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#### THE SUNSET ROUTE.

Leaving New Orleans, the passenger traverses Louisiana, Texas, Southern New Mexico and Arizona, entering California at Yuma, where a bridge across the Colorado River ushers the railway into the Golden State. After crossing the desert, and passing through the San Geronio Pass, it gives the traveler one vision of loveliness after another until Los Angeles is reached.

**OGDEN ROUTE.**

Passengers by this route enter the State of California, between Reno, Nevada,—and Truckee, on the high Sierra Nevada. From thence, to Sacramento, the road is scenic, impressive and interesting. At Sacramento (the capital of the State), the road to the southern part of the State leaves San Francisco to the west, and swerves down into the San Joaquin Valley, through Kern county and over the Tehachapi range into Los Angeles county, directly to Los Angeles. For fuller particulars of the easterly portion of this route see the headings **Shasta Route, Chicago and Northwestern and Union Pacific**, later in this chapter. In the summer time one of the northern routes terminating at Portland, Oregon, is a most interesting and enjoyable one. From this point, on the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific, the visitor has a most rich and varied scenic treat until Los Angeles is reached. He will pass through the great Willamette Valley in Oregon, the picturesque Cascade range of mountains will accompany him on the east through Oregon, the most wonderful and altogether sublime features of the Sierra will meet him upon the threshold to California, and the snowy Sawtooth range will stand guard on the sunrise side of the valleys until he reaches the central part of the State. Here he may visit San Francisco, San Jose, etc., on his way South, which ride will be over the same region traversed by the traveler on the Ogden route, as soon as Lathrop is reached.

Or, if he desire a picturesque trip, and time is not so great an object, let him, when ready to leave San Francisco for the southern part of the State, take the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific R. R., which conveys him through the fertile Pajaro Valley, thence to Soledad, near which one of the old missions is located. The ride from Soledad to San Luis Obispo is

through and over the famous Santa Lucia Mountains, there being two tunnels, one of 3,616 and the other of 1,400 feet in length. This is the present terminus of the road, though it is the intention to close up the gap of sixty miles between San Luis Obispo and Ellwood as soon as possible. This gap may now be overcome by stage, and a most delightful ride it is, a first-class company operating coaches between the two places. At Ellwood the S. P. line is again taken to Santa Barbara, along the coast to Ventura, and finally, connects with the main line at Saugus, 32 miles from Los Angeles.

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### THE SANTA FE ROUTE.

The Santa Fe Company is the only railroad that owns its lines directly from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, hence it necessarily affords exceptional advantages to tourist and other travel to and from the East. From, or to, Los Angeles and San Diego the traveler remains in the same Palace Car Sleeper until his journey is ended. Coming by this route the traveler passes through Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri to Kansas City. Thence through Kansas, Southeastern Colorado, and New Mexico to Albuquerque. At Albuquerque, the "Atlantic and Pacific" branch of the system is reached, from which point,—passing the Indian pueblos of Isleta and Laguna, and by Flagstaff and Williams, from where stages are run to the most stupendous scenery on earth, viz., the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona,—Barstow, in South California, is reached, where the "Southern California Railway" portion of the same great system completes the journey to San Diego, Los Angeles, Redondo, or Santa Monica.

Another branch from Barstow goes northwest to



Mojave, where it connects with the Southern Pacific for San Francisco, etc.

Arrangements for return on another portion of the Santa Fe system may be made, which gives an opportunity to view some of the most wonderful scenery of the Rocky Mountains.

Leaving Los Angeles, and going north on the S. P., the "Ogden Route" of that Company is followed to the city of Ogden, in Utah. Thence, past Grand Junction, to Colorado Springs, where Mr. Walter Raymond of the Raymond Hotel, at Pasadena, has built another magnificent tourist's hotel. Seven Castles, Red Rock Canyon and Hagerman Pass follow in rapid succession, ascending to the loftiest railroad divide in America. Just beyond the foot of this pass, Leadville, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, is found, and soon afterwards Cripple-Creek, the Pike's Peak region, Manitou and Denver. From Denver, a variety of roads offer transportation to Chicago, Boston, New York, and all other Eastern points.

The journey from Chicago across the continent presents many attractions to the tourist and sight-seer, but in addition to the scenic points to be considered, there is that of comfort and convenience, paramount to all others.

The service permitting all this is attained in the highest degree by the **Chicago & Northwestern Railway**, which in connection with the Union Pacific Railway, and the Central Pacific Railway (Ogden Route), forms the short line to the Pacific Coast

The joint service consists of double drawing room, Pullman Palace sleeping cars, daily to California without change, with superb dining car service. The time consumed is only three and a half days. These facts and their upholstered tourist sleeping cars combined would seem to recommend it more strongly than any other to all travelers to California and Pacific Coast points.

This same excellent service west-bound, is offered to their patrons east-bound.

Representatives of this Company, who will attend to the sleeping car and all other details pertinent to the journey, are to be found in all large cities of the Union.

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### UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

In connection with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway and the Central Pacific Railway, the Union Pacific forms a direct through route from Chicago to all points in South California. Although there are competing lines the Union Pacific is the first both in date of construction, picturesqueness of the route, rapidity of travel and convenience to patrons. The following are potent reasons given by the Union Pacific why tourists should travel by their route.

1st. Because it is the only line running Pullman double Drawing-Room Sleepers and Dining Cars, from Chicago to California without transfer.

2nd. It is the short line to California.

3rd. It is the pioneer line to California.

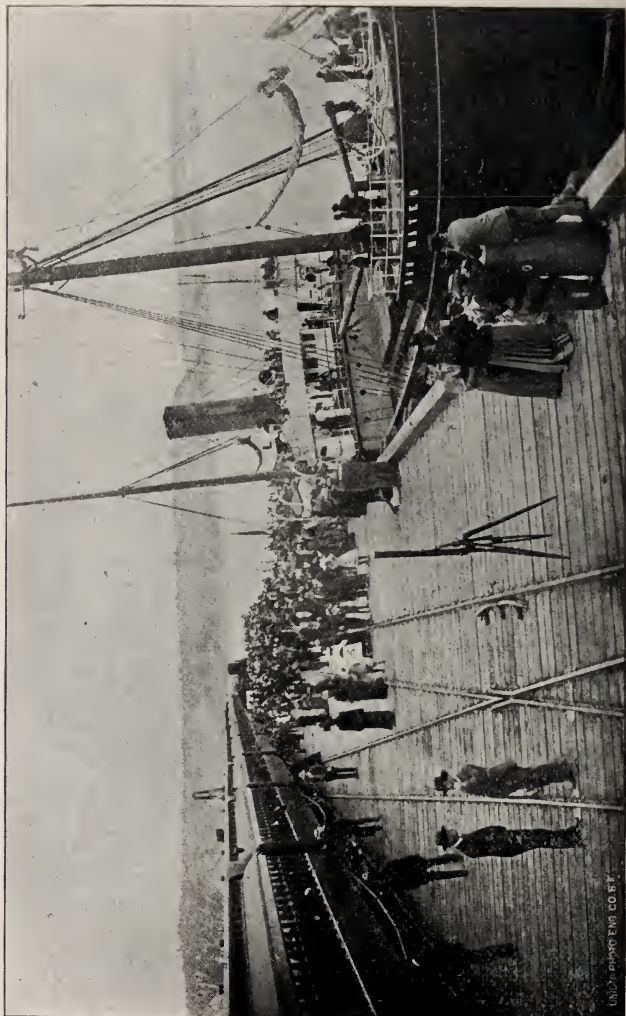
4th. It is the line recognized by the Government to carry the United States mail.

Those coming by tourist excursions will have Pullman upholstered tourist cars from Chicago to California without change, fully equipped with bedding, carpet, tables and curtains, with a stove at each end of the car for the purpose of making tea and coffee. A uniformed porter is in charge of each car whose duty it is too see that the car is kept clean and neat.

Tickets reading via this favorite route to California will be found at all offices in the East. When purchasing them see that they read via the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads.

**OCEAN ROUTE.**

There are those who enjoy an ocean voyage. To such, to come to South California from New York, across the isthmus of Panama, and thence by steamer along the Pacific Coast to San Diego, San Pedro, Redondo, Santa Monica, or Santa Barbara, offers a most delightful opportunity. During all except the first three months of the year, fairly pleasant experiences may be anticipated.



UNION PHOTO ENG CO. ST.

PORT LOS ANGELES

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### To Health Seekers.

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Written specially by Mr. Harold S. Channing.

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Climate should not be considered as a specific for the cure of any disease. It is unquestionably of great benefit in superinducing a state of health, and therefore has an importance which the invalid and aged cannot afford to overlook.

But too much dependence must not be placed on climate alone.

Reference has heretofore been made to the value of South California's climate, and the restorative advantages it offers to the health-seeker.

In this limited space it is impossible to exhaustively treat the subject in its many phases, and the reader's attention having been directed to the importance of the subject, will find in larger works more complete information.

Few countries are without certain well-recognized types of disease which are indigenous to it.

Malaria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, rheumatism, catarrh, etc., are dominant in certain countries, some



being exempt from one or more of them, but having others fully as deadly.

I cannot do better than quote Charles Dudley Warner here. In "Our Italy," he says, "there is hardly any point along the French and Italian coast that is not subject to great and sudden changes, caused by the north wind, which has many names, or, in the extreme southern peninsula and islands, by the sirocco. There are few points that are not reached by malaria, and in many resorts—and some of them most sunny and agreeable to the invalids—the deadliest fevers always lie in wait. There is great contrast between summer and winter, and exceeding variability in the same month. This variability is the parent of many diseases of the lungs, bowels, and the liver."

But South California is almost entirely free from all native disease.

Persons suffering from almost all known diseases may be found within its borders, but they have come here with diseases already deep-rooted.

Careless sanitation may cause typhoid occasionally and in a few low and marshy spots malaria and its attendant evils may lurk. Our cool sea breezes and coast-line morning fogs, whilst of inestimable benefit to the country, and helpful in febrile diseases, do occasionally cause incipient rheumatism and neuralgia, but a change of residence to the highlands and interior valleys soon eradicates these troubles.

With as much care for the diet and general health here, as is usually given in the East, one could, if in fairly good health, live to a ripe old age and escape nearly all the "ills that human flesh is heir to."

Therefore, the invalid desiring restoration of health, must carefully study and make himself familiar with his own case and its specific needs of surroundings and altitude, or, better still, have his physician do this for him, and select the locality best suited for his requirements.

South California can furnish localities meeting these various requirements, as no other country in the world. The charming channel islands, Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, and others, present an ideal insular climate, warm and equable; while Coronado, Point Loma, etc., give a peninsular climate, very helpful in certain diseases.

The coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego has the peculiar marine climate so beneficial to fevers, while the valleys reached by the ocean breezes, afford another useful climate, which, while very different from the coast climate, is of an entirely different character from that possessed by the interior valleys, where no direct sea breezes ever penetrate.

Then on the foothills in all the interior valleys, at an altitude ranging from 1,000 to 2,500 feet, another distinct species of climate is offered, whilst from 2,500 to 9,000, and even 10,000 feet the dry, pure, bracing mountain climate is found.

And finally, on the great deserts of the Mojave and Colorado, at elevations from 2,500 feet above to 360 feet below sea level, another most beneficial climate is to be had.

There is no other country in the world that can show so many varieties in such close and useful proximity, for, should quick changes be found desirable, a few hours will render a change from any one to any other quite easy and possible.

To those invalids who wish to reside in the foothill region, under the care of an accomplished physician, I can thoroughly recommend the

**Sierra Madre Sanitarium**, which is southeast of the city of Pasadena, in the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, at an elevation of 1,400 feet. It is in the immediate region of that portion of Los Angeles County, chosen some years ago by the State Board of Health as the most favorable for the loca-

tion of a State hospital, for throat and pulmonary diseases. It is not a hospital in any sense, but a scientific remedial institute, where medicine, hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, manual Swedish massage, rest, exercise, hygiene and diet are properly applied, and scientifically prescribed to each individual case; where home comforts, wholesome cooking, and delightful surroundings are so combined as to make it an ideal place for the tourist, the pleasure-seeker, the weary or the invalid.

Carriages meet the trains leaving Los Angeles at 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., Santa Fe route.

The medical superintendent of the Sierra Madre Sanitarium is Dr. Charles Lee King, and the manager is Mr. William P. Mansfield, either of whom will be glad to answer all communications as to rates and further particulars, addressed to Sanitarium, Lamanda Park, Los Angeles County, Cal. Under their care there are rest for the weary, recuperation for the over-worked and restoration for the invalid.

Yet it must not be assumed that South California is a land of perfection, where the sun ever shines, where fogs, cold nights, winds, dampness and dust are unknown—nothing, in short, which can produce discomfort. On the other hand, health springs up spontaneously, and the *careful* invalid is often miraculously restored to health.

Almost every known disease is benefitted here; even that almost ineradicable taint, malaria, succumbs to the dry, balmy air of our American Switzerland-Italy. This is so much a land of sunshine that it is extremely difficult for visitors to come to a just appreciation of the great difference there is between the sunshine and shade in relation to warmth. In the sunlight a pleasant warmth is imparted to the body, and an imperceptible but profuse perspiration ensues, which is evaporated spontaneously with its appearance from the skin's surface. Now, if the person so



SIERRA MADRE SANITARIUM

warmed moves into the shade, he feels the cooling effect of this rapid evaporation in the dry air, without the counterbalancing effect of the sun's warmth. Nearly all colds are directly traceable to a lack of knowledge of this one of the rules of primary importance in the conservation of health in a dry, warm climate.

On the coast side of the mountains the dryness is only apparent, for the mean humidity is nearly as great as in the East; the nights being moist and cool, but the warmest part of the days very dry, thus eliminating all sultriness from our hot weather. On the desert it is dry both night and day, and in the portion below sea level, consumption finds great relief from the unusual combination of extreme degrees and density of air.

The sea breezes, except on the immediate coast, are not moist, as, from the moment they strike land, they rapidly augment in temperature, and become relatively dryer in consequence. Epidemic and endemic diseases are practically unknown, as, also, are children's diseases and the infantile complaints which are the terror of mothers, even that dread, hydra-headed monster, consumption, rarely originates here, and the fragrant, medicinally tonic odors of the pine, fir, eucalyptus, sage, and a host of indigenous plants in fact, exercise a benign influence over all diseases. Rheumatism and kindred complaints flee before them.

It is the child's paradise. To literally live out of doors all the year around, without a constant succession of colds and fevers, cannot but be productive of strong, healthy bodies, such as the ancients loved to immortalize in statuary. It would seem as if Providence had purposely provided such a natural sanitarium as this is, for the salvation of the delicate, the recuperation of the diseased, and the complete restoration to health of the brain-fagged multitudes; wisely supplying unparalleled attractions and diversions in the way of majestic mountains, superb scenery, roar



ing rivers, gigantic gorges; in short, a wealth of wonders, unequalled in the world. Trees are not lacking, over 1,300 varieties being native to this soil. This land will never bear the appearance of a sanitarium, as for one invalid arriving ten healthy ones come to make homes here.

With a just appreciation of the country, the fear uninformed persons have of sending the family invalid to a "dreary desert" as the "California correspondents" of many small eastern papers (who have never been west of the Mississippi) have called this land of flowers, will vanish, and many a life be saved by a timely change.

A great aid to health is the proper use of baths, scientifically administered, and I would not have any readers forget the important fact that in Los Angeles there is a Hammam Baths institution, thoroughly equipped, and under competent medical direction, where every kind of bath known is given to those who need them.

One of the best known and most reliable sanitariums in South California is the

**Las Casitas Sanitarium.** The attractions of the foothills just north of Pasadena are many and varied, and the experience of invalids has been that they have derived a greater benefit, by far, in these regions, than in the cities below. A spot I can highly recommend from personal investigation and study is

**Las Casitas**, a mesa or plateau, lying between some of the most attractive canyons of the Sierra Madre range,—the Arroyo Seco, Prieto and Millard's. Its great attractiveness and usefulness to invalids lies in the following features: Altitude, 1,800 feet; immunity from fogs; ease of access; absolutely pure mountain water; equable temperature; dryness; unsurpassed scenery.

Las Casitas Sanitarium offers to invalids a beautiful home, perfect sanitation, picturesque walks and burro trails, complete electric service and telephone connection, excellent cuisine and skilled medical attendance. It is reached by the Los Angeles Termini-



LAS CASITAS SANITARIUM.

nal Railroad and a beautiful carriage ride of one mile. Dr. O. Shepard Barnum is the proprietor and resident physician. His postoffice address is Box 241, Pasadena, Cal. I advise all of my readers who are interested to write to him for an illustrated circular.

# The Los Angeles Sanitarium

1353 SOUTH HILL STREET,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



A comfortable and pleasant Sanitary Home. Special attention given to Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.

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TERMS MODERATE.



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TAKE GRAND AVENUE CABLE CARS TO 14th STREET

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MRS M. E. DAVIS,

Telephone 133 West.

Proprietress.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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### Education in South California.

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To write exhaustively of the educational facilities of South California would be a most grateful task, but it is now impossible.

Of the school system it may truthfully be said it is not surpassed in the United States of America. It is new, but well organized, well equipped and growing in efficiency, power and influence daily.

The State School at Whittier is one of the most beneficent institutions the State has ever provided, and here many a boy and girl is turned from an unfortunate and evil course into manhood and womanhood of usefulness, integrity and honor.

Its organizer and first superintendent, Walter Lindley, M. D., still an honored resident of South California, had especial aptitude for such work, and to him and his noble wife the grand success it attained is due.

The Methodist Church controls the University of Southern California, located at "University," a suburb of Los Angeles. It is a well equipped institution and a potent educational factor in South California.

The Throop Polytechnic Institute has been referred to under the head of Pasadena. It is a beneficent and

useful institution to which parents, whose children desire the very best in mental and manual training, may be perfectly contented to entrust them.

The State has a South California Normal School, located in Los Angeles, which, for many years, has done most efficient service in the training of future teachers for its public school system.

In Los Angeles there are several business colleges and private schools well worthy extended mention.

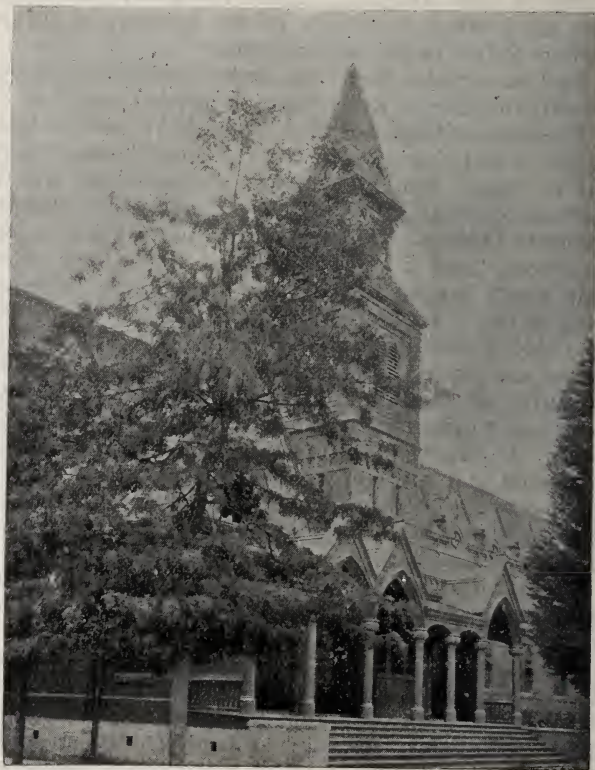
Business colleges of late years have wonderfully improved and now give instruction in all lines of work that a young man or woman in commercial life, is likely to require. Such a school is the **Los Angeles Business College**. This excellent institution occupies the entire third floor of the Weil Block, 144 South Main street, a most central and convenient location, being in the heart of the city and near all the principal cable, electric and horse-car lines. The college rooms are large, commodious and well ventilated. The furniture is of the latest and best pattern, and all the school appliances are adapted to the best possible work. The curriculum is complete in all the details demanded in a commercial institution of the highest pretensions. The president and faculty are personally known to me, their methods of work I have examined, the course they cover I am familiar with, hence it is with the confidence born of personal knowledge that I earnestly commend this institution and its work to my readers.

To those young men and women who are contemplating a business course, there can be no question as to the advisability of conferring with the president of the Los Angeles Business College, as he can safely guarantee satisfaction to those who apply themselves with earnestness and diligence.

The proper education of our daughters is a question which, necessarily, occupies much of the



thought of parents whose girls are of school age. There are many parents who do not believe in the co-education of the sexes, and to provide a first-class school, where girls alone are received, **Miss Marsh's**



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

**School**, situated at 1340 and 1342 South Hope Street, was incorporated. It is the oldest private school in Los Angeles, and its many years' successful career has

demonstrated its usefulness. It gives college preparatory course, and has able specialists in art, music and languages. There is a kindergarten connected with the school.

Miss Marsh, having carefully studied the climatic conditions of Los Angeles, gives especial attention to



SIMPSON M. E. TABERNACLE.

the health, as well as the general comfort of the students committed to her care. I can personally commend Miss Marsh's School.

Another most successful girls' school in Los Angeles is that bearing the title

**Girls' Collegiate School**, located at 416 West Tenth Street, and under the joint principalship of Alice K. Parsons, B. A., and Jeanne W. Dennen, who were formerly principals and proprietors of the New York Avenue Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The plan of study is a very broad one. A girl may here begin her education in the primary department, and when graduated will have completed two years of legitimate college work. None but the best teachers, all specialists in their line of work, are employed, the present corps numbering twelve. There are exceptionally fine advantages offered in all English studies, the languages, music, art, and physical culture, and girls are prepared for college.

The present school building is commodious and pleasant, and the out-of-door gymnasium forms a great attraction. The school has been so eminently successful that a new building is shortly to be erected to meet the imperative demand for increased accommodations, and it will be equipped with every appliance that helps to make a modern school thorough and attractive.

Owing to the Principals' extended eastern connection, they are permitted to refer, among others, to the following persons:

Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D. LL.D., President Yale College; Rev. L. Clarke Seelye, D. D., President Smith College; Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Boston, Mass.; Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, New York, N. Y.; Gen. A. McD. McCork, U. S. A., Denver, Colo.; Right Rev. Wm. F. Nichols, D. D., Bishop of California; Theo. P. D. Browne, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. Wm. J. Chichester, D. D., Los Angeles, Cal.



**Froebel Institute — Casa de Rosas.** For the superior education of the young of South California in a private school of the highest grade, no place could be more suited than the "Casa de Rosas," situ-



A CLASS ROOM--CASA DE ROSAS.



ated on the corner of Hoover and Adams streets. It was built in 1892-3 by Professor and Madame Claverie, experienced instructors from the East, who had finally chosen Los Angeles as the scene of their latest and best labors. With artistic eyes, both for location and the architecture suitable for such a purpose, they have succeeded in establishing and erecting a school building, that, of its kind, perhaps, has no superior in the



AN INTERIOR VIEW--CASA DE RESAS

world. To attempt to describe its exterior would occupy too much space, and then I should fail to do justice to its many charms.

It is easy of access, being on the direct line of the "University" electric cars, and but a few blocks from the "Grand Avenue" cable cars.

Interiorly it is excellently adapted for its purpose. Heated with hot water, carefully and scientifically



ventilated and lighted, it is pleasant, agreeable and healthful, so that as far as environment can immediately aid in education, the Casa de Rosas successfully aids in this important work.

As its name—the Frœbel Institute—implies, its work is based upon the wise and humane principles laid down by the great teacher Frœbel. The Kindergarten idea is carried through all the grades. Taking



THE COURT--CASA DE ROSAS

the child at the earliest possible time, he is trained in the Kindergarten to habits of attention, observation, punctuality, perseverance, accuracy and neatness. Then, following up his years, the work is continued until he is ready for college or business.

It is a most erroneous idea that only the child under the age of seven years can profit by the Kindergarten. The method, properly applied, is most helpful to pupils of mature years, and much of the trouble and distress, caused by inability to gain and retain

knowledge in later years; would be entirely obviated if Frœbel's methods were more generally followed in the higher branches, and with the most advanced classes.



THE PLAYGROUND--CASA DE ROSAS.

Having carefully observed Prof. and Madame Clavierie's methods of work, I can conscientiously commend them as able teachers, and worthy the comprehensive patronage the Casas de Rosas is designed for. The catalogue of their school will be sent to anyone on application.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

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### Cycling in South California.

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In making our journey through the "Land of the Sun Down Sea" with the tourist, in the previous chapters, we have most frequently used the railroad in going from place to place; occasionally, as in penetrating into the beautiful localities of Santa Barbara, Pasadena and Riverside, we have taken the reins of a four-in-hand, and in climbing Mount Wilson and Mount Lowe we have mounted the burro. We have now a word to say on the delights of that more thorough, independent, and exhilarating method of seeing the country,—touring on the wheel.

To the enthusiastic cyclist who peruses this book before starting for California we say, by all means bring your wheel with you, and to him who is not the fortunate possessor of a silent steed, we say, go and purchase one as soon as you arrive in Los Angeles, for you will need it for the proper appreciation of our beautiful country.

South California is pre-eminently the cyclers' country. While in the East the wheel must be stowed away for at least six months in the year, here there are hardly thirty days in the whole three hundred and sixty-five that the wheelman may not whirl at his will under a smiling sky and over roads with which it

would be hard to find fault. The roads in California are naturally good and many agencies are at work for their constant improvement. The character of the soil being decomposed granite, it packs easily and makes a level road, and even after a rain, in the winter season, it is possible to ride several hours after the rain has ceased falling.

The eyes of the whole world have lately been turned on California as the scene of the wonderful accomplishments of the justly famous "Rambler



ORANGE GROVE AVENUE, PASADENA—A FAVORITE CYCLING ROAD

Team," which is composed of Messrs. Zeigler, Edwards, Wells, Foster and Osen. In the fall of 1894, these young men, all riding Rambler bicycles, (from which the team gets its name) although amateurs and inexperienced in riding, startled the country by smashing the old records and creating new world records in the one-fourth, one-half and mile races. These feats at once encircled Sacramento with a halo of interest, and Eastern cyclers have been anxious to come out and

try the combination of atmosphere and track, which California affords, which, many claim, enabled the phenomenal time to be made, while others credit it to the lightness and speed of the Rambler wheels that were used.

But the chief end of cycling is not racing, and it is to the more leisurely and delightful abandon of touring that we desire to devote ourselves. Probably the most popular trip in all South California is the one from Santa Barbara to San Diego. Starting at Santa Barbara the route carries the rider through Ventura and smaller towns to Los Angeles; from there to Riverside, passing through Pasadena and Pomona; thence to San Diego, passing, in turn, Perris, Elsinore and Temecula. This trip is about three hundred miles in length and carries the rider through the most enchanting scenery in the "Land of the Sun Down Sea." What could be more delightful than to be able to spin along in pleasant company, over good roads, through thousands of acres of green fields and orchards laden with golden fruit, sometimes on the shore of the peaceful Pacific and sometimes at the feet of the sublime mountains, which are never lost to view. Where is the land that can boast such charms, and where can the paradise of the wheelman be found if not in our beloved South California?



## LIST OF HOTELS AND SANITARIUMS.

<b>Alhambra</b> —Hotel Alhambra.....	\$2 00 upwards
<b>Anaheim</b> —Commercial.....	2 00
Del Campo.....	2 00 upwards
<b>Arrowhead Hot Springs</b> —Arrowhead Hotel.....	2 50 "
<b>Carlsbad</b> —Carlsbad Hotel.....	2 00 "
<b>Catalina Island</b> —Metropole.....	3 00 "
Grand View.....	2 00 "
<b>Coronado</b> —Hotel Del Coronado.....	3 00 "
Josephine.....	2 00 "
<b>Lakeside</b> —Lakeside Hotel.....	2 00 "
<b>Los Angeles</b> —The Westminster.....	3 00 "
" Nadeau (European) \$1 00 American....	3 00 "
" Hollenbeck " 1 00 American....	3 00 "
" Abbotsford Inn.....	2 50 "
" Lincoln.....	2 00 "
" California.....	2 00 "
" Natick.....	2 00 "
" St Elmo.....	2 00 "
" Johnson (European).....	
" San Xavier.....	1 50 "
" Pleasanton.....	1 50 "
<b>Monrovia</b> —Grand View.....	2 00
<b>Ontario</b> —South Pacific Hotel.....	2 00
Ontario Hotel.....	2 00
<b>Orange</b> —Hotel Palmyra.....	2 00
<b>Pasadena</b> —The Raymond.....	3 00 upwards
" Green.....	3 00 "
" Painter.....	3 00 "
" Carlton.....	2 00 "
" Balmoral.....	2 00 "
" Windsor.....	2 00 "
<b>Martin's Camp</b> —Mt. Wilson.....	
<b>Echo Mountain</b> —Echo Mountain House.....	
<b>Pomona</b> —The Polomares.....	2 00 upwards
<b>Redlands</b> —The Terracina.....	2 00 "
<b>Redondo</b> —Redondo Hotel.....	3 00 "
<b>Riverside</b> —Glenwood Tavern.....	3 00 "
The Arlington.....	3 00 "
" Rowell.....	2 00 "
<b>San Bernardino</b> —The New Stewart.....	2 50 "
" New St. Charles.....	2 50 "
<b>San Diego</b> —The Florence.....	3 00 "
" Brewster.....	3 00 "
" Horton.....	2 00 "
La Jolla Hotel (La Jolla).....	2 00 "
<b>San Gabriel</b> —Hotel San Gabriel.....	2 00 "
<b>Santa Ana</b> —The Brunswick.....	2 00 "
" Richelieu.....	2 00 "
<b>Santa Barbara</b> —The Arlington.....	3 00 "
" San Marcos.....	2 50 "
Commercial.....	2 00 "
Miramar Hotel (Montecito).....	2 00 "
<b>Santa Monica</b> —The Arcadia.....	3 00 "
" Jackson.....	2 00 "
<b>Ventura</b> —The Rose.....	2 00 "
<hr/>	
<b>Los Angeles</b> —Southern California Sanitarium.....	1938 Grand Avenue
Los Angeles Sanitarium.....	1353 South Hill St.
<b>Pasadena</b> —Las Casitas Sanitarium.....	(Las Casitas Sta., L. A. T. R'y.)
<b>Lamanda Park</b> —Sierra Madre Sanitarium.	
<b>Arrowhead</b> —Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel.	
<b>San Diego</b> —St. Joseph's Sanitarium.	
Brewster Sanitarium (at Oneonta)	

TO SEE

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

AT ITS BEST

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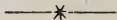
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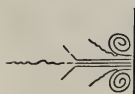
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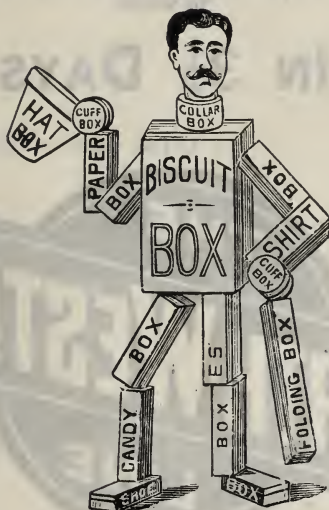
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